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INDEX

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

TO so many, at present, Death comes as an enemy, striking down the youth in the opening of his manhood, the strong man in the prime of his strength. But to some he comes as the gentlest of friends, folding in loving arms a tired and pain-worn body, and giving his beloved sleep. Thus he came to Ursula M. Bright, and took her home, after long years of suffering helplessness, borne as heroically as her life had ever been lived. For Ursula M. Bright was one of the great fighters of her generation, a gallant soldier in all noble causes, and she fought against injustice everywhere, against oppression, and tyranny, against every enthroned wrong. Herself living in an ideal home, working ever hand-in-hand with a husband like-minded with herself, her gallant chivalrous soul fought to win for all women, as of right, the liberty and independence that she enjoyed by the grace of a husband as liberty-loving and justice-loving as herself; and wherever women suffered wrong, whether by legal unfairness or

by individual aggression, there was her voice heard in protest, there was her hand outstretched to save.

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I met her first in the days of my own struggles against laws which gave to the married woman no right to her own children, and from that day onwards stretches an unbroken friendship, which grew closer and tenderer as the years rolled on, and never knew a jar or a misunderstanding. Her two outstanding characteristics were love of liberty and hatred of injustice, and with these a dominating sense of duty and an unbounded capacity for love of a peculiarly virile type. She was as perfect a wife and mother in the home, as she was a dauntless warrior outside, a standing proof that the woman of high capacity, most active in public life, does not cease to be the light and joy of the home.

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Through all the long pain of the years of her dying, her interest in public work remained undimmed, and her keen sympathy went with the suffragette struggles, as with every other struggle of right against might. Joining the Theosophical Society in the last decade of the nineteenth century, she was one of its strongest supporters, never flinching under any attack, nor wanting in perfect loyalty. Never, under any stress, did her dauntless courage waver. To her generosity we owed the making of the Benares centre, and since Avenue Road was given up, my English home was with her. And now she has passed away, and the world is the poorer for her passing; but she works actively in the world to which for years her activity has been confined, serving the Master she has

so long served, to return to us soon for renewed service here, the reward of the unwearied service which was the very essence of her noble and useful life.

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Mr. Fritz Kunz, as Principal of the Ānanḍa College, Colombo, has done really wonderful work during his short tenure of office. I put his work on record here, as an example to others, to show what one man can do in a brief space, by hard work and fine capacity. He reports in the Ānanḍa College Magazine:

> On May 1st of that year I was able to report to the Colombo Buḍḍhist Theosophical Society as follows:
>
> Besides the new hall [a College Hall, built since January 28th, 1914, and just opened] and immense improvement in routine and discipline, there has been improvement in the grounds, coir matting laid, magazines made available, pictures purchased and framed ready for hanging at the proper time, complete overhauling of the time-tables and the installation of new texts, new drains planned and well begun, an almirah ordered for each class-room (twenty have been delivered so far), many expeditions made by boys to places of interest, a special and permanent Board of Control formed by the Colombo Buḍḍhist Theosophical Society of men really interested in the College. Then there has been the renting and equipping of a fine house for boarding purposes, the funds being generously loaned for an indefinite period by Mr. Batuwantudave, and the institution brought to a really admirable state of efficiency by Mr. Menon, who has won my complete confidence in this respect and, what is more difficult, the confidence of the boys. I need only mention the revival of the Old Boys' Dinner after an obscuration of fourteen long years, and the successful sports. We began a Commercial Class and Clerical Course in January. French, thanks to the generous interest of Mr. A. W. P. Jayatilaka, has been in the curriculum for many months. A special drawing class, for which furniture is being made and casts purchased, is growing into a valued branch under another Honorary Master, Mr. C. D. Amaradasa. A painter, a tinner and a mason have been busy for some time overhauling the buildings, and they will be kept at work until the place is artistically acceptable. The work on the compound itself has passed the first stages, and I shall presently put in, under capable directions, numerous trees, hedges, ivies, and so on. The grounds have

been filled to the extent of two and three feet in some places; the old ditch behind the cricket pitch has been filled and levelled, and the pitch itself slightly improved, and a practice pitch made. A net has been purchased to protect the roofs from zealous batters. Through the offices of the M. O. H. the neighbouring compound has been cleaned up, and our environs are now clean and sanitary. A raised road, the first of a network of roads and paths, has been made. A ventilator has made the upstair quarters more comfortable. A compaign for books for the library has been opened by the Remove Form. This has stimulated other boys, and other masters, and the library at last bids fair to grow.

There has been a constant improvement in the College staff. Mr. P. M. Menon, B.A. (Second Class) of Madras and Mr. A. P. De Zoysa, an experienced and certificated teacher, may be mentioned as specially qualified additions. I am pleased to be able to announce here that Mr. Hervey Gulick, E. M., an old friend of mine, will shortly leave America for Ceylon to take up the teaching of science at Ānaṇḍa College. Other changes and additions are contemplated.

Finally, the Director of Education has put the school under the block grant system, which we take duly as recognition from Government of our present standing, which we shall soon better still more; and the Colombo Buddhist Theosophical Society has agreed to raise Rs. 10,000 for those additional requirements which will make us shortly one of the two or three most complete schools in Ceylon . . . . . we may say in conclusion that we have made of Ānaṇḍa College a disciplined, orderly, attractive, well-organised school, an institution that is definitely self-supporting as far as current affairs go, and so well based that it is what may be called a sound philanthropic investment for charitable men of means, and, finally, a school that may now be safely allowed to grow as means and space for growth are provided.

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The value of this record, in itself remarkable, would be more fully estimated in the West, were the many difficulties with which Mr. Kunz has to struggle understood in their full strength. A few brave men have for years kept up an apparently hopeless fight against indifference and active opposition, in the endeavour to keep flying the flag raised by Colonel H. S. Olcott. It was almost in despair that I despatched Mr. Fritz

Kunz to Colombo fifteen months ago, as a last effort to pull things straight. He has done marvels, and the Colombo Buḍḍhist College is becoming the pride of the Buḍḍhist Theosophical Society, which has worked against heavy odds for very many years. All who love Colonel Olcott's memory—and how many such there are—will feel grateful to his young compatriot, for putting at the service of the Colonel's work the practical ability which characterises the able American.

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Just as we go to press, we hear from Mr. Kunz that the Director of Education has placed the College in the list of "Efficient Schools," the highest classification under the Code; a condition is added that a Science Department shall be installed within two years, and this is arranged for. The money has been collected, and the Professor sails from America on April 9th. Mr. Kunz has set his heart on building a Hostel, and he writes:

> My object now is to immediately build over the present buildings upstair quarters as hostel. We have a few boarders in a rented house which is under my supervision, but this is too expensive, and not sufficiently large, and the tenure is uncertain. Of course the secret of all moral instruction in a school is a well-conducted boarding house, and when there is such an establishment here our integrity will be forever assured.
>
> During these difficult times I think I cannot get more than from five to ten thousand rupees here, in addition to the sums guaranteed for Science. Do you think there are any lovers of the Colonel who would come forward to establish this, for the chief College in the chief town? I shall need about twenty thousand rupees (nearly £1,400) for the first section of rooms, complete and furnished, in addition to what I could raise here. I estimate the local aid at a very low figure, because I have learned that few of our Sinhalese brethren understand the serious need for solid character-building, and the importance of hostel quarters.

Will any of the friends of the Colonel, in America especially, help this young American in this admirable piece of work? Any money for the purpose may be sent to me, and I will forward it, or it may go direct to Fritz Kunz Esq., Principal, Ānanḍa College, Colombo, Ceylon.

The College at Galle has done admirably well under the care and unceasing devotion of Mr. Woodward, whose name is so well known to our readers. The third, at Kandy, with Mr .Bilimoria as Principal, is also making good progress.

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As I am on matters educational, I may say that our Theosophical Educational Trust is growing to an extent which makes it a continual pressure on our available men and money. Had we large funds, we might increase to an unlimited degree, but I have to harden my heart and refuse the many schools which are offered to us. We have three things to struggle against in the way of opposition: first, the opposition of the narrow orthodox Hinḍūs, who leave Hinḍū schools to perish, but follow the dog-in-the-manger policy against us; they prefer the danger of boys and girls being perverted to Christianity to that of the broadening and vivifying influence of Theosophy on Hinḍūism, as shown in the Sanāṭana Ḍharma Text-books, and the C. H. C.; our stand against child-marriage and our advocacy of foreign travels turn against us all that is reactionary and mischievous in Hinḍūism. I always knew that this crusade against us would come, and since 1911 it has been in full vigour. It is, however, becoming discredited, and its force is spending itself. Secondly, the missionary opposition, which finds in

Theosophy the strongest obstacle in the way of its work of perversion; they consider me, as they put it in the head-lines of every English newspaper a year or so ago: "[Mrs. Besant] the greatest enemy of Christ in India"; that the statement is blasphemously false is a matter of indifference to them, for no weapon is too unclean for them to use, and it is true that I am, and have been for many years, the greatest obstacle in their work of perverting boys and girls, and ruining Hinḍū homes. The third obstacle is the jealousy of the Government of all educational work outside their own and the missionary, due to the great influence exercised over them by the missionaries, and partly to their general unwillingness to see education going on which they do not control. This is a question of the highest importance in the Madras Presidency, where the missionary influence is overwhelmingly strong; in other Presidencies this influence is almost negligible; it is occasionally an annoyance—not a danger. Thus in the U. P., schools under the Trust are treated with perfect fairness, and that is all we ask.

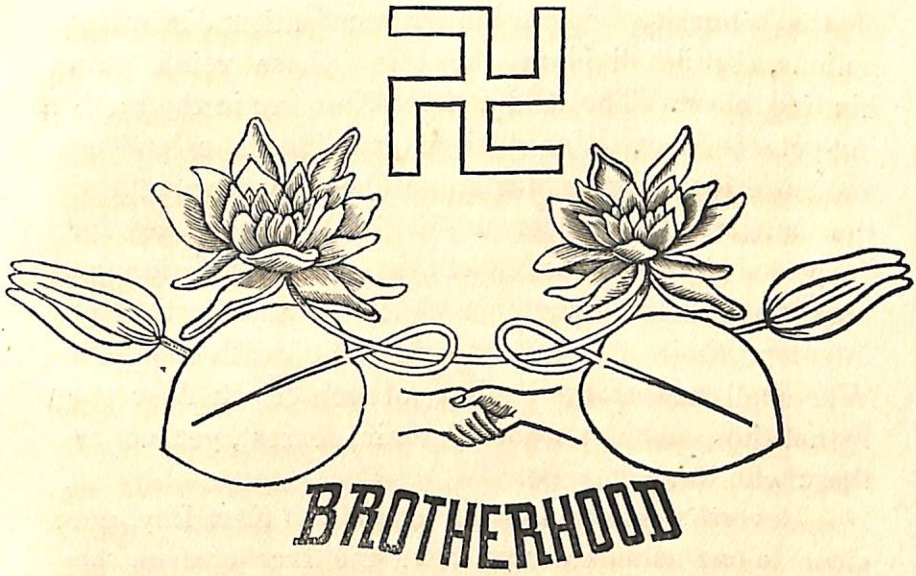
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The Hinḍū University Bill—the University of which the C. H. C., to which so many foreign Theosophists so generously contributed, is the nucleus—has been introduced and read, *nem. con.*, in the Supreme Legislative Council. It is far more generous than we had ventured to expect, and marks, as the Hon. Sir Harcourt Butler said, the birth of a new era in Indian Education. Sir Harcourt himself has worked hard for it on the Government side, as have the Mahārājah of Darbhanga, the Hon. Dr. Sunderlal and the Hon. Paṇḍiṭ

Madan Mohan Malaviya. The Government have appointed Dr. Sunderlal an additional Member of the Supreme Council, in order that he may be able to join in the discussions on the Bill—a very useful and gracious assistance to the promoters. The Bill will probably be passed in September, and it is hoped that the Viceroy will lay the foundation-stone of the University Buildings in October.

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This last week I went to Madura, among other things to unveil a portrait and a memorial tablet to Mr. P. Narayana Aiyar, the man to whom, more than to any other, the progress of Theosophy in this leading city and its district is due. The beautiful building, with its good Hall and fine Library and spacious colonnades, was planned and carried out by him, and was opened in 1900; the large Girls' School, one of the best in Southern India was started by him, and is now under the care of the Trust. He edited a Tamil Theosophical journal and translated much of our literature into that vernacular. Fortunately he gathered round him a group of workers who are now effectively carrying on the work, and his eldest son gives promise of following in his father's footsteps.



TOWARDS RECONSTRUCTION

THE SOLIDARITY OF THE HUMAN RACE

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

Man, Oh, not men! A chain of linked thought,
Of love and might to be divided not,
Compelling the elements with adamantine stress;
As the sun rules. . . .

The unquiet republic of the maze
Of planets, struggling fierce towards heaven's free wilderness.

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
Whose nature is its own divine control,
Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea.

P. B. SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound.*

THE divine necessity of Unity, the basic principle behind the truth of harmony, receives demonstration to-day in the sight of all men. The "sentiment"

of the solidarity of the human race unites dissimilar nations, while dividing those in whose veins runs kindred blood. The Old and the New are in the melting-pot of War, War with its sordidness, splendour and suffering. Thousands are falling: "In the sight of the unwise they seem to die." Awful the agony, unspeakable, in its dread loneliness, the lot of those who send forth their loved ones, knowing that death may intercept their return, dreaming that death ends all. Who shall measure the majesty of such grief? Assuredly not those who also mourn their dearest, yet not as those who have no hope.

Nevertheless, this is the dawn of a New Day, not alone to one nation or race, save the race of man, the family of humanity. The hour has struck for the revolt of man from all that is less than man, and more than "brute," for the unchained passions in man are more bestial than those of the brutes that perish. It was bound to come, this uprising of the desire elementals, the insurgent clan of Kâma-Manas, with mouths of insatiable greed, claws of hatred, eyes of murder: minions of selfishness, personifications of the separated selves. The lordship of Kâma-Manas, necessary in its day and generation as are all stepping-stones to higher things, is past, its day is over. Yet the passing of its empire is an epoch in itself, a time of transition, of blood and tears, and verily the passing thereof will shake all nations. The working of Kâma-Manas, in all its ramifications, has brought the world to the present crisis; that cannot be doubted by those who study history, ancient and modern. Commercial morality, competitive armaments, the game of "Open your mouth wider than your neighbour or he will

eat you," and all the "stock-in-trade" of the day and generation whose portals have begun to close—these things are not the fruitage of growth by giving, or of altruism, peace, and goodwill. The nations stood, bristling mastiffs, waiting to spring at each other's throats; the national *mêlée* resounds as we write. Yet the sacrificial principle is inwoven among the fibres of selfishness, the golden threads illuminating even here and now Time's dark and terrible tapestry. Belgium has laid her offering upon the world-pyre—Belgium, butchered to make a "frightful example" of the principle of "Potsdamnery," though the latter word has a universal application far more real than any local habitation thereof. Belgium herself does not stand guiltless at the bar, so far as antecedent records are concerned, and this may be said of all the Allies; yet this is not the moment for *tu quoque*'s, national or individual. Above all, this is a time wherein to take our bearings, to see literally where we stand.

First, then, let us endeavour to clear our minds of cant. Smugness is incompatible with patriotism worthy of the name. Do not let us imagine that any locality has a monopoly in the secretion of any particular vice. Prussian *Kultur* is not confined within Berlin, Potsdam, or their adjacent suburbs. The old Norman adage, "they shall take who have the power, they shall keep who can," is too all-embracing in its application, for any country, civilised or uncivilised, to claim a monopoly. The commercial system of the nineteenth century was based upon its laws, framed within its limits. "He shall divide the spoil with the strong," has been ironically and literally part of the code of the Balance of Power, and a recognisable asset in the wealth of nations. The

weakest have gone to the wall, ever since the days when stone walls were celebrated as a convenient locality for the bashing of unwanted infants.[1] So has it been with races and nations. It remains to be seen whether "*Deutschland über alles*" is to be the manṭram for the twentieth century, "*Deutschland*" standing for physical force.

There are two kingdoms only at war to-day, two struggling in a critical wrestling-bout. One has the advantage of precedent, weight, and established custom, "the kingdom of this world" represented by its word of power, "Competition". The other is but a stripling, with all a stripling's drawbacks and advantages, immature, unpractised, hardly sure of his ground; yet his cry rings out with all the valour and vigour of youth, "Co-operation". Which will win? Or is there to be a deadlock, reducing everything to the stalemate conclusion of "As you were"?

It is a bold prophecy to declare that the victory is already won, the ultimate issue certain. How many currents move and mingle in that last tidal wave that sweeps the shore? Yet that wave, and no other, turns the tide. All the currents are accessories. So it is with this War of Worlds, which is a clash of principles, not a party affair. For that we may be thankful: party "peace" and party "warfare" are miserable shibboleths, already outworn by the vigorous minds among all nations. The bones of "party" anatomy are already dead beyond any revival by shaking, they lie bleaching in the new valley of decision that no prophetic voice shall fire.

[1] *Psalm* CXXVII, v. 9.

In truth, it was high time for the old serpents to slough their skins; already the new coats of mail appear as strength and persistence, the natural evolution of might and greed, when their appointed work is done. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new": yet what more natural than that the ancient skin, having attained to a certain degree of self-consciousness, should object to the sloughing process, and proceed to make its objection known and felt. "What? Give up the good old process of growth by suction with tubers conducting to various larders of nourishment? Renounce the good old-established vampire habit? Relax the sacred law of the advance of strength at the expense of weakness? Renounce the hoary privilege of enforcing conformity to averages on every plane, by means of moral and social shillelaghs? The idea is a monstrous morbid growth!"

But, what if there are laws more ancient still, more cyclic in their action, with a deeper rhythm of being? Laws, of which Order and its corollary, the systole and diastole of Order, are inviolable, are the outward and visible signs of an inward and invisible necessity: a necessity which knows no laws, in the sense of being bound by them, but to whom all laws are means of growth for the various organisms characteristic of recurrent periods? Change is a precedent as inviolable as persistence and harmony. Ever the three fundamental rhythms ring out on the anvil of space, smitten by the hammer of time. Those who regulate the strokes of that hammer, pause not for the unready, haste not for the impatient; masters, they, of the cosmic Olympian Games. The Guṇas sport in the Ṭaṭṭvas for the joy of Brahmā, whose divine art of world-making, unmaking, re-making, is older even than the works of man! Man,

who is yet the heir of Eternity, "disquieteth himself in vain, his days are as a shadow, he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them". The days and nights of Brahmā are manvanṭaras and pralayas. Sleeping, waking? What matter they to the Gods, who change not, neither grow weary? Translation, vibration, rotation, the mystic writing on the wall of manifestation, man himself but made to serve the purpose of these magic scripts. Humiliating? Nay, august thought, awful in its majesty of protean possibilities.

So Īshvara works, showing to those who have eyes to see, brains to understand, hearts to rejoice with the joy of making, the secret known to Genius and to Genius alone, that of Eternal Unity disporting itself in forms of infinite variety. Ever the spiral returns, taking some new curve, some joyous augmentation of life, freer adaptation of form. Man, though with potentialities of expansion, is yet the chambered nautilus. In his consciousness of the need for expansion of the content of form, lies the secret of his highest rate of progression.

> Still, as the spiral grew
> He left the old-worn dwelling for the new;
> Built up its idle door,
> Stretched in his new-found home, and knew the old no more.[1]

This brings us to the point, that it is *realisation* that is needed at this crucial moment, conscious realisation of this central truth, the solidarity of the human race. The unanimity of the foremost thinkers of our day, their insistence on it, has a persistence which can hardly escape the notice of the ordinary intelligent observer of signs and tokens. One of the most significant voices is that of Verhaeren, whose work

[1] O.W. Holmes, *The Chambered Nautilus.*

represents a period in itself, showing how life redundant becomes life inspired, how the gamut of Dionysos-Apollo can be swept by a poet in one life-time. Verhaeren began as a server of tables, a minister and partaker in that riot of rich young vitality which worships excess because in the heart of that excess he has perceived the longing for that "moreness," that identification of the one with the all, which leads to the knowledge that One is All. By excess, as well as by austerity, do men reach the One Consciousness, and the steps on that way have their own discipline, each stage, every fall, its teaching. Verhaeren in his splendid multiple genius, the fruitage of the work of his latest period, grasps this central truth and enunciates it perpetually.

> Toute la vie, avec ses lois, avec ses formes,
> —Multiples doigts noueux de quelque main énorme—
> S'entr'ouvre et se referme en un poing : l'unité.[1]

The solidarity of the race, which is but another mode of expression of the same truth, finds a no less recurrent insistence :

> Héros, savant, artiste, apôtre, aventurier,
> Chacun troue á son tour le mur noir des mystères
> Et, grâce à ces labeurs groupés et solitaires,
> L'être nouveau se sent l'univers tout entier.[2]

This knowledge "works up" to its appointed end and aim, *i.e.*, the glimpse of the "Vision Splendid," the divine eternal Synthesis.

> Il viendra l'instant, où tant d'efforts savants et ingénus,
> Tant de génie et de cerveaux tendus vers l'inconnu,
> Quand-même, auront bâti sur des bases profondes
> Et jaillissant au ciel, la synthèse du monde.[3]

[1] *La Conquete.*
[2] *Vers le Futur.*
[3] *La Recherche.*

True, Verhaeren's way of realisation of Unity is along the road of realisation through the (so-called) powers of man *as* man; yet there is an innate religious feeling in his best work, underlying the titanic element. He has, at least, more than a suspicion that the stolen fire came from a shrine of occult fire, which proud man may have to acknowledge as God. Were it not so, he would not have sung:

> Ceux qui vivent d'amour, vivent d'éternité.[1]

Verhaeren thus repeats the history of mankind in himself, (which is one of the chief "uses" of great men). Man the thinker, proceeds to carry out, in whatever department his activity lies, the work of reconstruction, but the air of the unseen breathes upon his brow, the fire of genius burns in his Spirit, ere he can lay the solid foundations in patient earth, or rear the loftiest pinnacle of thought; then only is the building secure, and the great floods of the lower emotions will not come nigh, and sweep it into the limbo of oblivion whither goes all the "wastage" of life and art, that which has not within it the seed of immortality, creative power.

That is why the pioneer must come before the architect and builder. The need for reconstruction must be felt before the final obliteration of old landmarks takes place. The complex nature of the instruments through which the new forces are at work, is nowhere more apparent than in the varying effects of the War upon the different temperaments of the fighters. The following extracts from two letters from the front are illustrations thereof.

[1] *Les Heures d' apres-midi.*

The first, from an Officer:

> I cannot tell you how much I enjoy it all. There is something so noble and something so great about the whole show, which places it on a far higher plane than any other scene in which one has acted in this life.[1]

The second extract, from a Private's letter, shows the reverse side of War, as it has appeared to some of the greater thinkers of our day, notably Tolstoy:

> As a game it is beginning to get interesting—this fighting—but the horror of it and the continual sense of what Wells calls its "d—d foolishness," I shall never get rid of.[1]

There are presented the attitudes of "the happy warrior" and "the reluctant fighter," respectively, both of which are equally necessary to-day. The insensate lust of fighting, and the cynical *cui bono* position, are travesties of these attitudes. Indeed, the men in the street, and the women at home, to-day, are mainly divided into the two classes of game-birds and grousers (so that even democracy has its little paradoxes!); not that the grousers are necessarily cowards, but they have not that "stomach for the fight" possessed by the game-birds. It is not without significance, however, that some of the former have, in this War only, gone through a quick-change process, emerging as game-birds and plucky ones. The eminent Anatole France is a typical example of this "reincarnation while you wait". Here, as ever, the genius symbolises a type in itself; for genius sees in flashes, and the organism undergoes instantaneous modification to an altered environment.

If it were not for the surety of our belief in the victory of the ideals and principles which the allied

[1] Both extracts appeared in *The Weekly Dispatch*, December 6, 1914.

armies represent, we should remark, as extraordinary, the uprising of public opinion as to the immediate emergence of a new era of construction and adaptation. For the literature, the pulpit, the platform, and the daily Press, ring with one insistent note, *i.e.*, that we stand on the threshold of a new Day. "Watchers for the Dawn," "the Dawn of a new Day," are phrases scattered broadcast and so common that special quotation is needless; they can be found in any daily journal. A phrase from the pen of Algernon Blackwood (one of the ablest of the many writers who introduce what used to be called the "supernatural" element into their work) shows how the event of the day is regarded by one who is neither a "jingo" nor a peace-at-any-price fanatic—"1914 the date of the great War between material brigandage and spiritual ideals".[1] In this culmination of the nineteenth century, "an age" mainly "of 'carpentry and chemistry,' few things hold deeper significance than its apotheosis in the twentieth century war between the forces of brigandage and spiritual ideals".

The necessity for suffering as a process whereby knowledge is stored in the ego, in a manner at once unique and imperishable, is one of those fundamental necessities axiomatic in nature, the rhythmic insistence of which throughout all time is in the nature of a cosmic liturgy. M. Emile Van der Velde's speech contains an eloquent tribute to the cathartic property of suffering.

> It is necessary to suffer to know; and we have suffered to the very soul. . . we are ready to suffer to the last drop of blood. . . . we will never despair. And there will be a great future which will show a wonderful mental evolution of the people of Belgium. And as a Socialist, Anti-Nationalist, Pacifist, I consider that this war must be fought to a finish precisely because I am a Socialist, Anti-Nationalist, and Pacifist.[2]

[1] Article in *The Bookman*, January, 1915. "The Soul of Galahad," by A. B.

[2] *The Daily News*, December 12, 1914.

Sovereign and Socialist are here on common ground, for King Albert's famous phrase, "We may be vanquished, but we shall never be subjugated," breathes the same spirit of valour invincible.

Above all the din of battle, behind all the clamour of conflicting forces, is heard this epithalamium, the marriage between God and man, the evocation of the God in man, the invocation of the God beyond man. This is the "Super-Man" *motif*, the song of Strength Supernal wedded to Love Eternal. This union alone can produce the true Super-Man.

The spell of the mighty manṭram has begun to work. Russia shows a marvellous object lesson. Russia, that huge mysterious nation, whose threatened revolution is undergoing transformation into evolution, "a revolution that comes quietly," as we watch. Her millions have risen with a unanimity unparalleled in the country's history, leading the way with one of the most sweeping reforms ever initiated by any Government, the suppression of the supply of vodka, and whose despatches from the front are models of what military reports should be, modest, simple, and concise. Boastfulness is twin brother to brutality. Brag is the dog of snobbery and cowardice. For man to-day is, as ever, a battle-ground; the ape and tiger are not dead yet, nor will they be slain till man realises himself as a "God, though in the germ". The laws governing matter seem to be blind laws, groping upward, with instinct as their only lawgiver. Spiritual law works downward, through matter. Intellectual law works from within, outward; material law from the circumference of the material, to the centre of the atom, and yet are they not three laws but one law. The two

must become one. When? When East and West meet, and meeting, mingle their forces and exchange their gifts. When the South follows the magnet of the North: then the Golden Age will return again, then the Lord of the Orient will come into His Own. Already the advent has begun, and War is one of its swiftest forerunners. Conflict has done in a short space what nothing else could have done, in the way of welding nations together. England, France, Belgium, Russia, Serbia, India, Japan—what a vision of Unity in diversity do these words conjure! See England and India united, brothers-in-arms on the same battle-field. France, too, said to be "decadent" because her outward forms of faith were cast into the crucible of transition! France will arise, chastened, purified, spiritualised; and Mercury, France's planetary genius, will plume his golden wings for Apollonian flights. And we, in whose veins flow Norman and Saxon blood, shall we not lose some of that painful insularity which has too long stiffened our joints, and inclined our bodies at an angle of—superiority? We may begin, even not only to learn from our neighbours, but to know that we are learning! Russia has shown us how a nation can "make the pace" in reform, when the national stride is gigantic, to begin with! Belgium has taught us that courage is not commensurate with extent of dominions. Our colonies are living examples of magnanimity and the spirit of "rising to the occasion". The new (which is the old) Catholicism appearing in France to-day is another instance of the uprising of the synthetic mind. Such poets as M. Claudel show us that the French mystic consciousness is no less intellectual than spiritual. The epoch of the dry bones of negation and scepticism is

over. Superstition dies with it. The age of Religion and Science, the natural union of the God and the Thinker, is at hand—Man the temple of that union. Man, neophyte of the new Day, each in his appointed office—torch-bearer, herald, prophet, poet, warrior, student, server, a thousand others: last, but not least, the free-lance, that "Maenad with the flying hair," wild comets and meteors, found in every period, who best serve the whole by obeying their inner guidance, "a law unto themselves," the only rule of governance.

The hope of the immediate future lies in this world-awaking to the principle of Federation, the practical shaping of the ideal of Solidarity. Not England, not Britain, not even the British Empire, but "the world my kingdom," is the cry of some to-day. From watchers, warriors, devotees, servers, from among all ranks of the World-Society of Theosophists wells up this cry. Their sacred brotherhood is confined within no limits of any "Society," though the nucleus thereof is hidden within the keeping of a few daring and devout spirits, many of whom are the moving minds in the Theosophical Society to-day. Long have these watchers kept vigil. Through the blackness of moonless midnights, through the silver spells of moonlight, through hours of deadness and ordeals of glamour, they have kept the flame alight, refusing to bow to the Baal of Materialism. Now, the Sun rises, and at his dawning splendour, even the Moon "pales her ineffectual fire".

To-day, "the mustering squadron and the clattering clan"; to-morrow, a chorus of voices of all nations, hymning a new Ode to Apollo.

Germany will have her appointed place in that choric symphony, the Germany of Beethoven and Goethe, of

Schiller and Wagner, not the handful of Prussians whose only cry is the anthem of self-adulation. That note will be silent in the cosmic chorale, for the German Genius is not "connected with royalty" by ties of blood, or bonds of obligation. This War will free many prisoners and captives, whose captivity was spiritual rather than material. It is the day for freedom of aspiration. Man refuses to be bound to the earth. No longer shall warfare be confined to the trenches of materialistic thought-bondage. Air, fire, water, from these great forces he would learn, wringing many a secret at the price of his life. The same spirit is at work on all planes.

This is the Day to which we drink. "The Day of manifestation of the solidarity of the Human Race," and may our thirst never be quenched, till we greet the full flower of that Day.

> Under every fold of heaven's canopy, in every race, shall men by real freedom grow up to equal strength; by strength to truest love, and by true love to beauty. Art is Beauty energised.[1]

What if the next Art, the new Art, be the Art of civilisation? A world-process which will need the concerted effort of every creative worker, pioneer, priest, poet, architect, scientist, and server. Nothing less. Then, and then only, we may pass through the grave and gate of death, to a glorious resurrection. Then, the joy of each artist in his portion of work, will be so immense, so all-absorbing, that warfare will drop away for lack of incentive. In a world of makers, there will be no time for destruction. "Nation shall not rise against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Lily Nightingale

[1] Richard Wagner, *Art and Life*.

NATURE AND I

By VIOLET BEVAN

YESTERDAY I saw mountains and sea, stretching away on either side into far distance. Peak after peak, range after range, enveloped, lost in the greyness of the sky.

A great hush and stillness lay over everything, and an extraordinary waiting feeling possessed me—a curious expectancy. All land and sea lay waiting—waiting—in that vast mysterious greyness. What did they wait for? They knew no more than I, perhaps. Something coming—coming—strongly felt in that hushed holding of the breath.

The grey dream-world wore thin as I watched. Some mystery of Nature, I felt, would be revealed.

Would this grey world roll up as a curtain?

On the threshold of vast secrets—just a breaking through required.

Nature is to me no merely outward visible thing. It is just a huge hidden Personality, a vast subjective Being. You can look on her outward face and form, as I looked on these mountains, on this grey world of sea and sky. But I saw them wear thin—thin—as I watched.

Shadowy, intangible things they grew, ready to roll back and disclose the Real beneath. A huge moving

force at work beneath. That made the wonder of it. The hidden, inner mystery.

I *knew* for I had once encountered it. This outward thing of face and form lay there for all to see, but I felt that the landscape would shift and move. Shift and move. That a great hand would sweep over land, and sea, and mountain.

Nature to me is a thing, a moving, living, inward thing, of vast subjective Mind. That above all! I slept one night out in the open. I woke next morning at sunrise, then *I knew*.

Like eyes opened suddenly to spiritual things, so my eyes were opened, and I saw into Nature's real being. As in vision she took me to herself, my outward senses lying dead. Nature's curtain had rolled back, and I saw her, in her Innerness. I looked into a dream-world, I part of the dream. Nothing remained to me but a vast dream-consciousness, and an inner mind that absorbed. These worked in a bodiless state. I saw Nature stir from sleep, then slowly wake—wonder and glory in the awakening. The mists of early morning rose, till they formed a vast expanse of blue-grey vapour —a wide sea, stretched out before me. And above it stretched the sky, a great soft sheet of light, which slowly grew in glory and brightness. Wonderful sunrise of mist and light; the beauty of it could not be told; it floated straight to the inner senses, to the dream-consciousness. I lay in a land of transformation; a dream-land of vast subjective being, learning Nature's inner Self. Swept into her great subconscious Mind, my objective self lying dead. Aware of my body, yet apart from it, mind and spirit floating detached above it, through space. I

felt the pull of Nature strong upon me; I felt her magic all around; I became aware that the whole Earth lay whispering—whispering in subtle fashion—of the great mysteries *it knew*.

Magic played around me, in wonderful, indescribable fashion. Things rose from the ground to whisk away into thin air, before they could be seized upon. They eluded sight, but I felt the tug of each through my whole being. A something moving here, yet nothing to be seen. A something moving there, a something that eluded. Things of the unseen world playing all around.

I felt the curtain now swiftly descending on Nature's transformation scene. Nature has vast secrets. And at this truth I had never guessed. She had carried me deep into herself, giving me insight into her real being, stripping me of all outer personality, that I might the better see. Fields and hills had now regained their normal appearance; I saw them—as I had always seen them—sharp, separated things, detached from me, as I was detached from them. For I stood again within the body, the "I" of me that had been loosed and freed into the whole. A fragment of the whole, I now knew myself to be. Cut off again. Shut in behind walls that formed a barrier. Walls from which escape could come but seldom. And so small, it made me feel, that return into bodily condition. I had been but a consciousness with mind floating in space; I had been loosed into the the whole, "made free" in wonderful and indescribable fashion. "Death must surely be just this escaping from the body," I thought.

Now I understood this Oneness with Nature which I had so desired. Often I had looked on her beautiful

outward form, and had felt detached and shut off by the prison of my body.

One night I watched the pine trees from my window. I was lonely, and they gave me no sense of comfort. Two detached things—they and I. "Why cannot I go out to them," I cried, "pass into, and be one with them? It is just as with people," I thought, "a door is set between".

I turned to my bed that night, lonely, as I had scarcely ever been lonely. And that, because my Spirit knew no escape. Like a trapped, caged thing I felt, so cut off from everything. I beat hard at the walls of my prison of body that night. I felt small, small. The walls encompassed me till I cried out in despair. If this feeling of smallness would only pass. This shut-in, isolated feeling!

I wanted to go out into the night and to lose this unhappy feeling of detachment. Nature and I—two things apart, yet Oneness I knew could be .... And now this Oneness had come. My spirit had found escape—and Union!

A peculiar freedom had come to me—I recognised this later with normal senses returned. The Spirit had re-entered the body, informing it of a wide freedom.

The breezes stirred and played in my hair, and it was pure joy to me. The loving hand of Nature caressed me, and my whole being responded. Nature recognised me. Recognised me. I was *her child*—her child for always now. Her breezes would stir in my hair, and I would smile and lift my face. Always I had been Nature's child, but I had been cut off from her. I had yearned for her and longed to be one with her. *Now*

we were one. She had taken me to her Inner Self, and initiated me into her secrets. I experienced a new, wide strength and freedom. I had come into my own. I was sealed her's—deep down in me. Her breadth was mine. The warmth of her sun touched me, and again came the joy of possession. Soft airs came. They fell straight upon my upturned face and lips, with tender kisses. I was loved, I knew. The whole earth was alive, and only now I knew. Only now, she sent me her messages. Only now, she came to touch me, and claim me, and tell me, to waft her breezes to me. They recognised me, these things of hers. Recognised me as part of themselves. As belonging—just that! I had passed into Nature's real being.

Revelations such as come to me make me pause. I stop my everyday life of a sudden, and try to know all that has passed within me. All that stirs there. A shut door stands between the brain and fuller knowledge. If I could only unlock that door of mine behind which all things have passed. I feel these things stir, stir, within me—I wait, but they refuse to be brought to birth.

They seem too much for me to hold at times. I feel inadequately made. This hidden knowledge of things touched and stored away within me is too great.

I look at myself. Ordinary to the outward eye and mind. Yet ordinary not at all, with this indescribable information stirring—seeking to make itself known.

I have passed out. I have come back. I am enclosed. I make my Presence known. I knock, and I seek to inform. Then indescribable things stir within her in

whom I have my Being. She is a creature of time and space, with language wholly inadequate to tell all that she knows—all that floats upward. In her repose she knows the things of other regions—other spheres of thought, ideas unproduceable. She questions—since she knew my flight, for she too was uplifted. Wider and wider, outward and upward, we soared together to those new regions of space, circling together to higher and higher worlds of thought.

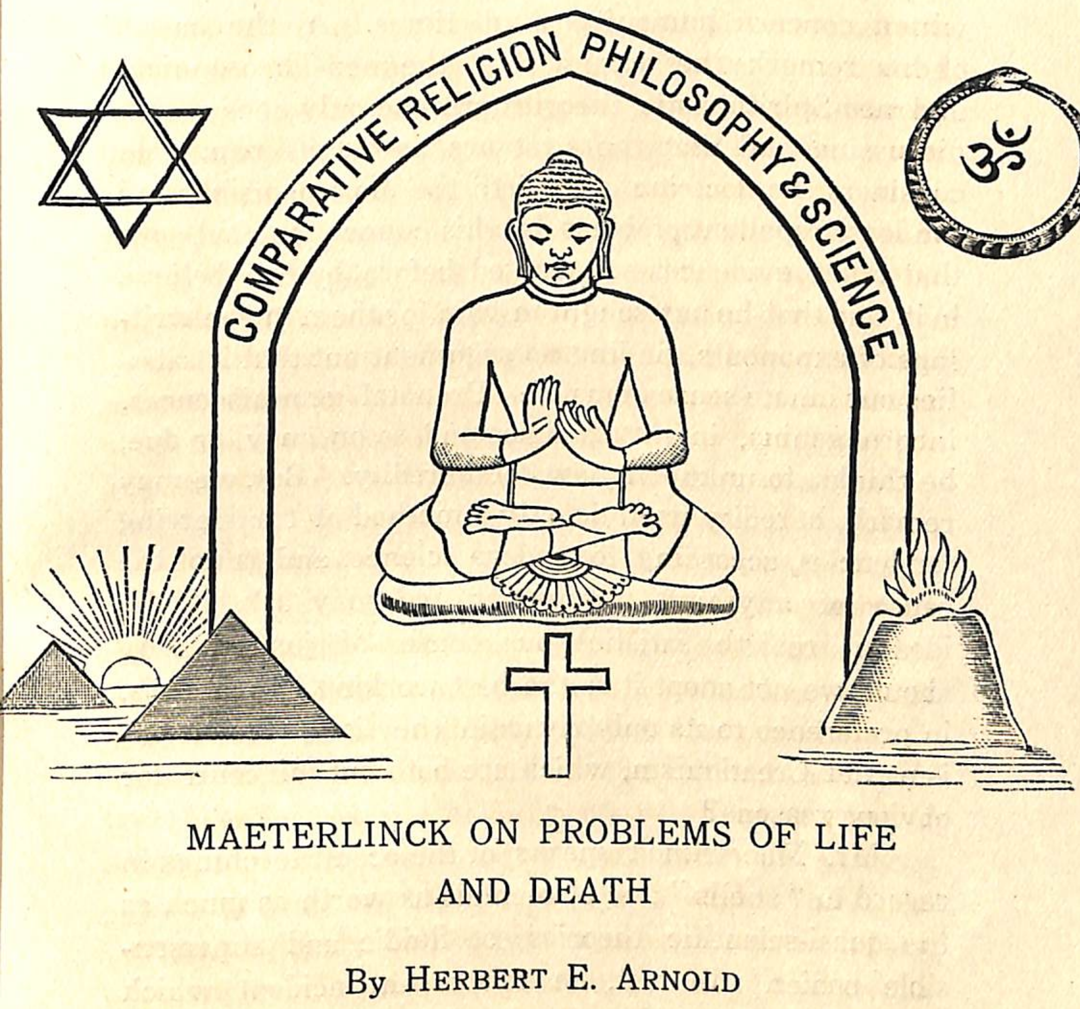
Then I knew and touched, but she, on her descent brought back little knowledge; only wonder filled her—locked away inside her, the things of all the other spheres we had traversed. She—the creature of time and space—had no language in which to tell of even her soaring flight, or her deep wonder of the mystery.

She stands still. For I *who know*, have place in her innermost being.

I stir, and indescribable ideas—things she has touched and known—float just behind her brain. No form, no language she knows in which to clothe this range of thought. For it belongs to other worlds of thought. Other worlds of thought speak their own language. Or perhaps language they have none. Limited words could never hope to give or capture the spirit of soaring flight. Spirit free and confineless, circling bird-like through the air. Touching, knowing, faintly grasping—things of other worlds,

How hope to capture, to give to finite mind, things of the Infinite Spirit?

Violet Bevan



MAETERLINCK ON PROBLEMS OF LIFE AND DEATH

By HERBERT E. ARNOLD

MR. MAETERLINCK'S somewhat recent criticisms of the teachings of Theosophy, and of the views of modern Spiritualism, are well worth the attention of students of philosophical problems, for at times they are very acute and penetrating and on all points interesting, as the expression of the views of a modern

thinker, whose mind is accustomed to examine and weigh the most advanced views on the deepest questions which concern humanity at all times. At the outset of his remarks he admits that the neo-Theosophical and neo-Spiritualistic theories are the only ones worth discussing and that the first are as old as man. He considers the doctrine of rebirth the most plausible and the least repellent of ideas in this connection, but says that other evidences are wanted before he can believe in it, and that he has sought in vain for them in the writings of exponents, finding no argument but that it satisfies our innate sense of justice. Prenatal reminiscences, inborn genius, infant prodigies and so on, may be due, he thinks, to unknown laws of heredity. But, we may remark, heredity itself is only a method of transferring tendencies, according to modern science, and is not the cause of anything. Moreover, we may ask, if the idea of rebirth satisfies our sense of justice, why should we not adopt it as the best working hypyothesis, in preference to its only rivals in the field, Traducianism and Creationism, which are both out of court for obvious reasons?

Mr. Maeterlinck speaks of the occult teachings in regard to "shells" and elementals as worth as much as the quasi-scientific theories of fluidic and supersensible bodies. In fact, he relates an incident which occurred to himself and some friends at Abbaye de Saint Wandrille, where he is in the habit of spending his holidays, which perfectly illustrates the occult teachings respecting the action of a "shell" and of elementals. The incident was as follows. His guests were trying some experiments in table-turning near the ancient cloisters, and a communication was

apparently received from a dead monk of the seventeenth century, who said he had been buried in the east gallery under a tombstone dated 1693. A short search revealed the stone and date, and our critic adds that short of "shells" and elementals, the fact communicated could only have come from himself as an unconscious suggestion, because his friends had never been there before and knew nothing about the place. It seems to us that Mr. Maeterlinck did well to put the "shell-elemental" theory in the first position, as his second idea of "unconscious suggestion" is extremely vague and unsatisfactory.

Continuing, he remarks that the ideas of Theosophy are tenable as ancient hypotheses, but inadmissible as dogmas. Exactly, for do we not read in the Preface to *The Secret Doctrine*, that no Theosophical book derives any strength from appealing to authority. The most important occult teaching, that we should purify and refine the vestures of the Soul in order to perceive transcendental truths, is dismissed by our critic in a very summary manner; but we think that if he continuously practised the method of Paṭañjali, he would discover for himself its supreme importance. Very vague proofs, he says, are derived from phantasms and such things. Speaking for ourselves, we cannot imagine any spiritual truths which could be demonstrated by these illusory appearances. Although he thinks that clairvoyants are nearer to Divine Being, he complains that they bring us no evidential proofs. Evidently, our critic makes no distinction between spiritual and psychic clairvoyants, although every occult student knows of the gulf existing between them. Exponents of occult ideas, he says, should rediscover the secrets of old,

shreds of unknown sciences, archæological details, such as the temper of copper, and so on; and goes on to remark that not a particle of knowledge which may not be found in living brain or book has yet been brought to us through extraordinary channels. Mr. Maeterlinck seems unaware of the numerous hints, clues, and missing links of science, supplied in that mine of wealth, *The Secret Doctrine*.

Referring to the well-known Katie King appearance, he does not doubt her reality, but pleads that she said nothing about after-death states. It seems to us that this manifestation was much more like a sylph, or air-elemental, than a dead human being for various reasons, such as power in manipulating psychic substance, ethereal beauty, and difference being combined with sameness of appearances.

In the matter of form, Mr. Maeterlinck's articles in *The Fortnighty Review*, are not well arranged, for instead of dealing with the ideas of one school of thought entirely and then turning to the other, he often leaps from a spiritualistic point to occult teaching, and then immediately back again to the former. Our critic then takes a series of objections to the nature of spiritualistic communications, such as the pale, empty, bewildered, incoherent shades, with their dazed consciousness, which never go outside our sphere, and are so clever in finding things of earth, and so loath or unable to tell us of the mysteries of death, these belated reflections of life, as he calls them, leading a precarious idle existence and then fading out without giving us a single real revelation, their existence proving at best that only a spiritual silhouette of ourselves survives physical death. Of what use is death, he

asks, if life's trivialities continue? Surely minds not enthralled by life, and being rid of matter, should be superior to ourselves and not possess an obvious inferiority.

These remarks demonstrate the soundness of occult teaching respecting the nature of "shells," except on one point where Mr. Maeterlinck has gone astray. He speaks of the dead as being rid of matter and hence superior to ourselves on that account. But the dead are not rid of the matter of their passional natures, nor of the *forms* of their lower mental natures, therefore want of clarity of vision remains to men of undeveloped spirituality whether they be living or dead; for, as occultism has always taught, it is absolutely necessary to purify the vestures of the soul in order to perceive spiritual truths, and this must be done during life; those who have accomplished this, will not communicate at ordinary séances. He rightly says that ghosts are no proof positive of the existence of an independent Spirit, and lays down the principle that we should exhaust the mysteries of life before those of death, there being in his opinion a difference of degree alone between mediumistic manifestations, subliminal clairvoyance and telepathy, for even the well-known tests of cross correspondences are not free from suspicion of telepathy. Professor Hyslop says of the last-named, that it is only the label of a method of transferring thought, the *modus operandi* of which science does not yet understand. So that our critic here comes up against a blank wall, as he himself confesses, when saying that he cannot pretend to explain the nature of mediums, and dispenses with the matter by opining that their powers are incomprehensible.

We fancy that if Mr. Maeterlinck chose to pursue his researches still further into the recondite nature of man as taught by Occultism, he would in time gain much light on the points now so obscure to him. These phenomena are not simple but very complex ; thus subjective manifestations are mostly due to elementaries and sometimes to very pure human spirits, but never to elementals ; but objective manifestations are those of planetary spirits, spirit friends, nature spirits and elementaries ; while physical phenomena proper are one-third due to astral bodies, one-third to elementaries, and one-third to elementals. Sensitives or mediums unconsciously use psychic powers, their organisations serving as conductors for imponderable fluids, which proceed *through*, but not from, them.

Mr. Maeterlinck winds up his critical essay by dealing with reincarnation in a more direct way. He refers to the experiments of Colonel Rochas, the French savant, which bear on this subject, and which offer to his mind the only appreciable argument for rebirth which its advocates possess. We beg leave to join issue with him here, before proceeding to discuss these experiments in detail and what they can reasonably be said to demonstrate. For instance, Science knows of the fact of the conservation of energy, a truth which, being universal, has a mental as well as a physical application, and the only method conceivable by which the conservation of mental experiences could come about is through rebirth. As a modern writer says:

If none of the forces of nature are dissipated or lost, and if force can no more be extinguished than matter, and like matter passes from one form into another, we may conclude

that intellectual force is never dissipated or lost, but that the potential energies of mind and soul perpetually vibrate between man and nature.

Kuṇḍalinī Shakṭi, the power which moves in a serpentine, curved, or cyclic path, is the force which brings about that "continuous adjustment of *external relations to internal relations*" which is the basis of the transmigration of souls, or rebirth, in the doctrines of the eastern Sages. Referring to the Law of Cycles, Plato makes Socrates say that life proceeds from death, and death from life, and that if it was not so all things would come to an end. Certainly, the cyclic law of rebirth operates for both the acquirement and application of the experiences of the soul, and for the sake of these experiences the universe exists.

So much for some of the philosophical aspects of rebirth, and we may now turn to the recorded experiments of Colonel Rochas, which are not so well known as they might be. This gentleman's investigations into psychic or superphysical states of consciousness, by means of various hypnotic subjects, are not on ordinary lines at all and certainly furnish much material for the speculations of psychic researchers. To mention one case, a girl named Josephine of Voiron—this young woman, in the hypnotic sleep, goes back to a state before birth and describes the condition of an old ailing man, his state after death and before birth as Josephine, the reincarnating entity describing itself as encircling her mother before her birth, and afterwards gradually entering the infant body, which is for some time surrounded by a floating mist. Josephine also goes back to the state of an old woman who preceded the man. Thus we have given to us through the entranced mind of this young girl, successive pictures of the

birth, life and death, of a woman, and a man, the last appearance being that of a girl, three lives in all. These revelations have been proved to be inaccurate several times as regards names and places, by inquiries, but it is remarkable that the visions of the subjects are always the same and given in the same invariable order. As Mr. Maeterlinck says with perfect truth, these ignorant undeveloped subjects do not possess the fine dramatic talents necessary to personate these very different characters, nor have they ever heard of the doctrine of rebirth. Now what is the meaning of these revelations, and what do they demonstrate? Unconscious suggestion, which is much more powerful than voluntary suggestion, is not excluded, and, in fact, Colonel Rochas himself puts this idea forward as a possible solution of the difficulty. He says that certain powerful minds, desirous of spreading the idea of rebirth among the public, have chosen this method of doing it. As a variant of this theory, we can certainly say that the idea of rebirth has been powerfully set forth in the West by speech and pen during this last twenty-five years, a period said by Gustave Le Bon in his *Psychology of Peoples* to be necessary for a new idea to take root.

Mr. Maeterlinck continues: "Nevertheless outside suggestion some facts ..... perhaps, call for another interpretation," and the theory he finally favours is that of "atavistic memory". He asks:

> Cannot a man, for instance, carry in the depths of his being the recollection of events connected with the childhood of an ancestor? We carry in ourselves all the past.

Perhaps our critic was thinking then of the statement of Weismann:

> If the memory cells of our ancestors were the collected photographed impressions of their experiences, and these

cells in the process of photographing were subjected to some subtle change in physical structure, then that these negatives of impressions should be handed on to posterity is not difficult to understand and accept.

This question of atavistic or "regressive memory", as it has been called, was dealt with in *The Nineteenth Century and After* of June, 1906, but the facts there adduced are simply excellent illustrations of the idea of rebirth, and not at all of prenatal memory. Readers may judge. A clergyman, the Rev. Forbes Phillips goes to Tivoli, knowing nothing about the place and not having seen any views of it, yet acts as a perfect guide to a party of friends, and describes the town as it was in olden days; suddenly the vision faded and his mind became a blank, although he says, just before he knew the town as well as his own parish. He was also perfectly familiar with the dark windings of the Catacombs in Rome, of which, of course, no pictures exist. The same gentleman, although new to the neighbourhood of Leatherhead, found there, without hesitation, an old Roman fortress and a road, feeling that he had long ago been riding on the latter in armour. Visiting the same place with another clergyman, the latter had a distinct recollection of holding a priestly office there in Roman times, and said of an overturned tower, that on it "there is a socket in which we used to plant a mast and archers were hauled up to pick off leaders" of enemies during sieges. A brief search discovered the socket as he anticipated. Colonel de Rochas, says that ancestral memory probably exists, but that it is insufficient to account for the phenomena in question, because it has been proved that these visions cannot relate

to ancestors of the subjects experimented with. A writer in *The Annals of Psychical Science* remarks:

> It does not however appear that we ought in the present state of our knowledge to consider these dreams, or rather these changes of personality as evidences of previous lives, since we have proofs that the personalities *played* by the subjects have never existed, at least under the conditions indicated.

Mr. Maeterlinck's theory does not serve as a solution of the problem given, because these dramatic changes of personalities are well known in hypnotic experiments and are due to the mental sphere being occupied in succession by differing layers of the Astral Light. Thus the visions described are not reminiscenses of the former lives of an individual at all, nor does it appear possible that ancestral memory should be preserved anywhere but in the aura of the germ plasm or eternal cell, which alone passes from generation to generation. If a psychometer reads off the past impressions made upon a cell of the human body, these are by no means the conserved experiences of an individual in successive lives. Sir Francis Galton, however, has brought forward a true case of ancestral memory, as follows. The wife of a gentleman discovered that while sleeping he had the habit of sometimes raising his arm and dropping it on his nose, often to the detriment of that organ: in time it was also found out that his son and grandson had exactly the same habit. Mr. Maeterlinck admits that reincarnation is inevitable, but says that it is not demonstrated that there is reincarnation of the whole identical individual. He seems to make no distinction between individuality and personality, whereas Occultism draws a profound distinction between the two, and teaches that the astral monad or personality, is never

reborn, except in cases of crime, accident, abortion, infants dying before a certain age, and incurable idiocy. What matters rebirth, he asks, if a man is unaware that he is still himself. He seems not to know that the permanent Ego is always aware of itself, no matter through how many bodies it may manifest. Even if rebirth is true, he argues, it does not settle the great question of our infinite destiny; what really matters is what will be eternally. We would like to remind Mr. Maeterlinck that questions of the infinite are futile to finite minds, and have no bearing on our practical life, and that it is precisely because of their supreme value in that connection, that the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation hold the field of thought. In Occult Philosophy we can trace the course of self-conscious life for millions of years in the past, and forecast the career of mankind for æons in the future. It is enough.

To our thinking, our critic's comments upon the highest aspects of Occult Philosophy are inaccurate and deficient in penetration. He says, "your Divine principle is not at all infinite or definite". We can reply that Occultism teaches that the Unmanifest Logos, or God, is not Infinite but Universal, its seven rays vibrating in every atom; infinity is ascribed to Parabrahm or Deity alone, which is not God but No-thing and Darkness. He continues, "if I am part of Himself, He is purifying Himself in me," and why has this not been accomplished in Eternity, and if not now, it never will be, achieved. We can here remind Mr. Maeterlinck of the Hegelian principle, that each thought involves its opposite; hence both purity and impurity are comparative terms, and have no ultimate meaning. Again he argues: "I also have

necessarily had innumerable opportunities of incarnating myself, because my principle of Life is likewise eternal, already infinite chances to reach the goal, no better in future." Mr. Maeterlinck is here assuming something which Occultism denies. We have none of us existed in Eternity as self-conscious beings, and are now only a mode of the Infinite Existence and have to become the Whole, or attain Union with the Logos, or rather with some aspect of IT. Some years ago, a Sage wrote:

> The particles of which I am formed, have always existed; yet I do not know in what form they existed before. Probably they have passed through billions of transformations. Why do I not know these? Because I did not supply the force that would have prevented the disintegration of my individuality . . . . every consciousness, which has been once fully developed, must disintegrate if not preserved by the purity of its successive Egos till the Nirvāṇa state is attained.

If it be true, Mr. Maeterlinck concludes, that our consciousness after death is subsequently purified, exalted, and extended, gradually and indefinitely, until, reaching other spheres, it ceases to reincarnate, and loses all contact with us, it accounts for the fact that we have only minor revelations given to us.

We do not quarrel with this remark, and only hope our critic will continue his quest into the sublime truths of esoteric philosophy.

Herbert E. Arnold

KITAB-UL-HAQ—DISCOURSE ON TRUTH

IN THE NAME OF GOD THE COMPASSIONATE AND MERCIFUL

(From the Arabic of the Great Master, Mohyoddin Ibn Arabi)

By MAZHARULLA HAIDARI

PRAISE belongs to Divine Nature. Divine Nature is one and whole when viewed in all its aspects. To it are common the twin attributes, similitude and negation. By way of similitude it manifests as things existent. By way of negation it is eternal, pure and spotless. This pervading Nature and its illumination Masters perceive, since it illuminates their minds, and there exists no veil that is not crystal-clear for them. Mysteries cease to be sealed things. Secrets are no longer secrets. Temporal things are left behind for the realisation of Divine Nature. When a thing, or a state, brought about by earthly circumstances opposes them, the Masters overcome it by the strength of Unity, and when a thing, or a state, in the world yields them pleasure, they forsake it strengthened by Being.

Divine Nature is holy. It begets not and is not begotten. Nor is there anything like unto it. In this wise Masters and seekers of Truth know and actualise it, unmindful and heedless of the relations amidst which they " live and move and have their being ".

During *Fana* Masters attain it, during *Baqa* they adore it, and when they become helpless they actualise it; in this state they are lost in blank bewilderment and amazement till the day on which they are to meet it.

Peace to him who is blessed with prophecy through purity, and who is regarded as one whose place is nigh to God. Peace likewise to his kith and kin of wisdom. Thenceforward it is not possible to find in the universe an instance of Divine Nature as agent, since it exists *per se* and does not admit of partnership, but instances of attributes are not wanting. The things existent, be they high or low, exhibit the manifestation of divine attributes, distributed among them according to their individual fitness. Of these some are common to all such as existence, life inner and outer, knowledge, speech and the like.

But an attribute, as attribute, is independent of praise or censure. Good and bad are relative and result from the relations of things existent to attributes. Had this been otherwise and attributes in themselves been qualified with good or bad in an absolute sense, virtue and vice, good and bad, noble and ignoble, would have ceased to have the signification which their "authority" decrees to them. Examples may be cited to illustrate what is said. Avarice of riches is viewed with disapprobation, but avarice of faith is marked with approbation; fear of the world is bad, but fear of God is good; to covet wealth is base, but to covet knowledge is noble; to be jealous of others is a vice, but to be jealous of doing good is a virtue.

Similarly in the following, God said to one in hell: "Taste, for verily thou art the mighty, the honourable!" It is revealed: "God set a stamp upon the heart of every

tyrant swollen with pride!" Concerning our Prophet (to whom be Peace) God said: "Hard for him to bear is it that ye commit iniquity"; and added: "He is anxious over you, the believers, pitiful and compassionate." The Prophet spake to Abu Dojana, when he marched in a haughty defiant attitude against the infidels at Siffeen: "This, thy conduct of pride, would have been hateful to God and to His Prophet elsewhere save in this place." When one addresses another by way of admonition, with expressions like "Do not be a niggard," or "Do not be a coward," and so forth, he implies that he to whom the speech is addressed should divest himself of the attribute referred to and replace it with another that will not be looked upon with less favour. In other words, it means that he should, "natured" as he is, bring about in himself a change and a fresh temperament. This is beyond the power and scope of humanity, for man born of Adam is very akin to evil and prone to do what is forbidden. Thus when evil touches him he is very impatient, when good touches him he is very niggardly. Thus it is idle to expect of a man to achieve a thing that goes against his composition and nature.

Universal evolution and the Last Day are opposite and contradictory. There is not aught that is common to them. The Last Day will not gather up the universe. The universe is an elemental synthesis, while the Last Day is an elemental analysis. The wicked thus cease from their wickedness, and there is no virtue. The good thus cease from their goodness, and there is no evil. The realm of relations is left behind. The domain of good and evil is past. Such is the strange award of the Last Day in virtue of its peculiar and inherent nature.

Matters other than relational are inseparable from their essentials, and these essentials do not cease or become extinct by the preponderance, or otherwise, of attributes in existing things. To manifest by means of an external attribute, or attributes, form is necessary. *Nafs*, by its build and form presents attributes, and by its nature realises the life to come.

Shara identifies attributes with form. The things existent take on form, but do not look on themselves as one in nature with God. That is due to ethics. It is said that men of ethics are companions of God. One void of ethics fails to sense the Divine Presence and floats, aided by thought, in the ocean of intellect. Tossed about and bewildered by its waves, he has no port to reach, no haven to find, since he is in pursuit of a thing of which he is utterly unaware. Better are men of *Fikr* who seek God and neither locate Him nor qualify Him with eternity, and who say with regret that their lives have been spent in endeavours to know Him, resulting in their littleness and helplessness. But best of all is the man of Truth who, indifferent to *Fikr* and its darkness, enters straight in by the gate and not by the backdoor. In this stage knowledge is to be acquired by the contemplation alone of such things as Divine Nature, the Last Day and so on. These the Masters and Abdals [1] realise since they are aware of the truth of man manifested through form.

God is never, in fact, the source and origin of things existent, but He is ordinarily said to be so, which is incorrect. He should, no doubt and with all reason, be attributed only with such attributes as belong to Him.

[1] Seventy in number are stationed in various parts of the world to look after its renovation and help in perfecting human progress.

Some Masters deny attribution and still assert *Asma-ul-Husna*, the good attributes therefore contradicting each other. Even the attribute of eternity, they say, is inapplicable to Him.

No comparison exists between God as *Vajib*, or Cause, and a thing existent as *Mumkin*, or Possibility. God is first while thing is not. The one is independent of need and the other needy. To one "authority" is inapplicable, while to the other it is all in all. Things are the outcome of divine knowledge wherein they were in their individual *Ayans*, or forms, prior to external existence. The nexus of God with things is by way of knowledge and that of things with God is by way of existence. God's precedence is thus, evidently, ascribable to existence.

Things existent never come forth from no-being, for no-being is nothing, nor do they proceed from God, for that would imply that they pass from one existence to another and possess nature of their own from *Azal*, which is absurd.

For a detailed account of these things attention may be drawn to *Jadaval, Part I*, but it suffices here to state that since things clamoured in their *Ayanic* (formal) state for manifestation, it became incumbent on God to address them with *Kun* (Be), for the pronouncement of *Kun* necessarily indicates the presence of forms. *Kun*, it must be borne in mind, is never pronounced to evolve a single thing by a particular willing. It is a universal command for the totality of *Ayans* to be as they are in divine knowledge. And divine knowledge is but form and formation. First comes God's intention, then His power and then His command. All these are one, but by

way of "authority" are divers and different. Existence is evidence of His power; particularisation of things, of His intention; and "authorities" in virtue of which things function, of His knowledge. But no proof can be advanced that is other than *Kun* to prove *Kun*, for it is a knowing peculiar to God alone who in His mercy unveils it to Masters, and these hear and behold *Kun* and its effect. Unveiling (*Kashf*) thus consists in disclosing the operation of *Kun* and in establishing the fact that God can never be known by intellect, since it seeks to fix "authority" on God, rejecting *Kun*.

Abraham said:

> Lord, show me how Thou wilt revive the dead.

God said:

> Then take four birds and take them close to thyself, then put a part of them on every mountain, then call them, and they will come to thee in haste, and know that God is mighty and wise.

Herein it is clear that existence was not possible without command; and the calling of the birds was not based on the intention, or otherwise, of Abraham. He was merely bidden to call them. The calling of Abraham was thus the calling of God. Abraham was then a mere translator of *Kun*. Possibilities thus need divine pronouncement. No sooner do they hear *Kun*, or its modification, than they hasten to comply and manifest in forms in agreement with their *Ayans* that are non-existent, for existence is necessary for their form and not for their essence. Possibilities in their need for existence are related to eternal existence and *Kun* must be proclaimed by him who is eternal and everlasting. No one who is not everlasting is empowered

to say *Kun* or its kindred modifications, for the existence of eternity has a special illumination of its own. For detailed information on the subject, attention may be drawn to *Mavaqay-un-nujoom*, *Kitab-ul-Hu*, *Kitab-ul-Jalala*, *Kitab-ul-Ahdiyat* and *Fahvaniyat*. Here it suffices to say that *Kun* is the very God when the *Ayan* to whom *Kun* is spoken is of the elect, and *Kun* therefore operates as if proceeding from God. The *Ayan* of the chosen is the *Chadar*, the sheet to cover *Kun* or *Kun* is covered by the sheet. Such an *Ayan* will exhibit *Kun* in all its effects when about to make or create. For this God said, concerning Jesus:

> The Messiah Jesus, the son of Mary, is but the apostle of God and His word, which cast into Mary a spirit from Him.

If Jesus is God's Spirit, it strengthened him. If he is His Word, he manifested by it. Jesus would therefore bring forth the dead, heal the lepers and the blind from birth by command, or what came near it in meaning, by blowing. God said to Jesus:

> When thou didst create of clay, as it were, the likeness of a bird and didst blow thereon, it became a bird by My power.

"My power" is *Kun*, for power is the very self of *Kun*. For ever this *Kun* manifests perennially in worlds visible and invisible, and God said: "Holy words ascend to God." In this verse "words" is plural and includes, from what has been said, both Soul and holy words. The Soul ascends and is purified and so are holy words pure, for they denote inner ascension. The physical body, the abode of the Soul, has nowhere to ascend, and the ascension is for the *Ayanic* Soul. If it trends towards higher regions, the ascension is relative, and if towards Him, the Absolute, it is positive, bereft

of relations. Union is thus not possible without *Kun* for the elect. In this state communion takes place between God and the Masters. A Master may function in this world by *Kun* if its pronouncement is necessary.

In the *Table Talk* it is said that an angel presents a sealed letter to a Master when he leaves this world and is at the threshold of Paradise. On opening the cover he reads thus:

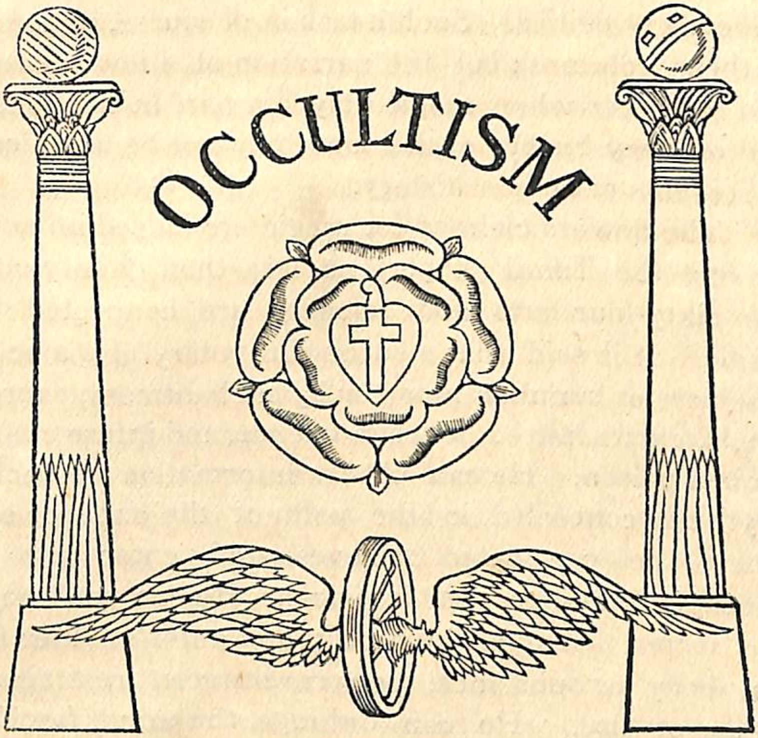
> From Him who is everlasting and never dies.
> To him who is everlasting and never dies.
> Whatever matter I decree, I say *Kun* and it is.
> To-day I have appointed thee to say *Kun* and it will be.

Whatever he wishes henceforth in Paradise, he has nothing to do but say *Kun*, and it is.

Bayazid Bustami, it is said, once inadvertently passed his hands over his calf and killed an ant in the act. On discovering what he had done he blew over the dead ant and it revived forthwith by God's command and began moving. This is owing to *Kun* and the state of *Fahvaniyat*, or Fellowship with God, which he had attained. This much on this subject here suffices.

Once more, Praise belongs to God who alone is worthy of it. Peace to the Prince of Prophets, Muhammad, and to his kith and kin.

Mazharulla Haidari



MAGIC IN STATECRAFT AND WARFARE

By V. Rangachari, M.A.

THE attribution of the mutilation of the bust of King Albert of Belgium to the belief of the German soldiery in magic will naturally remind the student of Indian history of a similar belief in India from very ancient times. The history of Indian magic is a very extensive subject and means necessarily a study of the enormous literature on Ṭānṭricism, Shakṭism, and other allied creeds. It requires, moreover, a study of the philosophy of the manṭras and their ṭānṭric and ceremonial

counterparts, not to speak of the talents and virtues, the behaviour and deportment, of a crowd of minor and malevolent deities. Such a task is, of course, impossible in these columns; but the narration of a few occasions and instances when magic played a part in the political and military history of the land may not be unwelcome to students of Indian history.

The powers claimed for magic are indeed immense. Among the Tamil peoples no less than twenty out of the sixty-four arts and sciences are connected with magic. It is said that a successful votary of magic can fascinate or summon a person by enchantment, exorcise devils, excite hatred between friends, and infuse charms against poison. He can obtain information respecting anything concealed in the palm of the hand or elsewhere, he can detect thieves, and enter into the atmosphere and become invisible. He can walk on air and water, leave his own body and enter another lifeless body or substance, perform miracles, restrain the action of fire. He can unhinge the mind, fascinate the eyes and mouth and, above all, he can nullify the power of the sword or of any other weapon. All these arts, in fact, formed the eight traditional *Siḍḍhis* which the Siḍḍhas have always had in view—the *Vashyam* (willing over to any purpose), *Mohanam* (causing the infatuation of lust), *Ākarṣhaṇam* (inducing violence), *Māraṇam* (causing the death of any one), *Sṭambhanam* (overcoming the laws of nature), *Viḍveṣhanam* (causing change of form), *Bheḍanam* (causing division) and *Uchchātanam* (exorcising, etc.). Every one of these objects has its own deity to be invoked, its own method of worship, and its own manṭras, spells, ceremonies and diagrams. The manner of obtaining the power of

invisibility, for example, is different from that of obtaining the power of making fire lose its virtue, and this is the case with all the others. But of all these the power to nullify the power of the sword or of any other weapon is peculiar in one respect. The other powers benefit individuals. They make or mar their greatness and cause their rise or ruin. But this power is wanted by the statesman and the soldier, the civilian and the military man, the former, perhaps, to overthrow a rival, the latter to overthrow an inimical commander.

As regards the modes of securing an adversary's death, that is to say, the spells to be uttered and the ceremonies to be performed, they are endless. The *Aṭharva-Veḍa*, the earliest treatise on the subject and the most sacred repository, as well as inspirer, of the Black Art, contains numerous forms of imprecation for the destruction of enemies. The Aṭharva priest was simply a magic-monger and his most important function was to show his disciples the most efficient means of removing enemies. "Destroy, O sacred grass, my foes!" says one manṭra, "exterminate my enemies, annihilate all those who hate me, O precious gem!" (*As. Res.* viii, p. 471). The *Aiṭareya Brāhmaṇa* says that a king should wash the feet of his Purohiṭa, saying:

> I wash, O Gods! the first and second foot for protecting my empire, and obtaining safety for it. May the waters which served for washing the feet of the Purohiṭa destroy my enemy.

Many were the spells and rites to be used, and "foes, enemies, and rivals perish around him who is conversant with these rites". "Whenever lightning perishes, pronounce this prayer, *May my enemy perish* . . . . When rain ceases . . . . When the

moon is dark . . . . When the sun sets . . . . When fire is extinguished, pronounce," etc.[1] When the spell was pronounced, the man must not sit down in case his enemy might be standing; he must not lie down if he thought his enemy was sitting; he must not sleep, if he believed his enemy to be awake. "In this way he subdues his enemy, even if he wear a helmet of stone."[1] The *Mahābhāraṭa* mentions a method of disposing of an enemy called *Chhāyopasevana*, or shadow-cult, by which an image of the enemy was made and pins were stuck into it so as to cause his death. Any deity could be appealed to in regard to destructive and vindictive purposes. Shiva, Vīrabhaḍra, Kālī, Nārāyaṇa, Saturn, Gāyaṭrī, Sūrya, Garuda, the five-faced Hanūmān, besides a crowd of demons and devils, could be won over. The field of choice of the deity is thus unlimited and left to the votary's inclination. But the different deities have to be propitiated by different ceremonials, some refined and others rude. An example of the latter type, described in the *Sabarachinṭāmaṇi*, a code of destructive magic, says that the Karnatik mode of causing a foe's death consists of the utterance of the following spell in a cemetery:

> Om! Hoom! Glowm! Ghost, who delightest in human flesh and blood, and eatest the honeyed cake! Destroyer of thousands! Devourer of numberless living creatures, devour each a man; devour him, drink his blood! Eat, eat his flesh! Ha! Hoom! Phat!

This "supreme spell," it is said, should be repeated in a cemetery, the sacrificer standing naked on a shroud and facing the south. The spell should be commenced with the waning of the moon and recited for a fortnight. The Queen of Demons will, it is said, then wait on the

[1] See Mrs. Manning's *Ant.* and *Med. Ind.*, I, p. 105.

grim sorcerer and assure her obedience to his mandate. He should then frame the name of his adversary into a spell and utter it a hundred times, when he will be rewarded with the object of his desires.

By way of contrast to this may be noticed the Tibetan custom, which was recently explained at a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal by Dr. Satischandra Vidyabhushana, on the authority of a Tibetan scroll of the fifteenth or sixteenth century brought to light by Justice Woodroffe. The scroll depicted the process of subduing an enemy by charm. At the top of it, we are informed, there is the representation of Shrīḍevī, the most terrible deity of Tibet, riding on a horse. The enemy to be vanquished is pictured in an inverted position at the bottom, with iron chains tied round his hands and feet, and blood marks in various parts of his body. There are, we are further informed, coloured pictures of numerous articles of worship. The priest occupies a place just below the Goddess, and takes more than a month to offer the articles, one by one, to the Goddess in prescribed forms. It is said that when the magical rites near their completion the enemy collapses. He finds himself enchained, bloodshot and dead. The employment of snakes, of pumpkins and other materials, as the instruments of destruction by the power of magic is very common in Indian history. The *saroyaga* consisted of suspending a cobra by the tail from the roof of an apartment and the proper incense being burned on a fire immediately below.

The readers of Kalhana's *Rajaṭaraṅgiṇī* will be familiar with the custom of politicians and men of action of removing their rivals by magic. The noble and virtuous King Chanḍrapīda, for example, whose

renown as an ideal administrator of justice had endeared him to the just and terrified the vicious, was removed from the throne by the unscrupulous ambition of his younger brother Tarapida. The latter, we are informed, engaged a Brāhman magician for the accomplishment of his nefarious purpose. The Brahman had been previously concerned in a case of murder and been convicted, but not sufficiently punished on account of his caste; and the king's undue forbearance now reaped the penalty of death. "From this time onward," says Kalhana, "princes lusting for the throne in this kingdom (Kashmir) began to use witchcraft and other evil practices against their elder relatives" (*Rajaṭaraṅgiṇī*, I, p. 130). In A.D. 814, for instance, Cippatajayapida, also known by the name of Bṛhaspaṭi, the son of King Laliṭapīda by the daughter of a spirit-distiller, was slain by the sorcery of his maternal uncles (*Ibid.*, p. 182). King Gopalavarman, again, was dispatched by the magic of a greedy treasurer of his realm in consequence of his insistence on the inspection of the treasury-chests. Nearly half a century later, King Yashaskara (939-48), a man of a firm temperament and strict orthodoxy, who incurred the displeasure of his Foreign Minister, Viranāṭha, by chastising the vice of a hypocritical sannyāsi relation of his, was removed in the space of seven days by witchcraft. The notorious and sensuous Queen Didda, again, got rid of her grandsons and wards, Nanḍiguptạ (A.D. 973), and Ṭribhuvana (A.D. 975), in a similiar fashion. In 1028, King Hariraja became a similar victim at the hands of his licentious mother.

Passing on to later times, we find that Muhammad Ali, the Nawab of the Karnatic, employed spells and

incantations for the death of Haidar Ali, and when that event took place in 1782, it was actually believed to be the effect of these exceptional measures. The same ruler is said to have brought about the death of Lord Pigot by performing a *japam* at Ṭirukkalikundram, the celebrated Pakṣhiṭīrṭha, near Chingleput, at a cost of five thousand pounds sterling, through one, Achena Pandit. Umdut-ul-umra, the eldest son of Muhammad Ali, is said to have effected the death of his ambitious younger brothers, by the magical practices of a Haji for a payment of a lakh of rupees. The money, however, was not paid and caused much scandal later on. In Malabar the application of similar witchcraft has always been believed in.[1]

One of the most interesting instances of a belligerent's resort to the aid of magic for success in arms against his adversary is seen in the war which Chokkanatha Naik of Madura (1660-82) fought with Vijaya Raghava, the last Naik King of Tanjore (1614-70), in the middle of the seventeenth century. A Telugu manuscript chronicle, the *Record of the Affairs of the Carnātaka Governors*, describes the incident in detail. It says that, alarmed at the continous defeat of the Tanjore army and the incessant advance of the Madura men, Vijaya Raghava supplemented the martial valour of his forces with the magic skill of his Guru, Soma Chanḍraswāmi. The latter uttered a series of incantations and was about to turn the tide of war when Chokkanatha came to hear of it and retaliated. His Guru, Balapriya, was more than a match for Soma Chanḍra and by his counter-incantations not only made the Tanjorean

[1] See Wilks' *Mysore*, I, 445-6.

devices harmless, but even caused such a change in the mind of the Tanjore soldiery as to make them desert their standard at the nick of time and join the Trichinopolitans. The chronicle describes the particular manner in which this change was effected. Lakhs and lakhs of pumpkins, it is said, were made the subject of incantations and cast into the floods of the Kāveri so that those who drank of the waters impregnated with them, were sure to turn traitors and join the Madura ranks. It was in the midst of this war of magic that the two armies joined battle, and the Tanjoreans, defeated and hard-pressed, had to retreat into their own fort.

A similar example of the resort to magic in assistance of the sword is afforded by the conduct of Tippu Sulṭān. Alarmed at the growing success of the English in the Third Mysore War, Tippu forgot his past persecution of the Hindūs and shamelessly induced their ṭānṭric endeavours on his behalf. He organised, as Wilks says, a *japam* to be performed by a number of Brāhmaṇas, for four periods of twelve days each. Scores of orthodox men who were, throughout this period, to abstain from salt, from condiments and similar aids to digestion, and to live solely on simple rice and milk, stationed themselves up to their chests in water, and gave loud and incessant utterances to certain manṭras, beating the water all the while with their hands. A similar ceremony was performed on occasions of drought with a view to bringing down rain; but a call on the powers of heaven to bestow the blessing of martial victory was equally common; and the story is that those retreats of Cornwallis, the only disasters in an otherwise uniformly successful war, were due to the efficacy of these manṭras. The manṭras, however, failed to save

Shrirangapatam from its ultimate fate of surrender to General Harris, but this was ascribed by the Brāhmaṇas, not to the inefficiency of the manṭras themselves, but to some mistakes in the mysteries performed, to the fact, among other things, that some of the men engaged in the ceremony had tasted salt.

I shall close this article with the notice of a remarkable rising in the northern Sirkars,[1] which took place quite recently—in fact, in 1900—in consequence of a misguided belief in the efficacy of magic. A hillman of Vizagapatam, probably a lunatic, who called himself an avaṭār of one of the Pāṇḍava brothers, mustered a crowd of five thousand credulous and superstitious rustics, and rose against the Government. The weapon he used for the delusion of so many people was magic. He told them that the female bamboos they would cut in the hills on the New Moon day of *Vaishākha* would, by means of his own power, transform themselves into weapons of war and emit shots and shells, while the guns of the Government would lose their virtue and discharge sand and water alone. The magician's triumph was a shortlived one. All he succeeded in doing was to murder two policemen; and owing to the prompt action of the Government, he was soon in safe custody, while his followers were scattered.

V. Rangachari

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[1] See Thurston's *Ethnographical Notes of S. India*, p. 301.

TWO WEST COAST MAGICIANS

By U. B. Nair

MAGIC, black and white, has always had an irresistible attraction for frail uneducated folk, such as the wild non-Āryan jungle tribes of Southern India. The Hinḍū Purāṇas tell us that five thousand years of the degenerate Kali age have now rolled by, and Kali, or the Spirit of Evil, has now attained its zenith. But centuries ago, when its malign influence was not so visibly felt as it is now, the arts of magic and necromancy were not only looked upon as practicable, but were assiduously cultivated. When Kerala was under the sway of the Chola viceroys or Perumals, magic, as astrology, was recognized as one of the chief sciences, and afforded honourable and lucrative occupation to its votaries; but "the tune of the time" has since changed. The Hinḍū or Muhammadan magician of to-day may be a charlatan and a swindler who uses his wits to make a living, and who flourishes like a green bay tree by the water-side, merely because he knows that the ignorance and childish imagination of his clients are his best weapons. But his prototypes of old were fellows of a different order. This is best shown by the careers —herein described—of two of the most remarkable professors of the cult: one a classical, the other, a modern exemplar, men of opposite aims and dispositions; one a

Brāhmaṇa and a ruthless exterminator, who warred against his enemies, the other, a Muslim and a benevolent exorcist, who exercised his influence over evil spirits to relieve the pains of suffering humanity.

Of the many manṭravāḍīs, or magicians, who flourished at that epoch, Surya Kalati Bhattathiri was the most distinguished. Like Merlin of old, the Mage at Arthur's Court, he was the most famous man of the time, and a past-master in Gramarye. As a forceful personality who carried on a war of extermination against the powers of the unseen world, he is celebrated throughout the length and breadth of Kerala. He sits enthroned in the midst of his court like a king. His claim to be considered *facile princeps* of Malayāli manṭravāḍīs, contemporaneous or other, is not disputed, but rests upon scores of performances which might be cited as instances of magical skill at its highest and best, performances beside which those of Michael Scott or Merlin are mere trifles. It is not exactly related of him:

> That when, in Salamanca's cave,
> Him listed his magic wand to wave
> The bells would ring in Notre-Dame;

or that he could put forth "the charm of woven paces and of waving hands," but for all that, in his day, he was known to fame as a potent and courageous practitioner of the art, having no match or rival, and now shines firmly set among the fixed stars of the manṭravāḍī's heaven.

Surya Kalati was born in the village of Kumarnallore, in Kottayam, North Travancore. He came of a good and ancient Nambūḍri family, the scions of which are, to this day, venerated for their meek piety and

saintliness. The present head of the *illom*, or family, is an honoured guest at the Court of Travancore, his presence there being indispensable on certain state occasions. There is a weird and popular tradition which records the tragic end of Bhattathiri, father—a circumstance which tended, as it were, to preordain the career of his posthumous son. For it was surely not overweening ambition that stirred the imagination of Bhattathiri, the son, and which, in the crimson flush of the earliest summer of life, urged him on to the study of the Black Art.

One night (so runs the story) the Bhattathiri and a friend of his happened to pass along the *Yakshee Paramba* in Trichur. It was in those days a dreary piece of open waste-land, strangely contrasting with the quaint picturesqueness of the surrounding country-side, its grim sullenness only partially relieved, here and there, by rows of tall, dark *karimpanas*, or palms, silhouetted against the sky like a colonnade of granite pillars, each carved stem set in its leafy crown and base, and its green-gray fronds swaying in the gentle zephyr. To this day, people avoid this place at night, it being, according to popular superstition, the favourite resort of yakshees and their lovers, the gaṇḍharvas, the celestial nymphs and centaurs of Hinḍū mythology. The former are a sort of dryads or fairies. They roam about at nights in the guise of impossible young women, whose witching beauty is overpowering to frail mortal eyes. They are tall, *champaka* coloured, with flashing eyes, glistening teeth, and an opulent mass of dark raven tresses that hang down to the ground. They rarely venture abroad after dawn. All day long, they hide in grassy glade or wattled

woodland, assuming eerie enchanted forms. At night, they lurk in trees or pathways and attract travellers. But to falter or turn behind, or answer their call, spells death. The gaṇḍharvas—Southey's " glendoveers "—are a species of demons or demigods. They are the musicians of heaven, and like the Ṛṣhis or Sages, are gifted with the power of pronouncing imprecations on mortals.

But to return to our story. The night is far advanced when the Bhattathiri and his friend approach the solitary and cheerless expanse, beloved of fairy folk, described above, and bethink them of seeking shelter for the night of the first passer-by. Suddenly, they find two damsels coming towards them, mystical paragons of beauty, who accost them, explain that they are returning after the *pooram*, or annual festival, then going on at a neighbouring temple, and with exceeding grace and naïveté, press them to pass the night under their roof. The travellers gratefully accept the proffered invitation, and accompany the fair strangers homeward. Like children at the heels of the mad piper they follow them and tread the primrose path of dalliance, allured by their sinister grace and sly voluptuous enticements. Presently they arrive in a magnificent house, are hospitably received and lodged in exquisitely furnished separate chambers. Then the tragedy begins. The travellers, careless and unsuspecting have all but closed their eyelids in sleep, when the harrowing truth is borne in upon them! The fair women are yakshees, and they have resumed their demoniacal forms! The grim irony of the situation makes their flesh creep. One of the yakshees—her unearthly figure "unhidden by any earthly disguise"—now approaches the Bhattathiri, and rapidly makes a meal

of him. Like the student who dances with the goddess in *Rosa Alchemica*, he experiences the chill sensation of the fairy "drinking up his soul" (and life-blood) "as an ox drinks up a wayside pool". But the other yakshee can do no harm to the Bhattathiri's companion for he holds in his hand a *granṭha*, or palm-leaf book, sacred to Bhagavaṭī, *viz.*, the *Ḍevī Māhāṭmya*, or narrative of the exploits of Ḍevī or Bhagavaṭī. This blessed preservative he religiously clings to and frantically clutches, as, through the slow-moving hours of the night, he hears a hideous din—the rattling and crunching of human bones. But imagine his feelings at daybreak on finding himself resting on the topmost frond of a palm-tree, and—cruellest cut of all—the bones of his friend lying scattered underneath another palm-tree yonder.

Soon after, the Bhattathiri's widow gave birth to a son, the subject of this sketch. When the latter was eleven years of age, she related to him the strange story of his father's death. This so inflamed the young hopeful that he vowed eternal revenge on the whole host of yakshees and ganḍharvas ; and like a sensible boy, he set about preparing for his life-task. As a Brahmachārin he prosecuted the study of the Veḍas with diligence, and by the time he came to man's estate was an adept in Shāsṭraic lore and all manner of learning. Then he betook himself to a lonely forest and did incessant *ṭapas* (penance) there for a period of seven years. We may well conceive of a study of revenge overtaking and overriding his beautiful and unambitious soul—he who might otherwise have pursued the even tenor of his way, avoiding those wastes over which magicians wander lost, and die damned—now driving him like a

goad to wrest a moral victory from an almost impossible situation but, in the hour of victory, hurling him in the drag of a current which sweeps him on to the brink of eternal ruin. Moved by the rigour of the austerities practised by young Kalati, and pleased with his assiduity and devotion, Sūrya, the Sun-God, appeared one day before him in human form and handed him a *granṭha*, or magic-book, which is to this day the greatest work extant on magic. The marked favour of the Sun-God explains the prefix "Sūrya" to the magician's name. Thus dawned "the hour for which the years did sigh".

To master the contents of the *granṭha* was the work of a few days. Sūrya Bhattathiri put it to such very good use that he soon acquired the just reputation of being the greatest expert manṭravāḍī, or dealer in magic, of the time. Princes now courted his favour and none dared offend him. The next phase was the commencement of a mighty *homa*, or burnt sacrifice, with the avowed object of destroying the magician's sworn enemies, all manner of living things—frogs, lizards, scorpions and myriads of ants—being thrown into the holocaust. The fierceness and severity of the magical rite and the power of the incantations produced the desired effect. Yakshee after yakshee was compelled to pass before him into the fire, and last, but not least, the yakshee who had devoured his father. She begs hard for mercy, offering to serve him faithfully. But he would have none of her and makes her enter the sacrificial fire, and she is consumed. Then her ganḍharva lover, mortified at the loss of his beloved, turns up, most inconveniently, and curses the Brāhmaṇa magician to suffer death on the forty-first following

day. The tables are turned, the biter bit. The magician in his turn sues for mercy and the gandharva, more merciful than the Brāhmaṇa had been to the yakshee, extends it to him. On one condition, however, that on the forty-first day he would worship at the Alangat Tiruvalore temple, in expiation. Naturally, he goes to fulfil the condition and, preparatory to worshipping, descends into the temple tank to bathe. All at once he is seized with delirium and raves like a maniac, biting the wooden beams of the bathing shed. He dies, after enduring frightful agonies. The mark of his teeth are to be seen to this day! The tragic end of the magician's career serves to show how inexorable the influence of Fate is.

To cast out devils; to discover the cause of sickness and cure it; to avert the influence of the evil eye; to obtain, in short, benefits that are harmless, are the aims of white magic. Both forms of the art are based on the presumptuous claims of their professors to exercise their influence over supernatural forces. The agents through whom these ends—death and disaster or benefits to others—are accomplished, are evil spirits. They are pressed into service and made to execute the magician's behests by worship and propitiation, or by his employing occult force. In the case of human beings, hypnotism and suggestion brought to bear on their impressionable and superstitious minds may be the means employed to achieve the ends desired. But this explanation, surely, cannot apply to spirit forms.

Whatever the secret, Thodupushai Mandaipurath Usaka Ravuthan wrought the ends he desired. He was a famous magician who died about forty-five years ago. He was a native of Travancore. While a young

man, he had a quarrel with his father who turned him out of hearth and home. So the young prodigal found himself one morning in the midst of a solitary wilderness, where he could get nothing to eat and had to starve all day. Thus exhausted, he fell asleep under a tree and, awaking at dusk, found himself in the presence of a venerable old man with a long grey beard. The young man went close up to the Ṛṣhi (for such was the old man) and found him absorbed in religious contemplation. The Ṛṣhi at last opened his eyes, and chanting his manṭras, asked him what he wanted. The youth related his sad story and concluded with a prayer. He begged that he might be granted some boon which would enable him to earn a livelihood. The Ṛṣhi thereupon handed the youth a *granṭha*, or book of cadjan leaves, and advised him to study it. He studied it to such good purpose that he became one of the most learned and famous manṭravāḍīs (manṭram-men) of his time.

Several authenticated stories of this magician's wonderful doings may be mentioned. He used to go about at nights in a palanquin with demons for bearers, whose eerie chant could be heard, but whose bodily presence was beyond the reach of mortal eye. Here are two genuine stories of his magical skill and power.

A Nair lady had several children, all of whom died in their infancy. Having heard of his great fame, she sought the magician's aid, inviting him down to her place. The Ravuthan asked for a mud-pot, a fowl, some rice and pepper; and was at once furnished with these things. The fowl, rice and pepper he put into the mud-pot, closed it, and had it buried under the cot on which the woman slept. A portion of this rice and pepper was given to the lady and she was ordered to eat

some of it every morning. She, in due course, gave birth to a daughter who is now living!

Nair women, in their teens, as a rule, wear a *thakitu* or charm, as a protection against evil spirits. The Ravuthan was requested to prepare one for a Nair lady, the mother of a friend of mine who is a well-known member of the Madura Bar. Placing a small sheet of copper and an ordinary iron style in a wooden box, he closed it. He held in his hands two tender coco-nuts, which he kept throwing up and down, catching each, as often as it fell, in either hand. Presently a voice was heard inside the box like the winding of a clock. When the voice was heard a second time, the magician said: "Jal dhee" (Be quick). After a few minutes, a sound was heard as of the style falling. He now opened the box and found the copper sheet inscribed with magical figures and characters, as though done by a manṭravāḍī. The magician then handed over the *thakitu* to the lady who wears it round her neck to this day. The magician then asked the husband of the lady what he would like to have inside each of the young coco-nuts he held in his hands. "Honey in one and boiled milk in the other," said the gentleman, and accordingly the coco-nuts, on being broken open, were found, to his astonishment, to contain boiled milk and honey as desired. As a further test, a quantity of milk, on being leavened with butter-milk, was found to yield excellent curds the next morning.

Usaka Ravuthan was a successful worker in the art and amassed an immense fortune. His family even now owns elephants. His daughter's son, now living, is a bit of a magician himself. His principal vocation

is to make dumb people speak. This he does by means of a wand, once owned by his famous grandfather.

Mr. Bourdillon, late Conservator of Forests, Travancore, will be able to substantiate the above particulars and possibly adduce more detailed information and local colouring which, to the sceptical in such matters, must prove convincing. His predecessor, Mr. C. W. Vernede, knew the magician personally, as did Mr. C. P. Raman Pillai, late Assistant Conservator. These two gentlemen came to know the Ravuthan, as his family originally pursued the profession of timber merchants. I am indebted to a friend for the above information. My friend, being a son of the Assistant Conservator aforesaid, is in a position to vouch for the truth and accuracy of the incidents herein recorded. The Assistant Conservator was then in charge of the Malayatur Forest Range, and the Ravuthan magician, when turned adrift by his father, sought refuge in one of the hills constituting the Range, where he met the Ṛṣhi.

The story of Surya Kalati Bhattathiri points to an obvious moral—namely, that only evil would result from the study and practice of the Black Art. Such old-world tales possess the great charm that in them we discover for ourselves an inner meaning and import of life. We irresistibly feel that the Bhattathiri's life spelt failure, that his wonderful powers, though they converged to one focus so as to impress us with his personality, did not somehow work smoothly together. As in Merlin's case, we see in his the strange story repeated:

> Death in all life and lying in all love,
> The meanest having power upon the highest,
> And the high purpose broken by the worm.

But with this difference, that whereas the former comes to lie in the hollow oak "lost to life and use, and name and fame," the latter is not forgotten; for his voice, though hushed in the silence of the funeral pyre, yet speaketh with most miraculous organ.

U. B. Nair

THE UNDERCURRENT

By D. M. Codd

THE sea is a great drama! You must not look at it through the veil of continual thoughts, but let it hold you on its bosom in its own single thought. What thought is that? It is Drama! It is the thought of a great War, the conflict of elements and bodies, the dazzling structure of Life built upon remorseless destruction. Life is War; it is but a flint-spark, the offspring of a mighty friction. The signs of Life are light, heat, energy, and these are the products of opposing forces; when the forces cease, they cease also. What is there, then, but illusion, a spark from the flint and then darkness, a constant appearing and vanishing? When the conflict ceases, will Life not cease—that ephemeral gossamer structure, the dream of a million million days?

From the conflict of good and evil springs up Man. From matter flows a heavy sluggish river; from a clear lake, his spirit, flows another, swift, blue and

limpid; the two unite, and Man flows to the great sea. There are three scenes for Man in the great Drama, each the scene of a war. The first is for dominion, the war of strength; the second is for possessions, the war of knowledge; the third is the war of love. For matter has the quality of strength, whilst the spirit is love; and from the conflict of matter and spirit arises knowledge. Knowledge and Man are co-equals, and the end of Man's existence as Man is *to know*. There are two quotations, one from an eastern, and one from a western, Scripture, significant in this regard. Says *The Lord's Song*: "As Immemorial Man I think of Thee"; says the Holy One of the West: "And this is life eternal, that they should *know Thee* the only true God."

This then is the great drama enacted ceaselessly by the sea. Whenever you sit before it and listen with your heart, it will tell you the whole story. It will tell you of those great tides, the ebb and flow of which will bring a world into being while another dies; it will tell you how a wave is born and how, when it has thundered and blustered and spent itself in pride and exultation, it will go to sleep; and yet when each has broken, others come in proud succession, while little waves will creep along the shore, whispering a tenderer ditty. Thus, one after another, arise empires, dynasties and the great races; thus do religions and philosophies succeed each other, and thus the schools of art and music. Froth and foam—are we but that? Is Life but the spray thrown up in the light of the moon? Ask of the sea if it is but froth and foam and swirling eddies, for it knows the great secret.

The sea will answer thus: In my bosom stirs a mother's sorrow for her lost child; in my heart flutters

the first tremulous fear of parting lovers; I hold the agony of a thousand battle-fields, the toil of a million cities; I reflect a sky of blue and gold, and a heaven of thunders; with pure kisses and the prayers of little children I bind around your shores. Yes, these are froth and foam, and waves that sleep and die—but whence? and why? Life is not random. One thing endures, one thing is true, immutable and perfect—it is the Plan. The Plan was formed in the undercurrent ere yet the worlds were born. The smiles of angels, the tears of mothers, the toil of man, the rise and fall of nations—all are true as they subserve the Plan. If song gives rapture, then rapture is in the Plan; love dwells in kisses and love is part of the Plan; sorrow and strife give strength, and the universe is established in strength. Nor the moment's worship of a rose, nor the merest vow breathed by love, nor the slightest effort towards attainment, but forward God's purpose. There is no future and no past, but only the great Present for ever and ever, and the Ever-Present One, the Former of the Plan, dwells in the undercurrent. Past and future, matter and spirit, and all forces that oppose each other, are illusions; only Man, only Life, only Eternity, are in the undercurrent, and the conflict of illusions is to make manifest the eternal Truth.

D. M. Codd

A GOSPEL THAT IS NEW BUT NOT DISAPPOINTING[1]

By Ernest Udny

The Gospel of the Holy Twelve is stated on the title-page to be "translated from the original Aramaic" and "issued by the Order of At-One-Ment". It bears no date, but must have been written after 1895. It contains, for a Gospel, most unexpected teachings—abstinence from flesh-eating and alcohol, kindness to animals, reincarnation and Karma, continence, and prayers for the dead, as will be shown by quotations.

The "Explanatory Preface" says that the book was:

> . . . . . communicated to the Editors, in numerous fragments at different times, by Emanuel Swedenborg, Anna Kingsford, Edward Maitland, and a priest of a former century giving his name as Placidus, of the Franciscan Order, afterwards a Carmelite. By them it was translated from the original, and given to the Editors in the flesh, to be supplemented in the proper places, where indicated, from the Four Gospels (the Authorised Version), revised where necessary by the same "four persons". To this explanation the Editors cannot add, nor from it take away. By the Divine Spirit was the Gospel communicated to the four above-mentioned, and by them translated, and given to the writers; not in seance rooms (where too often resort the idle, the frivolous, and the curious, attracting spirits similar to themselves, rather than the good) but in "dreams and visions of the night,"[2] and by direct guidance, has God instructed them (the Editors) by chosen instruments; and now they give it to the world, that some may be wiser unto salvation, while those who reject it remain in their blindness till they *will* to see.

Though not necessarily accepting the statement—"by direct guidance has God instructed them,"—one may be prepared to admit the truth of the words immediately following,—"by chosen instruments". The acceptance, or otherwise, of the latter statement will for many depend on their own conclusions

[1] To be obtained only from the compiler's widow—Mrs. Ouseley, S. Aubyn's Villa, S. Aubyn's Road, Portslade-on-Sea, Brighton. 5s. 4d. postage included.

[2] In dreams and visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, then doth the All-Wise open their ears, and send to them instruction. *Book of Job.*

as to the value of the matter communicated. To give specimens of that, so that every one may judge for himself, is the object of the present article.

To those who may be impressed with the value of the matter, it is suggested that the Christ may, with a knowledge of the Dark Ages that were impending, have deliberately withdrawn this Gospel, as being too spiritual for acceptance during such a period, and may now have restored it because the work of the Theosophical Society, and the growing illumination of men's minds, have rendered the understanding of it once more possible. But, be that as it may, the account given by the Editors of the long disappearance of the document may also be perfectly correct. With this Gospel in one's hands, it is not difficult to see how the orthodox documents have suffered in course of time from the hands of corrupters, whose habits and practices probably did not conform to the teachings.

This Gospel, says the Preface, "is one of the most ancient and complete of the early Christian fragments, preserved in one of the monasteries of the Buddhist monks in Tibet, where it was hidden by some of the Essene community from the hands of the corrupters; and it is now for the first time translated from the Aramaic".

There is one very interesting teaching which runs all through the book, namely, the Father-Motherhood of God. This will be the more welcome at the present time when the lost notion of the importance of the feminine half of humanity is being extensively revived.

> And one of them [that is of the disciples] said, Master, it is written of old, The Alohim made man in their own image, male and female created They them. How sayest thou then that God is One? And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, in God there is neither male nor female; and yet both are one, and God is the Two in One. He is She and She is He. The Alohim—our God—is Perfect, Infinite, and One. As in the man, the Father is manifest, and the Mother is hidden; so in the woman the Mother is manifest, and the Father hidden. Therefore shall the name of the Father and the Mother be equally hallowed, for they are the great powers of God, and the one is not without the other in the One God Adore ye God, above you, beneath you, on the right hand, on the left hand, before you, behind you, within you, around you. Verily there is but one God, who is All in All, and in whom all things do consist, the fount of all Life and all Substance, without beginning and without end. The things which are seen and pass away, are the manifestations of the unseen which are eternal, that from the visible things of nature ye may reach to the invisible things of the Godhead; and by that which is natural, attain to that which is spiritual. Verily the Alohim created man in the divine image, male and female, and all nature is in the image of God;

therefore is God both male and female, not divided, but the Two in One, Undivided and Eternal, by whom and in whom are all things, visible and invisible. From the Eternal they flow, to the Eternal they return. The spirit to Spirit, soul to Soul, mind to Mind, sense to Sense, life to Life, form to Form, dust to Dust. In the beginning God willed and there came forth the beloved Son, the Divine Love, and the beloved Daughter, the holy Wisdom, equally proceeding from the One Eternal Fount; and of these are the generations of the Spirits of God, the Sons and Daughters of the Eternal. And These descend to earth, and dwell with men and teach them the ways of God, to love the laws of the Eternal and obey them, that in them they may find salvation. Many nations have seen Their day. Under divers names have They been revealed to them, and they have rejoiced in Their light; and even now They come again unto you, but Israel receiveth Them not. Verily I say unto you, my twelve whom I have chosen, that which hath been taught by them of old time is true—though corrupted by the foolish imaginations of men.—lxiv, p. 105.

It is evident that the Christ clearly foresaw the corruption which His teachings would undergo, for He says to His disciples:

There shall arise after you men of perverse minds who shall, through ignorance or through craft, suppress many things which I have spoken unto you and lay to me things which I never taught, sowing tares among the good wheat which I have given you to sow in the world.—xliv, p. 70.

And He may even have been referring to the reissue in the distant future of the very Gospel which we are now considering; for He goes on to say in the next verse:

Then shall the truth of God endure the contradiction of sinners, for thus hath it been, and thus it will be. But the time cometh when the things which they have hidden shall be revealed and made known, and the truth shall make free those which were bound.

If this passage had escaped the hands of the corrupters, we should never have had the strange notion of the "literal inspiration" of the scriptures as we have them. He further says:

Believe ye not that any man is wholly without error, for even among the prophets, and those who have been initiated into the Christhood, the word of error has been found. But there are a multitude of errors which are covered by love.—lxix, p. 114.

The Founder of the Buḍḍhist religion gave a somewhat similar warning, namely, that a statement was not to be accepted as necessarily true, simply because it was made by any person or found in any book.

Instances will now be given of the special teachings in this book on: 1. Flesh-eating. 2. Alcohol. 3. Kindness to animals. 4. Reincarnation. 5. The Law of Karma. 6. Continence. 7. Prayers for the dead.

1. As to flesh-eating.

It came to pass one day, as Jesus had finished his discourse, in a place near Tiberias where there are seven wells, a certain young man brought live rabbits and pigeons, that he might have to eat with his disciples. And

Jesus looked on the young man with love and said to him, Thou hast a good heart and God shall give thee light, but knowest thou not that God in the beginning gave to man the fruits of the earth for food, and did not make him lower than the ape, or the ox, or the horse, or the sheep, that he should kill and eat the flesh and blood of his fellow-creatures. Ye believe that Moses indeed commanded such creatures to be slain and offered in sacrifice and eaten, and so do ye in the Temple, but behold a greater than Moses is here, and he cometh to put away the bloody sacrifices of the law, and the feasts on them, and to restore to you the pure oblation and unbloody sacrifice as in the beginning, even the grains and fruits of the earth. Of that which ye offer unto God in purity shall ye eat, but of that kind which ye offer not in purity shall ye not eat, for the hour cometh when your sacrifices and feasts of blood shall cease, and ye shall worship God with a holy worship and a pure oblation. Let these creatures therefore go free, that they may rejoice in God and bring no guilt to man. And the young man set them free, and Jesus brake their cages and their bonds. But lo, they feared lest they should again be taken captive, and they went not away from him; but he dismissed them, and they obeyed his word, and departed in gladness.—xxviii, p. 45.

It is noticeable that in the miracle of "the loaves and fishes," the food given to the multitude was really loaves and clusters of grapes (xxix, p. 47).

2. As to alcohol. In ordaining a ceremony of "Presentation", not exactly of Baptism, which is mentioned separately, our Lord is as emphatic against the taking of strong drink as He is against hunting or hurting the innocent creatures "which God hath given into the hands of man to protect".

Let the infant of eight days be presented unto the Father-Mother who is in heaven, with prayer and thanksgiving, and let a name be given to it by its parents, and let the presbyter sprinkle pure water upon it, according to that which is written in the Prophets, and let its parents see to it that it is brought up in the ways of righteousness, neither eating flesh, nor drinking strong drink, nor hurting the creatures which God hath given into the hands of man to protect. Again one said unto him, Master, how wilt thou when they grow up? And Jesus said, After seven years, or when they begin to know the evil from the good, and learn to choose the good, let them come unto me and receive the blessing at the hands of the presbyter or the angel [? messenger] of the Church, with prayer and thanksgiving, and let them be admonished to keep from flesh-eating and strong drink, and from hunting the innocent creatures of God; for shall they be lower than the horse or the sheep, to whom these things are against nature? And again he [the same questioner] said, If there come to us any that eat flesh and drink strong drink, shall we receive them? And Jesus said unto him, Let such abide in the outer court till they cleanse themselves from these grosser evils; for till they perceive, and repent of these, they are not fit to receive the higher mysteries. —xci, p. 153.

3. Kindness to animals. In one of the so-called Apocryphal Gospels, which differ from the ordinary ones but seem in no way superior to them, there is a story, if I remember right, of Jesus having fashioned sparrows of clay, and then, by a miracle, caused them to fly. That story is probably an unintelligent version of the following, which shows His love for the birds.

And on a certain day the child Jesus came to a place where a snare had been set for birds, and there were some boys there. And Jesus said to them, Who hath set this snare for the innocent creatures of God? Behold in a snare shall they in like manner be caught. And he beheld twelve sparrows as it were dead. And he moved his hands over them, and said to them, Go, fly away, and while ye live remember me. And they arose and flew away, making a noise. And the Jews, seeing this, were astonished and told it unto the priests.—vi, p. 11.

The whole story, and especially the exhortation to the sparrows, "while ye live remember me," is strongly reminiscent of the story of S. Francis of Assisi's preaching to the birds, and shows that in this matter he was but following his Lord.

On another occasion, Jesus not only rebukes cruelty to an animal, but also paralyzes the arm of one of the perpetrators who is defiant:

As Jesus passed through a certain village, he saw a crowd of idlers of the baser sort, and they were tormenting a cat which they had found, and shamefully treating it. And Jesus commanded them to desist, and began to reason with them, but they would have none of his words, and reviled him. Then he made a whip of knotted cords and drove them away, saying, This earth which my Father-Mother made for joy and gladness, ye have made into the lowest hell with your deeds of violence and cruelty. And they fled before his face. But one more vile than the rest returned and defied him. And Jesus put forth his hand, and the young man's arm withered, and great fear came upon all; and one said, He is a sorcerer. And next day the mother of the young man came unto Jesus, praying that he would restore the withered arm. And Jesus spake unto him of the law of love, and the unity of all life in the one family of God. And he also said, As ye do in this life to your fellow-creatures, so shall it be done to you in the life to come. And the young man believed and confessed his sins, and Jesus stretched forth his hand, and his withered arm became whole even as the other. And the people glorified God who had given such power unto man.—xxiv, p. 37.

Once He protects a fierce creature:

And on a certain day, as he was passing by a mountain-side nigh unto the desert, there met him a lion, and many men were pursuing him with stones and javelins to slay him. But Jesus rebuked them, saying, Why hunt ye these creatures of God, which are more noble than you? By the cruelties of many generations they were made the enemies of man, who should have been his friends. If the power of God is shown in them, so also is shown His long-suffering and compassion. Cease ye to persecute this creature who desireth not to harm you. See ye not how he fleeth from you, and is terrified by your violence? And the lion came and lay at the feet of Jesus and showed love to Him, and the people were astonished and said, Lo, this man loveth all creatures and hath power to command even these beasts from the desert, and they obey him.—xi, p. 13.

What the Christ's attitude would have been on the modern question of vivesection is unmistakably shown in the following:

And some of his disciples came and told him of a certain Egyptian, a son of Belial, who taught that it was lawful to torment animals, if their sufferings brought any profit to man. And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you,

they who partake of benefits which are gotten by wronging one of God's creatures, cannot be righteous; nor can they touch holy things, nor teach the mysteries of the Kingdom, whose hands are stained with blood, or whose mouths are defiled with flesh. God giveth the grains and the fruits of the earth for food; and for righteous men truly there is no other lawful sustenance for the body. The robber who breaketh into the house made by man is guilty, but they who break into the house made by God, even the least of these, are the greater sinners. Wherefore I say unto all who desire to be my disciples, Keep your hands from bloodshed and let no flesh meat enter your mouths, for God is just and bountiful, who ordaineth that man shall live by the fruits and seeds of the earth alone. But if any animal suffer greatly, and if its life be a misery unto it, or if it be dangerous to you, release it from its life quickly, and with as little pain as you can. Send it forth in love and mercy, but torment it not, and God the Father-Mother will show mercy unto you, as ye have shown mercy unto those given into your hands. And whatsoever ye do unto the least of these my children, ye do it unto me. For I am in them and they are in me. Yea, I am in all creatures and all creatures are in me. In all their joys I rejoice, in all their afflictions I am afflicted. Wherefore I say unto you, Be ye kind one to another, and to all the creatures of God.—xxviii, p. 60.

Our Lord's view of the killing of animals for amusement—miscalled sport—is well shown in the following anecdote:

And as Jesus was going with some of his disciples, he met with a certain man who trained dogs to hunt other creatures. And he said to the man, why doest thou thus? And the man said, By this I live, and what profit is there to any man in these creatures? These creatures are weak, but the dogs they are strong. And Jesus said, Thou lackest wisdom and love. Lo, every creature which God hath made hath its end and purpose, and who can say what good is there in it? or what profit to thyself or mankind? And for thy living, behold the fields yielding their increase, and the fruit-bearing trees and the herbs; what needest thou more than these which honest work of thy hands will not give thee? Woe to the strong, who misuse their strength. Woe to the crafty, who hurt the creatures of God. Woe to the hunters, for they shall be hunted. And the man marvelled, and left off training the dogs to hunt, and taught them to save life rather than destroy. And he learned of the doctrines of Jesus and became his disciple.—xiv, p. 24.

4. As to reincarnation. In the following passage, the expression, "the dead who die in me," evidently does not refer to the death of the body, for he goes on to describe them as having "overcome evil" and been "made pillars in the temple of my God". Also the expressions, "they that have done evil" and "they that have done good," evidently do not refer merely to people who have led what are generally considered good or bad lives, but signify mystically people who have not yet been "made perfect in my image and likeness" (that is, have not yet at-oned their wills with that of the Supreme, and become consciously united with Him) and people who have already reached that lofty stage of evolution. The passage runs:

I am the resurrection and the life, I am the Good, the Beautiful, the True; if a man believe in me he shall not die, but live eternally. As in Adam all die, so in the Christ shall all be made alive. Blessed are the dead

who die in me, and are made perfect in my image and likeness, for they rest from their labours and their works do follow them. They have overcome evil, and are made pillars in the temple of my God, and they go out no more, for they rest in the Eternal.—lxix, p. 113.

The whole passage is mystical; the words, "go out and in" apparently refer to going out of the rest of the heaven-world into incarnation in the physical body, and returning to the higher world; while "they go out no more" means that they "rest in the Eternal," *i.e.*, have attained salvation, or liberation from the round of births and deaths. They may, and often do, still take many births into the physical body for service, but that fact in no way interferes with their perfect enjoyment of "the Great Peace". They "rest in the Eternal"; the unutterable splendours of the nirvānic plane are directly cognized by them without even leaving the physical body, and no event that can possibly happen can in any way disturb their dignified serenity.

Our Lord continues:

For them that have done evil there is no rest, but they go out and in and suffer correction for ages, till they are made perfect. But for them that have done good and attained unto perfection, there is endless rest, and they go into life everlasting. They rest in the Eternal. Over them the repeated death and birth have no power, for them the wheel of the Eternal revolves no more, for they have attained unto the Centre, where is eternal rest, and the Centre of all things is God.

Here is another beautiful passage on reincarnation:

Verily I say unto you, there is no death to those that believe in the life to come. Death, as ye deemed it, is the door to life, and the grave is the gate to resurrection, for those who believe and obey. Mourn ye not, nor weep for them that have left you, but rather rejoice for their entrance into life. As all creatures come forth from the unseen into this world, so they return to the unseen, and so will they come again till they be purified. Let the bodies of them that depart be committed to the elements; and the Father-Mother, who reneweth all things, shall give the angels charge over them; and let the presbyter pray that their bodies may rest in peace, and their souls awake to a joyful resurrection. There is a resurrection from the body, and there is a resurrection in the body. There is a raising out of the life of the flesh. Let prayer be made for those who are gone before, and for those who are alive, and for those who are yet to come, for all are one family in God. In God they live and move and have their being. The body that ye lay in the grave, or that is consumed by fire, is not the body that shall be, but they who come shall receive other bodies, yet their own; and as they have sown in one life, so shall they reap in another. Blessed are they who suffer wrong in this life, for they shall have greater joy in the life to come. Blessed are they who have worked righteousness in this life, for they shall receive the crown of life.—xciv, p. 158.

5. As to the Law of Karma, or Doing, which is the other half of the teaching of reincarnation, and means that all which

befalls us of joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain, is simply the result of our own doing, in the same or a previous birth. This teaching is clearly given:

> And another spake saying, Master, if one have committed sin, can a man remit or retain his sin? And Jesus said, God forgiveth all sin to those who repent; but as ye sow, so also must ye reap. Neither God nor man can remit the sins of those who repent not nor forsake their sins, nor yet retain the sins of those who forsake them. But if one, being in the Spirit, seeth clearly that any repent and forsake their sins, such may truly say unto the penitent, Thy sins are forgiven thee for all sin is remitted by repentance and amendment, and they are loosed from it who forsake it, and bound to it who continue it. Nevertheless the fruits of the sin must continue for a season, for as we sow so must we also reap, for God is not mocked, and they who sow to the flesh shall reap corruption, they who sow to the spirit shall reap life everlasting. Wherefore if any forsake their sins and confess them, let the presbyter say unto such in this wise, May God forgive thy sins, and bring thee to everlasting life. All sin against God is forgiven by God, and sin against man by man.—xciii, p. 156.

In this passage it is interesting to observe the insistence on the fact that as we sow so must we also reap, and also that the result of God's forgiveness is not in the least to let us off the results of our evil deeds, but to bring us to everlasting life, after we have endured those results.

6. As to continence. Our Lord says:

> Marriage should be between one man and one woman, who by perfect love and perfect sympathy are united, and that while love and life do last, howbeit in perfect freedom. But let them see to it that they have perfect health, and that they truly love each other in all purity, and not for worldly advantage only, and then let them plight their troth one to another before witnesses. . . . Then, holding their hands together, let him [the angel or presbyter] say to them in this wise, Be ye two in one; blessed be the holy union; you whom God doth join together let no man put asunder, so long as life and love do last. —xcii, p. 154.

There is here, it will be noticed, no absolute bar, as in the received version, to divorce. It was necessary to give this passage in order to make the rest intelligible, but it is the following sentences which contain the reference to continence:

> And if they bear children, let them do so with discretion and prudence, according to their ability to maintain them. Nevertheless, to those who would be perfect, and to whom it is given, I say, Let them be as the angels of God in heaven, who neither marry nor are given in marriage, nor have children, nor care tor the morrow, but are free from bonds, even as I am, and keep and store up the power of God within, for their ministry and for works of healing, even as I have done. But the many cannot receive this saying, only they to whom it is given.

On this subject of continence, there is another interesting passage, consisting of the addition of a fourth to the familiar three temptations:

> Then the devil placeth before him a woman, of exceeding beauty and comeliness, and of a subtle wit and a ready understanding withal, and said

unto him, Take her as thou wilt, for her desire is unto thee, and thou shalt have love and happiness and comfort all thy life, and see thy children's children; yea, is it not written, It is not good for man that he should be alone? And Jesu-Maria said, Get thee behind me, for it is written, Be not led away by the beauty of woman, yea, all flesh is as grass and the flower of the field; the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth away; but the word of the Eternal endureth for ever. My work is to teach and to heal the children of men, and he that is born of God keepeth his seed within him.—ix, p. 17.

7. As to prayers for the dead. These are enjoined by the Master when prescribing how the "Holy Oblation" is to be offered. It is necessary to give the whole passage:

And another asked him saying, Master, in what manner shall we offer the holy oblation? And Jesus answered saying, The oblation which God loveth in secret is a pure heart. But for a memorial of worship offer ye unleavened bread, mingled wine, oil and incense. When ye come together in one place to offer the holy oblation, the lamps being lighted, let him who presideth, even the angel of the church or the presbyter, having clean hands and a pure heart, take from the things offered, unleavened bread, and mingled wine, with incense. And let him give thanks over them and bless them, calling upon the Father-Mother in heaven to send their Holy Spirit that it may come upon them, and make them to be the Body and Blood, even the substance and life of the Eternal, which is ever being broken and shed for all. And let him lift it up toward heaven and pray for all, even for those who are gone before, for those who are yet alive, and for those who are yet to come. As I have taught you, so pray ye, etc.—xcii, p. 155.

Here we have an instruction to pray, not only for those who have passed out of the body, but also for those who are on their way into it, presumably children yet unborn.

Among others, Chapter XC, page 151, entitled "What is Truth?" seems particularly new and beautiful. The following is a brief extract from it:

As ye keep the holy law of love, which I have given unto you, so shall the truth be revealed more and more unto you. . . . . . Whoso keepeth the holy law which I have given, the same shall save their souls, however differently they may see the truths which I have given. . . . . . Many shall say unto me, Lord, Lord, we have been zealous for thy Truth. But I shall say unto them, Nay, but that others may see as ye see, and none other truth beside. Faith without charity is dead. Love is the fulfilling of the Law. How shall faith in what they receive profit them that hold it in unrighteousness? They who have love have all things, and without love there is nothing worth. Let each hold what they see to be the truth in love, knowing that where love is not truth is a dead letter and profiteth nothing . . . . For Truth is the Might of God, and shall prevail in the end over all errors. But the holy law which I have given is plain for all, and just and good. Let all observe it for the salvation of their souls.

In the chapter entitled "Jesus rebukes Peter for his haste," a difficulty which exists in the received version is cleared away; for we have here the true story of the cursing of the fig-tree, namely, that it was Peter who cursed the tree, and that Christ pointed out to him that it was not yet the time for

figs, and took occasion from his rashness in this matter to foretell :

> Verily, Peter, I say unto thee, one of my twelve will deny me thrice in his fear and anger with curses, and swear that he knows me not, and the rest will forsake me for a season.—lxx, p. 115.

Our Lord spares St. Peter by not saying who it will be.

There must be large numbers of Christians of all denominations in the Christian Churches throughout the world, who are sufficiently broad-minded to be drawn to Theosophic truths, but who would find it much easier to accept them from a new and uncorrupted Gospel having so much in common with those already familiar to them.

A short but interesting life of the Rev. G. J. Ouseley, reprinted as a leaflet from *Men of the Day*, states that he was the founder of the "Order of At-one-ment," by which this book was issued. Born in 1835, he was ordained as an Anglican in 1861, was received as a priest of the Catholic Apostolic Church in 1870, and finally joined the Roman Catholic Church as a layman in 1894. He was one of the early members of the Theosophical Society and of the E. S. The Order of At-one-ment was founded "with the object of spreading the higher teaching as given by Edward Maitland and Dr. Anna Kingsford, with whom he remained in all his important work until, before their decease, they had issued their *opus magnum—The Perfect Way and Finding of Christ*". It was quite natural, therefore, that they should continue to communicate with him, if they were able, after death.

The world has moved since the World-Teacher came two thousand years ago, and it may be that at His coming again—now expected by so many—He will tell us many things which were not said then; but of this much we may be reasonably sure, that He will not fail to repeat teachings such as these, which have disappeared from the Gospels, and are as much needed now as then. And, if we wish to "make His Paths smooth" by familiarising men's minds, as far as possible, with the teachings He will give, we cannot do better than try to secure for this book the publicity it well deserves.

Ernest Udny

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

Many of your readers must have read with considerable regret the letter printed under the forgoing title in the issue of THE THEOSOPHIST for March. It is melancholy in the sense that it conveys an impression of the utter failure which the writer has met in attempting to adjust his ideas of what a President of the T. S. should do to what he sees done. There would be no need to recall the note and content of this communication, except that it creates a wrong impression about the Editorial and Presidential policy, and does so in language that is far from temperate.

In the "Watch-Tower" notes in the September number the Editor says: .... "I shall in future confine THE THEOSOPHIST and the *Bulletin* to the three defined Objects of the T. S., including, in these, articles on general political and social topics, which come under 'Brotherhood,' and are not essentially national—I mean subjects on which nationality will not influence the point of view taken. There is a World-Politic and a World-Sociology."

Mr. Prentice seems to hold that this assurance has been forgotten in the November number. It is quite possible for our President-Editor to forget, I presume, for she is, after all, an extremely busy and overworked person. But the November notes in question seem to me to have been written with this specific fragment of policy in mind, for a very high note indeed is struck—and, incidentally, a most extraordinary example of the writer's eloquence is recorded. We should not forget that the *whole* world is with the cause of the Allies; the Dual Alliance is obviously to be excepted, and even here peace may reveal in Austria and Germany much dissent from this War policy. On this account the November notes are in accord with an international sympathy and the Editor's declared policy.

Mr. Prentice demands "that Theosophy should be kept above the dust of conflict, to be ready to do its great work of rebuilding when the present hideousness of life is swept away". Suppose that we, as members of the Society, stood aside; and suppose that Germany over-ran Europe. Then what would there be to rebuild with? With Europe in the hands of the German army the work of the Theosophical Society would have little opportunity to be "splendid". One gathers that Mr. Prentice is loyally doing his share toward helping Britain in this War; but he would have Theosophy, his theory of life, kept out of it. We have to crush Germany, he says in effect, but we will think of something else and talk of other things. It is far more difficult to see reason in this than in the certainly genuine and whole-hearted attitude of the Editor whom he criticises.

War, as Mr. Prentice rightly says, is after all a great instrument in the hands of the Guardians of Humanity; some of us, I would add, are happy to have speaking freely and plainly to us, in this awful darkness before the Dawn, one whom we hold to be somewhat in touch, however nearly or distantly, with these Guardians, some one who can warn us that They perceive that the struggle will be close and wearing; and who can yet assure us that the Day will bring not sultry oppression, but a cleared and free atmosphere.

Surely it is the feeling of a generous number of the members of the Society that the publication in THE THEOSOPHIST of a letter in language such as Mr. Prentice uses gives needless offence. Surely to call down upon the venerable head of a woman who has given her life in good works for humanity the imaginary retribution that Karma will visit upon her; to call her a betrayer; to seek to class her with a power-drunk and irresponsible monarch—surely this is infinitely further from the Spirit of Theosophy than the lofty eloquence which he has read so strangely and withal so little understood. One is moved to hope that future "rebukes" will continue to be tactful, even at the cost of twenty-eight precious pages of our war-attenuated official organ.

Colombo, Ceylon FRITZ KUNZ

REVIEWS

Myths of the Hindūs and Buḍḍhists, by The Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble), and Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. (George G. Harrap & Co., London. Price 15s. net.)

It is a stout volume of 400 pages. It was begun by the Sister Nivedita but completed by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy owing to her death. Two-thirds of the whole volume we therefore owe to the latter writer. It contains the stories of the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhāraṭa* in brief, of Kṛshṇa and Buḍḍha besides a number taken from the Purāṇas. The latter include, amongst others, stories of Siva, Sāviṭrī, Ḍhruva, Mānasa Ḍevī, Nachikeṭas, Nala and Ḍamayanṭī, and a number of small notes on interesting topics.

Sister Nivedita is known chiefly by her book, *The Web of Indian Life*. Pupils of Indian schools know her best by her *Cradle Tales of Hinḍūism*. Mr. A. K. Coomaraswamy is known for his keen appreciation of Indian Art. It is clearly seen how much he admires art for, in the volume before us, we find thirty-two illustrations in colour furnished by Indian artists under the supervision of Mr. Abanindro Nath Tagore, C.I.E. If the stories were written for no other purpose than to explain the illustrations, they would have served a very useful end; but, if the object were to educate the young in the ancient traditions of the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhāraṭa*, readers who are familiar with Mrs. Besant's story of Rāmachanḍra and of the Great War, find therein a better treatment showing a fuller grasp of Hinḍū ideals. If the writers had, therefore, given more time to other writings and Purāṇas, the reading public would have derived greater benefit. The volume, however, is written in a pure and simple style, though the prohibitive cost places it beyond the reach of the vast majority of Indians, and makes it possible only for libraries

to purchase it. Especially its coloured illustrations are admirable; while not one of them yields to the rest in art, we may instance notably those of Buḍḍha the Mendicant, Mānasa Ḍevī, Garuda and Kālī.

The volume opens with a short statement of the peculiarities of Indian civilisation and the two great epics of India. In India is preserved the continuity of civilisation. Any break in the history of the civilisation of a country leaves a gap that cannot be filled up; but here the history of thought can be traced, with ample materials available even in legends and traditions. Other nations, in their own days of glory and power, produced immortal epics like Homer's. While those epics have ceased to exercise any influence on the daily life of the Greeks, the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhāraṭa* mould the life and thought of India down to the present time. They show how on primitive thoughts of earlier ages have been grafted the advancing ones of gigantic intellects. In the stories of Garuda and Hanūmān, for example, the sympathy of man with bird and beast is preserved; but, at the same time, they become significant by their associations with Divinity. It is because of the continued influence of Valmīki that it has been said that no one can be called a good Indian citizen who has not read his *Rāmāyaṇa*. The same remark applies with no less force to the *Mahābhāraṭa*—a cyclopædia of information in all directions of human activity and a storehouse of ancient tradition.

While the stories are admirably told, we cannot help remarking that, even in a condensed treatment, it is possible to bring out the essence. In the *Rāmāyaṇa* story of Kākāsura, or the Crow-Asura, it is not difficult to bring out the central lesson that Rāma, owing to Sīṭā's grace, saved the Asura's life by making him blind in one eye to show that Rāma took Vibhīshaṇa from the camp of the enemy under his protection. The importance of the devotee's self-surrender, as in the case of Vibhīshaṇa, might have been very well shown, so as to bring out the full force of the oft quoted shloka in which Rāma says:

> If any being surrendering unto me, states once that he seeks me, it is my Vraṭa, my deliberate act of will, to hold out protection to all.

Even in the case of the *Mahābhāraṭa*, it is not clearly shown how the plans of the God are worked out in the

Great War and how the wholesale slaughter of the warrior-caste opened India to foreign invasion, and through apparent evil, to the advantages of research by foreign scholars and led to the diffusion of Indian thought among the enlightened nations of the West.

The various moral truths impressed on us in the course of reading the subject-matter of the two epics need not be treated of here for the simple reason that the volume itself pre-supposes the knowledge thereof by every educated man.

Readers in the East and the West are familiar with the life of Buḍḍha as told in Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, *The Light of Asia*. In forty pages of the volume before us is given the same story, but in them there is nothing like the imaginative sympathy that we feel in reading the poem. While the main points in the Buḍḍha's life that can be gathered from traditions and from Jāṭakas, or the history of previous births, have found their proper place, the most touching part of it that refers to Buḍḍha's reception by his father in Kapilavasṭu has received but a passing notice. Buḍḍha shuns the pathway beautifully adorned and receives coolly that which his father weeps over when regretting a prince's mendicancy, but patiently waits to teach The Law. The way in which the father's grief, as well as that of the Buḍḍha's wife, is overcome may be better depicted than it has been in this volume.

The Life of Shrī Kṛṣhṇa is briefly given from the *Bhāgavaṭa-Purāṇa* and other works. It is apparent in different parts of the volume that the writer is capable of giving the inner meanings of the stories; yet, when Shrī Kṛṣhṇa's passing away from the earthly scene is said to have been caused by a hunter fancying him to be a deer and aiming his arrow at him, the connection between the stories of Rāma and Kṛṣhṇa is not shown in such a manner as to show the working of the Law of Karma. In the Rāma Avaṭār, he unjustly kills Vāli the brother of Sugriva. In the Kṛṣhṇa Avaṭār, he consents to abide by the Law and receives the death-stroke at the hands of the hunter. The great glory of Hinḍū sacred writings is the exposition of the same undercurrent of thought and feeling, though it appears in many forms. The *Rāmāyaṇa*, the *Mahābhāraṭa* and the *Bhāgavaṭa* are the most splendid instances. The Law of Karma finds its place in all of them

and the working of it is exemplified in the most admirable manner in Kṛshṇa's death. A matter of such importance deserves far greater recognition than is accorded it in this work.

The opening paragraph of this review mentioned other stories contained therein. Amongst them are some in which the inner philosophical significance is noticeable. Three may be specially referred to and we may more appropriately quote the writer.

(1) The dance itself [of Siva] represents the activity of Siva as the source of all movement within the universe, and especially his five acts, creation, preservation, destruction, embodiment and release; its purpose is to release the souls of men from illusion.

(2) The story of Gaja Indra or the Prince-Elephant calling aloud on Adimulam, or the Source, for help when the crocodile tries to put an end to its life is well known. Vishṇu comes out to save.

The elephant of the story stands for the typical human soul of our age excited by desires; given over too much to sensual pleasure, the demon would have carried him away he knew not where. There was no salvation for him until he called on Vishṇu, who speedily saves all those who call upon him with devotion.

(3) Mānasa Ḍevi, the Goddess of Snakes is the daughter of Siva by a mortal. Pārvaṭy, Siva's wife, sends her to the earth. Then the former wants to make herself worshipped. But Chānd Sarāda, is bent upon worshipping Siva alone. In spite of many difficulties to which the Devi subjects him, he does not consent to worship her but yields at the end.

The legend . . . reflects the conflict between the religion of Siva and that of feminine local deities in Bengal. . . She is a phase of the mother-divinity who for so many worshippers is nearer and dearer than the far-off and impersonal Siva. . . .

The volume closes with "A Summary of Indian Theology" in the last ten pages. It is intended to show how the various stories exemplify its principles. Any earnest reader will do well to go through the work and see for himself how far the summary is useful. The performance is, on the whole, creditable and worthy of the good name already acquired by the writers.

S. R. C.

A Theory of Civilisation, by Sholto O. G. Douglas. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 5s. net.)

The title page clearly defines the contents of the book, which is divided into two parts. In the first part Mr. Douglas

gives his theory of civilisation and the arguments supporting it drawn from those civilisations, dating from Ancient Greece, of which we have the more reliable historical data. The second part discusses the religious doctrines of Ancient Egypt, Mexico and Peru, of Buḍḍhism, Islām and Confucianism; in connection with this theory and the reason why, in some cases, the support they give to it is apparently weak.

As a theory the author's view is interesting though not distinctly novel; but whether it may be taken as anything more than another illustration of the psychological limitations of speculative science will depend upon the outlook of the reader, for the point of view is, in the author's own words, "the materialistic evolutionary view" and the theory is based upon biological science.

The theory is briefly this. With the dawn of intelligence in animal-man fear of the Unseen awakens. The conduct of the individual is influenced thereby. Herein lies the primitive *psychic illusion* which is the origin of all later civilising impulsion. The influence of the thoughts arising out of this psychic illusion affects conduct in a direction which may be either that which we have later come to regard as superior or it may be affected to the contrary. According to our author, the spirit of evolution (whatever that may mean to the materialist) selects the particular variation of psychic illusion which furthers the evolution of the community and which will lead to the highest possible intellectuality.

While this illusion dominates the community, the intellectual power of the people grows and the civilisation prospers, but when that intellectual power outgrows belief in the psychic illusion or religion, then the civilisation decays. The people return to the more savage state though not to the same level from which they started. A new psychic illusion must arise; and in order that it may be accepted, intellectual power must decline; but it does not fade out altogether; it remains as a potential seed in the brains of the people until, with the growth of a new illusion, it springs into renewed life and the speed of evolution is quickened because a path of less resistance has been worn by the preceding civilisation.

Altruistic irrationality is born of illusion, not of reason, and faith, not intellectual culture, is the inspiration of grandly

irrational actions. Hence Mr. Douglas argues that while intellectual vigour is the aim of evolution, faith is the motive power.

Certain lesser theories are advanced as serving to illustrate the main one. Amongst them is this: polytheistic religions foster the arts in the nations inspired by them, monotheistic religions, the sciences.

There are some interesting points raised in connection with the psychic illusion of Christianity and the question is asked: Are we on the downward slope of disillusion and, if so, whence can we expect the new illusion which will inaugurate the birth of the new civilisation? These points the reader must discover for himself and we believe he will find the book quite as instructive in what it leaves unsaid as in what it contains.

A. E. A.

The Restored New Testament, the Hellenic Fragments, freed from the Pseudo-Jewish Interpolations, harmonised and done into English Verse and Prose, with introductory Analyses and Commentaries, giving an interpretation according to Ancient Philosophy and Psychology and a new literal translation of the Synoptic Gospels, with Introduction and Commentaries, by James Morgan Pryse. (John M. Pryse, New York, and John M. Watkins, London.)

From the lengthy title of this book, it will be seen that the author has attempted a very ambitious task. This becomes even more obvious when one finds that his rendering of the words differs almost entirely from the accepted translations of both the Authorised and the Revised Versions. Also, he has exercised "the art of selection" in a manner which will not commend itself to the orthodox, for he presents only those portions of the *New Testament* which he holds to be genuine, and these he interprets along the line of ancient philosophy and psychology. The writer's argument is that the *New Testament* is an allegory—a sublime allegory which has suffered much at the hands of forgers and unscrupulous priests.

The theory upon which this attempted restoration is based is that all those portions of the *New Testament* which may be regarded as genuine are, with the exception of a few fragments of the *Epistles*, prose plagiaries from ancient Greek sacred poems, the allegorical dramas forming part of the ritual in the mysteries. . . .

The Jewish setting of the Gospels, and "all the passages by which the Iesous-mythos is connected with the *Old Testament*," are forgeries. The *Apocalypse* is a Greek Mystery poem, the *Epistles* are nearly all spurious, and the *Acts* entirely so. Thus prefacing his work, Mr. Pryse goes on to say that he regards the passages which he accepts from the *New Testament* from an esoteric point of view. He supplements the rather vague esoteric teaching in the *New Testament* from the *Upanishaḍs*, borrowing much from the religious teaching of the East.

His work will, therefore, not be altogether new to Theosophists, but to the average westerner some of his ideas will be distinctly startling. He treats the Gospel narratives *entirely* as allegory, and the twelve Apostles are symbols of the Zodiac. The origin of the Synoptic Gospels, he gives thus :

> The three gospels are treated as if they were but three variants of the same text. The original source from which they were drawn is considered to have been an allegorical drama which formed part of the ritual of the Greek Mysteries. As an allegory, this drama was expressed in the zodiacal language, and hence has an astronomical rendering throughout: its hero is the Sun-God, in this astronomical interpretation, which is only superficial; but in a spiritual sense he is a neophyte, undergoing the trials of initiation, and so personifies the Sun-God. Judging by portions of the text, the original drama was a superb poem; but the compilers of the Synoptic Gospels had only incomplete prose notes of it, presumably made from memory, and these notes they could have obtained only by dishonourable means.

Whether this last statement has any historical evidence to support it, we do not know, but to regard the *Acts* as spurious, which this writer does, is going against the evidence carefully collected by Professor Sir William Mitchell Ramsay, who is, perhaps, the greatest living authority on the *Acts* and who has carefully gone over the ground traversed by S. Paul on his journeys.

The *Apocalypse*, is, according to the writer, "a coherent whole, symmetrical, and having every detail fitted into its appropriate place with studied care".

Frankly, the translation of this restored *New Testament*, does not make the appeal which the simplicity of the Authorised Version makes. The *Magnificat* (which here is ascribed to Elisabeth) may, in the original Greek, "be devoid of literary merit," and, according to Mr. Pryse neither Mary nor Elisabeth "could gain poetic lustre from it". His translation, however,

must share in poetic form some of the demerits he ascribes to the original.

> My Soul keeps extolling the Master,
> And my Spirit has exulted in God, my Saviour.
> For he has looked upon the humiliation of his slave girl
> For behold, from now on all generations will felicitate me.

As has been said before, the writer treats his whole subject as purely allegorical; he does not appear to believe in an historical Jesus. What is important to him is the unfolding of the allegory, and he has done this, as he understands it, with great patience. The book requires careful study, in order to grasp the author's scheme in all its detail, and, we fear, many people will not give it the attention it deserves. It contains much that is interesting, but many of the statements are arguable; also the author has a tendency to dogmatise in what appears to be a quite unjustifiable manner, as for instance in the uncomplimentary remarks he makes on the writers of the Synoptic Gospels.

A word of praise must be given to the general get-up of this volume which contains over 800 pages, beautifully printed. There are two coloured plates as well as many illustrations drawn after classical models, and thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the book.

T. L. C.

Sexual Ethics, A Study of Borderland Questions, by Robert Michels. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd., London. 1914. Price 6s.)

This is a very readable and interesting work in which a delicate subject is deftly handled. Not quite suitable for indiscriminate spreading amongst the public, it yet contains much thoroughly deserving of the attention of the mature reader. The sincerity and objectivity of treatment frees the book from the unpleasant spiciness and unwholesome suggestiveness which might easily show in a work treating a similar subject, and yet the book is frank and outspoken to a degree. We do not agree with the author in all his theses, but cannot help admitting that his views merit a hearing as the results of sincere thought arrived at by a serious and well-informed mind. In some places we judge his generalisations as being too sweeping and his observations superficial, but on the whole the book

represents a solid piece of work. In a few places the writer seems to give undue prominence to an Italian nationalism in his statements, but not so flagrantly as to impair the real value of the whole. In short, it is an instructive and thoughtful contribution to sexual science.

J. v. M.

Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty, by Professor Inayat Khan. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY, London. 1914.)

A dainty little book, nicely executed and embellished with an attractive coloured frontispiece, but of decidedly mediocre contents. The Sufism here represented is of the water-and-milk variety, very sweet, very diluted, very effeminate. An incongruously long and most naively puerile introduction (12 pages of the total of 56) tells us the life of the remarkable Sufi professor whose career extends already over thirty-five years of earthly life. It relates to us that he told to the Nizam of Hyderabad (who was moved to tears by his music) that "worldly success cannot be a proper price for it," whereupon the Nizam showed that he fully understood that saying by presenting him "with a purse full of gold coins". The author of this introduction seems to have a quite romantic knowledge of modern India and speaks, amongst other wonderful things, of the "papyrus" manuscripts of the good professor's grandfather. The high water-mark of Inayat Khan's "divine knowledge" and spirituality is found in solemn expressions like:

> You may be a believer or an unbeliever in the Supreme Being, but He cares not.

This initiated Sūfi also quotes Hegel! Another gem is:

> Sound being the highest force of manifestation, it is mysterious within itself. Whoever has the knowledge of sound indeed knows the universe. My music is my thought and my thought is my feeling. The deeper I sink into the ocean of feeling, the more beautiful pearls I bring forth in the form of notes.

The author's notions of man and woman are Americanised and western-veneered Oriental. In fact the unregenerated polygamist-at-heart peeps out through a thin veil of political concessions to western ethics. The daintily executed book—of which the calligraphy on the frontispiece would, unhappily, not pass muster amongst Orientals—brings together more

amiable and wishy-washy platitudes than even the most greedy lover of such stuff could demand for its price. We doubt not, therefore, that it will have a deservedly wide sale and we wish it all success. We think it really fills a much felt want—of many.

J. v. M.

Vampires and Vampirism, by Dudley Wright. (William Rider & Son, London. 1914. Price 2s. 6d.)

A pleasantly chatty little book about a very unpleasant subject. The brief work (176 pages) is put together without much depth and without much science or method. Kant, the philosopher, would not be able to make much of its data because he held that preçise name, date and place should always be given to make any information worthy of being considered at all, and "at one time . . near Kodom, in Bavaria" or "a shoemaker of Breslau, in 1591" would perhaps not answer his requirements. As it is, the booklet is an entertaining collection of varied vampire-gossip, loosely grouped under main headings. Some matter is included which seems in reality foreign to the subject, but we do not find grave fault with that. A little bit of collateral creepiness can do no harm in a collection like the present one. Two more serious objections are the following. The bibliography gives neither details as to the date (and place) of publication of the books cited, nor references to the pages which contain the matter pertinent to the subject in hand. An entry like "Bartholin's *De Causa Contemptūs Mortis*" [*sic*] is almost useless. Secondly, the translation of foreign names is really too primitive. Not to mention the monstrosity "Sclavonic" which presumably stands for Slav, we find our good friend, the vampire, designated as wukodalak, vurkulaka or vrykolaka in Russia and the Balkans. But then later on in the work he turns up in the guise of vrukolaka, vroucolaca, bucolac, vukodlak, wukodlak. Other foreign terms are likewise not reduced to systematic forms; geographical, racial and linguistic names appear accordingly in a very jumbled form. Though the little book has amused us as much as, for instance, a good melodramatic film in a cinematograph, full of thrills and horrors, we do not think

that it will convert any serious reader to a belief in the existence of vampires or incite many people to study the subject scientifically. Its evidence is too evidently hearsay and secondhand information.

J. v. M.

The People's Books.[1] (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price As. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Bismarck, by Professor F. M. Powicke.

In a very small compass one is given an illuminative sketch of the profound influence of this remarkable man upon the history of modern Germany. It is not so much a biography as a study of the scope of political thought in the making of history. One sees the curious persistence of the feudal ideal in this nation and in this man combined with the continuous up-growth of German liberalism; and, between the two, Bismarck—allied to the first by his heredity, yet forced to concede to the demands of the latter in order to realise his ideal of German nationhood. So that, while he moulds the politics of his time to some extent, yet his own hereditery views are modified very considerably by the necessity of reconciling the demands of autocratic Prussia and liberal Germany under one Imperial rule.

No existing form of Government in other countries will meet the needs of the German nation, which seems to have lagged behind the other European peoples in some respects, and a curious situation has arisen the solution of which has yet to come. This little book is very well worth reading.

A. E. A.

The Gold of Dawn, by Richard Whitwell. (Price 1s. 6d. net.)

The Brood of Light, by C. R. Crowther. (A. C. Fifield, London. Price 1s. net.)

Small volumes such as these, of a dainty and tasteful binding, give one a pleasure in their mere handling and immediately make one run through one's list of friends in search

[1] *This admirable and cheap popular series is obtainable at the* THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

of a birthday or an occasion demanding a dainty gift. One does not look for a weighty message so much as a mood, and the atmosphere of a tender inspiration belongs to *The Gold of Dawn*. The message is that of other mystics, but it is sincerely written, and here and there a beautiful passage like the following stands out, bearing the stamp of individual expression :

> Who knows but what the beautiful thought passing from out the heart gathers to itself a garment corresdondingly beautiful, becoming a flower on Nature's bosom, breathing out into the Universe the fragrance of perpetual praise.

The author of *The Brood of Light* shows a certain aptitude for verse-making, which seems ill applied in expounding philosophical propositions which might prove more interesting in prose. Poetry it is *not*, though written in verse, and lines like the following are unpardonable :

> Yet the same graces in alternate line
> Descend though in diminishing degree ;
> The Power that makes a woman's face divine
> Makes man less hideous than the chimpanzee : etc.

Mr. Crowther is evidently more of a metaphysician, than a poet, and his attempt to be both is not very successful.

D. C.

The Meaning of Christianity, by Frederick A. M. Spencer, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.) This is a second and revised edition of a work, whose title bears the record of its scope. The author has a mystical view of Christianity, and examines all its chief doctrines carefully, but not in such a way as to satisfy the ultra-orthodox. *Ad Astrum*, by Elisabeth Severs. (T. P. S., London. Price 3d.) is a series of short devotional papers on the coming of a World-Teacher. It is very Christian in tone, and some of the thoughts are beautiful and beautifully expressed, but throughout the writing is very unequal.

SUPPLEMENT TO

THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 6th February to 10th March, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
10 members of "Toronto West End" Lodge, for 1915	37	5	0
American Section, T. S., Balance of dues for 1914, £4 5s. 10d.	64	6	0
Mr. Nadir H. Mehta, Tientsin, for 1915	15	0	0
New Zealand Section, T. S., for 1914 (960 members), £32	476	4	6
T. S. in England and Wales, for 1914, £71 4s. 4d....	1,070	5	5
Russian Section, T. S., for 1914 (350 members), £11 13s. 4d.	173	10	1
Australian Section, T. S., for 1915, £30	446	7	1

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mrs. Florence Aldin, Richmond (to Adyar Library), £10 4s.	7	9	11
Rs.	2,291	0	0

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Treasurer, T. S.

ADYAR, 10*th March*, 1915

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 6th February to 10th March, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
"A Friend," Food Account	500	0	0
Australian Section, T. S., £2 2s. 6d.	31	10	0
Rs.	531	10	0

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 10*th March*, 1915

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Monywa, Rangoon, Burma ...	Maitreya Lodge, T. S. ...	25-12-1914
Rajapalayam, Tinnevelly, India ...	Gyanananda " " ...	5-1-1915
Poraiyar, Tranquebar, India ...	Poraiyar " " ...	7-1-1915
Athens, Greece ...	Apollon " " ...	10-2-1915

ADYAR,
3rd March, 1915.

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

Printer: Annie Besant: Vasanṭā Press, Adyar, Madras.
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VOL. XXXVI No. 8

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE passing away of our good brother David S. M. Unger, of Chicago, is a very distinct loss to the Theosophical Society. He was an ardent Christian of a broad type, and was thus very useful, as putting the fundamental truths of religion in a Christian form, very welcome in Christian countries. His little magazine, *Esoteric Christianity*, will be known to many. He was very much loved by his co-workers, and many would endorse the affectionate and admiring words spoken of him by a fellow-Theosophist :

> Although we ventured thus to count ourselves his friends and companions, we recognised in him one who had surpassed us in development, one who had passed us on the road, but who had halted in his eager way to lend a helping hand to our advancement. He was to us an inspiration. He was a pure white flame of devotion, a living, glowing, radiant centre of earnest purpose finding expression in the Master's work of compassionate help to humanity . . . . . .
>
> We would pay to our brother our best, our most lasting, our sincerest tribute. May I venture to tell you what I believe this tribute to be?

It is to take the spirit of his life and exemplify it in our own—to take of the fire that burned in his heart, and apply it to the fuel on the altars of our own hearts and lives—to do for the world with greater zeal and earnestness, the work which he was so earnest and faithful in doing. This shall be better tribute than any poor words we can utter.

He died from the sequela of an operation to remove a growth threatening his life. He rests in peace.

***

Our ever hard-working Southampton Theosophists, as the outcome of a difficult piece of work asked for by an official, have started a Club, the Girl's Crusade, to meet some of the dangers to women arising from the massing of large numbers of men together, and arranged a series of six lectures on *Sex Hygiene*. These are also to be given at the Union Jack Club for Women. The great ability as a speaker of Miss Green, the President of the local Lodge, is being utilised by the Church of England and Free Church Temperance Societies and Purity Leagues. The fine work done by the Southampton Theosophists in relation to the War has made them very popular and respected in a town where religious prejudice has always run high.

***

The Order of the Servants of the Star have projected a "Correspondence Study Series," in which the first set of papers is to be on *At the Feet of the Master*, the second on Karma, the third on Reincarnation, and the fourth on *Great Teachers*. Mr. G. S. Arundale is writing the first series, and his name is a guarantee for their value. The Servants of the Star are young people, and their "training falls into two distinct divisions," Study and Service. As is said in a leaflet issued :

Many young people's organisations are in existence to-day—the sign of a growing sense of responsibility on the part of the young generation towards its surroundings. The future obviously lies with the young, and it is wise therefore that they should begin, under the guidance of sympathetic elders, to train themselves for duties which will come to them when they are men and women.

The "sympathetic elders" in this case form an "Advisory Council," consisting of Muriel, Countess De La Warr, the Lady Emily Lutyens, Viscountess Churchill, Mr. Arundale and myself. A Quarterly is being brought out by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Whyte, who conducted so admirably the *Lotus Journal*, to be called *The Young Age,* and matters concerning the junior Order will be published in that, the *Herald of the Star* being, of course, for older people. The great spread of the Order of the Star in the East all over the world has almost necessitated the formation of the juvenile Order, so many parents wishing their children to share in their own hope. It is well indeed for all who through the thick clouds of War and of the suffering of the Nations, can see in the clear heaven which no clouds can stain the undimmed shining of the Star.

*
* *

Our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, are as usual, very active in Melbourne, and much of their work has, naturally, been claimed by War-needs.

Since the outbreak of war, Mrs. Hunt has helped to organise a band of women who made over 20,000 bandages for the troop-horses going with our expeditionary forces. I was able through the Minister of Defence to procure for the Organising Secretary—Miss Maude Harvey—a free pass over the Railways so that she was able to go to other States and organise the same kind of work in Sydney, Brisbane,

Adelaide and Hobart. The ladies also provided medical comforts for the horses, arrowroot, salt, oatmeal, molascuit, which lie outside the regular supplies of the Defence Department but are very necessary for the horses. The bandages are used to bind the legs, so that the standing in the ships for four or five weeks does not cause swelling. Partly no doubt as a result of this work, only one per cent of the horses of the first expeditionary force were lost, and I was asked by the Secretary of Defence to convey to Miss Harvey and the ladies concerned in the work the thanks of the Department.

This band is now being converted into a local branch of the Purple Cross Service, so ably conducted by Miss Lind af Hageby and her friends in England for rescue of wounded horses on the battle-fields of France, and we are gathering subscriptions to send on to the parent Society. Mrs. Hunt is one of an Organising Committee of three and the Governor-General of the Commonwealth and State Governor have become Patrons, and the Lady Mayoress of Melbourne, President.

I have myself taken up the ideal of getting all our male population who are physically fit, but for any reason are not available or qualified for service at the front to arm and drill for home defence. A movement with this object is finding a ready response all over Australia and in the form of Rifle Clubs—a recognised form of reserve under our Defence Act—the men are coming forward in good numbers.

My small part has been to help in forming the Brighton Rifle Club—of which they have made me Secretary, and we have already in a few weeks sworn in over 200 members and had our first muster for drill on Thursday last. It was very quaint to see staid and, in some cases, elderly city men, merchants, stockbrokers, lawyers, dentists, etc., as well as numbers of the young men of the town being drilled by young men of the regular citizens' forces (almost boys). I don't know who enjoyed it most the boyish non-com.'s or the members drilling.

If we can carry this out extensively all through Australia and all our men have been taught to shoot straight and have been drilled, it ought to make us safer from foreign invasion

and also liberate more of our young men for service at the front.

*
* *

At the Convention of the Theosophical Society of Australia, held this year in Melbourne, the Section took the largest Hall in the City, holding 2,000 people, for a lecture by Mr. Leadbeater on Easter Sunday. The promoters were permitted to make a charge for admission, as the proceeds were to go to the Belgian Relief Fund. Australia is very Sabbatarian, and no charges are allowed at Sunday lectures. Hence it was necessary to secure the waiver of the rule in the above case.

*
* *

A warning seems to be needed with regard to the work of the Theosophical Society and that of the Order of the Star in the East in regard to propaganda work, when both organisations exist in the same town. The two are and must be distinct, as many members of the younger Order are not members of the T. S., and many members of the T. S. are not members of the Order, but they should work in friendliness not in rivalry. The Order of the Star should never choose for its meetings the same day and hour as is used by the older Society, nor should it be forgotten that the T. S. is a permanent organisation whereas the Order of the Star is a temporary one, working to prepare the way for the coming of the Great Teacher, and necessarily ceasing that work when He comes amongst us. To neglect, still more to directly hamper, the work of the T. S., because of devotion to the younger Order shows extraordinary lack of insight, and is seen with the strongest disapproval by the leaders of both organisations.

*
* *

I had a pleasant visit to Benares last month, when I went to Gorakhpur, in the United Provinces to preside over the Provincial Congress Conference there. There is a very strong feeling aroused throughout India by the action taken by the House of Lords in prolonging one-man-rule over the United Provinces, with its population of forty-seven millions, although a lately created and less advanced Province had been granted a fragment of executive power. So we had a well-attended Conference. It is a very bad return the Lords have made for all India's sacrifices in blood and money in support of the Empire, and has aroused very deep resentment, increased by the unfortunate passing of the Public Safety Act.

***

The Central Hindū College authorities at Benares gave me a warm welcome there, and we had one of our old meetings in the School Hall. The College Cadet Corps escorted me thither at 6.30 in the early morning—for it is the hot weather in Benares now—and we walked in the old way over the familiar ground to the crowded Hall, ringing with cheers. The regular religious service was held, and one improvement has been brought into it; all the boys chant together some Samskṛṭ shlokas, and the effect is very impressive. I spoke to the lads then of their place in the New India so rapidly growing up amongst us, and there was great enthusiasm. We sent our love to Mr. Arundale by cable, and all went away very happy. The C. H. C. has now the advantage of the presence of my old friend, Rai Bahadur G. N. Chakravarti, in Benares, as Inspector of Schools,

and he will be able to give it useful advice from time to time.

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From the College, I was escorted to the T. S. Headquarters, where the boys of our Theosophical School were gathered, and I addressed them in turn, and met similar loving welcome.

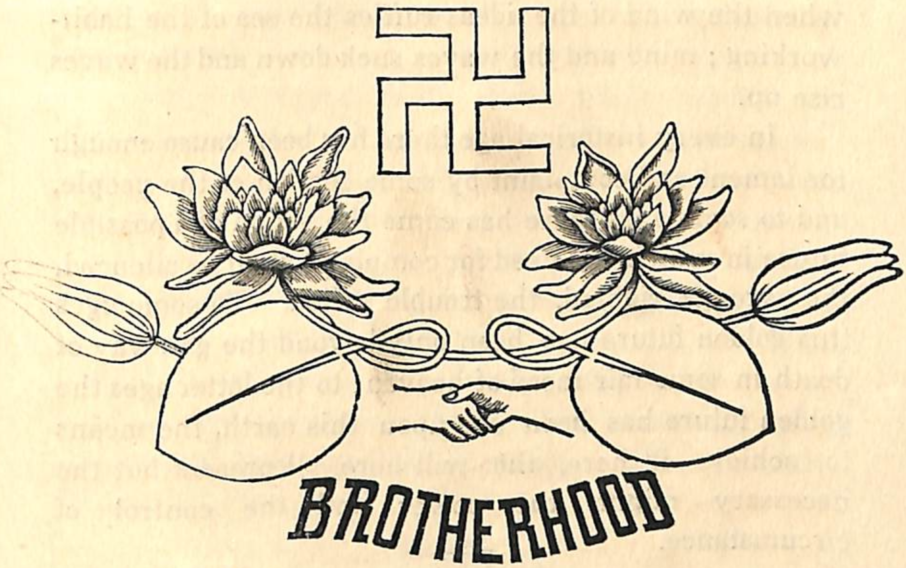
***

Then to the Vasanṭāshrama, dear Miss Arundale's work of love, and her legacy to Benares, where Miss Palmer, B.Sc., is the Principal of the Collegiate School for Girls, and where we have as Matron in sole charge of the boarders, a sweet and capable Hinḍū widow. A third gathering was here to be addressed, and the girls sang, very sweetly, some shlokas from the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*. It is interesting to see the different parts of India from which our girls in our School come. There were during this last session 7 from the United Provinces, 16 Bengalis, 7 Mahrathas, 6 Madrassis (3 Telugu and 3 Tamil), 5 Kashmiris, 3 Panjabis (1 Sikh); these are all Hinḍūs. Then there is one Buḍḍhist girl from Burma, and one Parsi. I cannot but think that it is well to have girls from different Provinces drawn together, learning to overlook the little differences which are so potent to divide, and to realise their one deep unity as daughters of the Motherland.

***

From the Āshrama, I went on to visit the three boarding-houses of our Theosophical School. It may interest Theosophists to learn how we meet the supposed difficulty of religious instruction—which is really no difficulty at all, except in the imagination of people

who have not tried to carry it out. In the boarding-houses, the boys all gather in the pūjā-room—room for worship—in the early morning, and one Hinḍū, one Buḍḍhist and one Sikh chant a very brief prayer in succession, one in which all can join. Then each does his Sanḍhyā—morning worship—according to his own family custom. The daily school opens with a short religious service in which all can join. During the week the boys have two religious lessons in their own faith, taught by one belonging to it, and the Musalman boys are taken each Friday to their Mosque by a Musalman teacher. In the evening, in the boarding-houses, the boys gather just before they go to bed, and all chant together some shlokas from the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*, the " Bible of India ". Thus easily is the difficulty of religious instruction solved, and it gives the School a joyous, confident, well-behaved tone that is not otherwise attainable. The teachers and boys are like fathers and sons; there are no punishments, but glad and ready obedience and admirable discipline. How different from the timid air of boys in so many schools, where fear rules instead of love, where the cane replaces religion, and where teachers and boys distrust each other. Very many of the Indians of to-day, the soil of their hearts rendered sterile by missionary and Government education, are against religious education; they themselves have grown up without it, and know not its value, though they lament over the absence of morals in too many of the young men of the day.



HAMMER AND ANVIL

THE MAKERS OF REVOLUTIONS

By L. HADEN GUEST

WHO are the makers of revolutions? To whom are the great social changes due—the changes in thought that when translated into terms of earth transfigure the face of the world?

Always has there been in the world peasant, tradesman and aristocrat, worker, middle-class and plutocrat, and, on the whole, they have been willing to put up with their lot until some wind from the world of ideas has swept across their faces, and there has come uprising, revolt, cries for the "rights of man," "freedom," "opportunity for all". For any cry will do to express the view of the larger horizon opened up

when the wind of the ideas ruffles the sea of the habit-working; mind and the waves suck down and the waves rise up.

In every historical age there has been cause enough for lament and complaint by some section of the people, and to some ages there has come the vision of a possible future in which the need for complaint shall be silenced, the wrongs righted, the trouble stilled. To some ages this golden future has been only beyond the gateway of death in some fair mead of heaven; to the latter ages the golden future has been one upon this earth, the means to achieve it here, the will here, all present but the necessary might, the power and the control of circumstance.

THE ROAD TOWARD EMANCIPATION

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries men strove for the achievement of this vision through political emancipation. "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality," political freedom, freedom of the press, of speech, the extension of the franchise, the abolition of privilege, republicanism—these were to give us our heaven upon earth. In the nineteenth century and now in the twentieth, the cry is not only for political freedom, but for economic freedom. Now, it is not freedom from king and aristocrat that is to give us our dream, but freedom from the thraldom of rent and interest.

Who is the maker of these revolutions? And what do we want and why? It may be enough for the overworked, underpaid worker to reply that he wants a bettering of his conditions, but who taught him a bettering was possible? Who waked up the lethargy of

habit and bade the man look up and see greater possibilities?

Men and women have come round among the workers saying: "these evil conditions need not be," "wages may be bettered," "you may yourselves own the capital of the industries in which you work," "Socialism will save the people," and the workers have responded. But again, who told these things to those who speak of them, the "agitators" who speak until they are hoarse, who tramp weary miles to meetings to give their message at bleak street corners, at the works' gate, at the pit mouth, in the club room? Where did they hear the message?

The Vision

Trace it back and back and what do you find? The mighty forces that sway peoples, that mould the destiny of nations, that consolidate or rend apart empires, these come out of the minds and hearts of those who think for the world, who see visions of the future, who offer themselves in service to the world. Out from the mind of the scientist, the poet, the dreamer, the theorist, come these mighty forces. Because they are more attuned to the finer and more potent aspects of life, they see a Vision obscured for the many by the incessant iteration of the thoughts, feelings and circumstances of the immediate present. And it is the fragment of the Vision which they have seen which drives the mighty engine of the world.

Darwin lifted a corner of Nature's mysteries on one little planet and caught a glimpse of a dazzling panorama of evolving forms. Goethe, Lamarck,

Spencer and others had seen besides. And these glimpses of a Vision have changed the world. Lassalle and Marx looked beyond the obvious in our social life and saw a future teeming with splendid possibilities. Scientists, philosophers, poets, preachers, agitators, statesmen—these men look beyond the facts to the facts' significance, beyond the things we know to the ideas behind the things. And from the world of ideas comes out the mighty force, the unsubduable force, through which the nation grows into greater being. For there men see a Vision, and each in his own way translates that Vision into language of which we can all understand somewhat. Those who have not seen the Vision read the scientist's, or the statesman's, or the poet's, words and are fired by the reflection. We go about among the people and say that which we have thought and felt, and the divine fire of the Idea lights up the world and unlooses the divine force in the heart of every man.

It is the seers of the ideas behind the facts of every day who are the makers of revolutions. It was the reflection of the Vision they had seen which was the driving force behind the movement for political freedom. It is the reflection of the Vision they have seen which is the driving power behind the Socialist movement. For there, in the world of the ideas, still eternal, dwells the perfected Vision of the man for whom life is no longer a problem, no longer a perplexity, but a splendour of serene achievement. And the one age gets a glimpse of this Vision, and thinks the road there along the political pathway; and another gets a glimpse of the Vision and thinks the road there along the economic pathway. Both in some measure succeed,

and both in large measure are disappointed; and the disappointment drives us back on facts, not for the facts in themselves, but to get behind them. The Vision, it seems, cannot be realised in the way we thought. Let us, then, look again and see if we have perceived it accurately, if there be not something left out of our calculations.

The Vision and the Facts

The Vision is there, still eternal, but we in the turbid world of facts and experiences have misconceived and mistrusted. Not easy is it to bring the gifts of the high heavens of abstraction into the dust and conflict of every day and keep them unspotted. It may seem to some that the words they have just been reading are merely metaphorical, merely poetical; but this is far from being the case. The world of ideas to which we attain by great generalisations from facts is not created by our mental process, it is there awaiting the time of our conquest. The ideas behind the facts are as eternal as the facts themselves. Nay, more enduring are they, for the ideas are the great fountains of life, the facts of every day but the temporary arch of the falling water, the gleam of light in the water's clearness, the iridescent drop. The facts we know teem out of the ideas and, like the waters, flow away; the ideas, like the fountains, remain. The ideas are real, more real than the "facts". The facts are a veil we must pierce—we do not understand them even, until we can see them in relation to some general idea.

Whether you agree or disagree with this point of view does not affect my argument; agreement only

makes it easier to follow. For the crux of the matter is this. How, when, where, matter not. The thinker, the poet, the worker, each in his own way, catches a glimpse of a Vision. Each in his own way is driven to speak of that Vision to other men and uses the symbols of facts to make plain what he would say. We are driven to get behind pretended unreal beliefs, to genuine and real beliefs founded on knowledge, to investigate the facts of life so as to group them anew, to discover in those facts the faint reflection of the great theory, the great generalisation. If this theory is one of political emancipation, we apply it to life, fight for it, struggle for it, agonise, die for it—and in its achievement are disappointed. Then for us the theory of emancipation by political method is no longer a reality, it is a pretence, a delusion; we struggle to free ourselves from it, and to do so we are driven once more to study facts. We emerge from this study with a new interpretation, drawn from the sea of facts; we bring up the treasure of Socialism, and we struggle to apply this to life. Once more partial success; once more disappointment; once more the dive into the facts of life.

THE NEW STANDPOINT

This is where we have now arrived. The desire to achieve a betterment of man's condition, individual and social, was never stronger than now. Our political efforts have been partly successful, our socialistic efforts have been partly successful also, and must be more so, but we are not sure we shall achieve that which is our desire. Even Socialism has become for many the delusion, and they try to escape from it to

reality. Vague unrest, vague discontent, syndicalism, mere violence—all of these express discontent, unbelief. And once more we must dive into the sea of facts.

The history of our recent progress is a history of growth into bigger and bigger conceptions, to more and more accurate ideas. Now by the sheer stress of the work we have in hand, we are driven to the closer study of the material we have to deal with. We have had theories of politics, we have had theories of economics. Now we want an understanding of man himself.

Politics assume a fiction, the "political man," economics a fiction, the "economic man," but we have done with fictions. The social reconstruction we need is a real re-shaping of a community of men and women. Political and economic men may be suited with equal political and economic powers and opportunities. Real men and women, however, do not fit these moulds; each wants a different something, each is fitted for a different something. We have to build a State, to create a new world, not with theoretical men and women, but with real men and women.

Our laws and our whole life at present are largely built on these fictions. Our criminal law is framed on the assumption of a "cut and dried" individual committing definite classified "crimes" for which there is a scheduled "punishment". Men are said to be "equal before the law," their responsibility is held equal, their criminality, their guilt, and consequently their punishment equal. And this is pure delusion. No two men are equal before the law, neither in themselves, nor in their surroundings, nor in their immediate temptation to crime. We want to abolish from our minds

the fiction of the "cut and dried" criminal, and study the actual women and men. In the same way with votes. With the ownership of property, with every function and relation by which man expresses himself, we want to get away from the fiction of our conceptions and get to the facts, and so beyond the facts to the truer idea.

We know one thing surely, that smashes through our social and political theories like a sledge hammer. All men are unequal. But what, then, is man? What knowledge have we of him that is real, apart from political and social fictions? Do we know truly and accurately anything about him? Have we firmly founded knowledge of man and can a real statesmanship build on that knowledge? That knowledge exists and can be found, and out of it shall flow the strength and power for a new step forward.

Statesmanship and the Sciences

The past two centuries have been remarkable for two great reasons: firstly, because of the attempt to apply knowledge for the betterment of man's condition (although this has been largely through the medium of artificial theories about political and economic man); secondly, because of the increasingly profound investigation of the facts of life, and the getting at the secret, the Idea, the theory, behind those facts. The movement for political and social emancipation has run parallel with the movement for the freeing of the mind from illusions, the attainment of certainty about the world, the acquisition of real knowledge. These two parallel lines have by no means always been sympathetic. The

scientist has regarded the politician as a charlatan or a demagogue, the politician has regarded the scientist as a man divorced from the realities of life. But the disillusionment with politics and economics which we are now experiencing must inevitably drive the politician and the reformer to the scientist and to the thinker for the bricks wherewith to build the State, for the necessary knowledge which, it is felt, must be that of a wider survey of facts than made use of at present and of a more profound theory. To this wider survey of facts let us now turn.

A great deal of knowledge available for immediate application to life, but independent of political and social theories, has been piling up these many years and we may arrange it in certain main groups.

The first of these groups is that which has to do with the Health of Man. Contrast this definite knowledge we have of health with the social theory underlying the Insurance Act. It is arguable that the Insurance Act may be beneficial or not beneficial, for it is founded on an artificial theory, but it is not arguable that good, well-ventilated houses may be beneficial or not beneficial, for this knowledge is founded on a great experience, a great generalisation of facts. There, in a nutshell, you have the contrast between the artificial, outgrown, false theory and the real.

We do not "think" now, we know how to abolish consumption, and the chief infectious diseases. We know what are the conditions for the healthy upbringing of children, for the healthy development of young people, for the healthy work of grown-up men and women. In a word, we know both the conditions for the maintenance of individual health and the conditions necessary

for the public health. Much of that knowledge is not applied, on the ground of difficulty, of expense, or one or another excuse. The new statesmanship will say: "Knowledge that we are sure of is knowledge to be applied, and applied at once." Knowledge made sure will be defined in the future as that which is to be at once applied to life. Some of the knowledge of health to which I refer has been applied in our Public Health legislation, in Acts for the housing of the working classes, in the medical inspection of school children, and a singular thing to note is that what is valuable in the legislation of the past hundred years is precisely this application of ascertained knowledge, and that neither party in the State can claim this knowledge as its own.

REAL STATESMANSHIP

Real statesmanship, the application of ascertained knowledge, is independent of the ebb and flow of the *personalia* of Party.

The second of these groupings of our knowledge is that which concerns the Education of Man. Of this we have much real knowledge, although we as yet only apply a comparatively small part of this knowledge. A great junction has been made, however, of mind-education and body-health, and we are trying to get the body that is to be educated to become the healthy instrument which the mind needs. But again the obstacles to the great reforms—smaller classes, exquisite cleanliness, beauty of surroundings and the substitution of love and affection for "discipline"—are those of expense and difficulty. We know, but do not apply.

And oh, the pity of it! Only compare the best schools where knowledge is applied, with the slum school where "discipline is maintained". The tragic difference! The one school like a garden of flowers, growing swiftly, beautifully, delicately, in the sun and the wind; the other like a garden smoothed down and made uniform by the spreading over the ground of an ancient, not too sweetly smelling blanket. But we know, and we should apply the knowledge.

The third grouping of our Knowledge is that referred to as Eugenics. The knowledge of the necessity, the efficiency, and the morality of good breeding. The whole nation should be as well-bred as our racial character permits. And we know enough to indicate main lines. No need to follow eugenists into fantasies of absolute refusal of permission to marry, sterilisation, lethal chambers, and the like. These are the maladies of eugenics, the degenerate strain in the eugenic inheritance, which all have to become "recessive". But let us add to our morality the knowledge of eugenics, and to the ethical imperatives of our action the imperative of good breeding. Some evils we know little of as yet, but some gross evils we know enough of, and here again, as we know, let us apply our knowledge. But as you apply this knowledge, guard your freedom. This is knowledge to be applied not by the State, but by the individual. Here the State may persuade, but only in gross cases compel, may spread knowledge broadcast, and may, to the uttermost farthing, enforce individual responsibility for individual actions.

Another grouping of knowledge on which we can now build is that dealing with the peoples of the world, the tribes and nations, their powers and possibilities,

the difficulties and dangers of their contact, and the mesh of international law, the growth of which needs great acceleration.

Another grouping is that of the resources of the world, the industries, the mines, the forests, the wheat lands, the fruit lands, the supply of wood, of food, of coal, of oil—of all the things wherewith man feeds his body and the life of civilisation in which his greater life shall be. We know much of these resources and often use them, not more wisely than a swarm of wasps uses a just discovered store of sweet stuff. We do not so much use the world's goods, as allow them to be plundered. Here again the knowledge we have we should apply, accepting the great Trust organisations for the control of these goods, but not accepting the Trust's allocation of the profits, nor its exploitation of the stores of material.

THE BOUNDARIES OF KNOWLEDGE

All these groupings of knowledge have to do with man's physical life, with his civilisation, with the earth on which he lives; but not least important is the great grouping of knowledge dealing with man's mind, and with his inner spiritual nature.

Deeply are the sciences delving into the mysteries beyond the boundary of ascertained knowledge; and already the ascertained stretches further than many men and women are aware. Psychology has investigated, not only the psychological apparatus of brain and nerve, but the upper reaches of the consciousness shown in religious conversion. Through experiments in hypnotism, and thought transference, the field of

investigation extends to spiritualism and clairvoyance. But not only in the sciences is the investigation proceeding; philosophy, too, is pushing forward her researches. The philosophy of Bergson and the enunciation of the realm of consciousness above the mind, the intuition, is in itself a kind of scientific discovery in the world of Spirit. Here, too, we know, if not certainties as definite as those dealing with health and with schooling, at least certainties that put outside the barrier of discussion the crude materialism of an earlier day. We know that in the deeps of the consciousness of man, in the inner world in which each man is king, there are discoveries to be made as great as those made by Columbus, by Galileo, by the great evolutionists. And with the realisation of a non-physical side of man, we come upon that which is the crowning achievement of scientific and philosophical speculation, the theory of spiritual evolution in man, side by side with the physical evolution, which we recognise is the master explanation of the physical world.

New Horizons

The inner life of man is an enduring life, an evolving life; the man who turns to himself may know himself as the Spirit, immortal, divine, evolving since the beginning of ages, evolving into the depths of time. As the world is one continuous interweaving of evolving forms of life, so is Spirit one continuous interwoven unfolding of the powers of life. Matter and Spirit, Form and Life, Body and Soul—the great panorama of evolution through the animal and vegetable to the primordial ooze, and the first stir of protoplasmic life,

beyond this to the mineral life of the earth, back to the sun, and nebula before the sun, to the unending stretch before that—all this is lit, illuminated, explained, as the school of the evolving Spirit.

Within man we now behold realm on realm of consciousness, grade on grade of exaltation, to explore, powers unthought of, energies undreamed of. The sciences have brought us to a new door opening on to a greater universe. Man is a pilgrim, spiritual, immortal, entering on his ascending pathway. Depths below, beyond the dust of suns, heights above, beyond the glories and mysteries of God.

The disillusion with politics, with economics, with religion, has driven us back to facts. Grouping our knowledge of these facts, we find that we know what are the essentials for the healthy and harmoniously developing life of man, for the main structure of his civilisation, what is necessary for his good breeding and for his inner nature, enough to be sure that he stands now upon the threshold of adventure and achievement such as has not opened out from life before.

WHAT IS MAN?

Spiritual evolution? What does that mean? What is the Spirit that evolves? What is man?

The still current theory among educated people is that man is a physical animal, the product of evolution, that he is born as a result of natural physical processes, and that he passes away from life as the result of equally natural processes—and that is all. The emergence of superior species, of superior types, is due to the

unexplained appearance of superior variations which are selected (naturally or artificially). It is assumed man will grow upwards, becoming better adapted, more developed and controlled emotionally, more developed and controlled as to the mind, and with an ever growing and extending power over the earth, the forces of nature, and the conditions of his own life. And one may well ask why? What is the foundation for the assumption? Favourable variations are selected. Certainly. But do they always lead towards an increasing complexity and adaptability? What of the definitely retrogressive organisms? What of the possibility of degeneration and decay of the stock of man? What of the possibility of the supersession of man on this earth by some better-equipped creature, evolving out of his ranks, perhaps, to become the Superman, or invading this world from some other planet (as in H. G. Wells' *War of the Worlds*)?

Evolution has undoubtedly taken place in an upward direction, producing forms of increasing complexity, and adaptability, forms characterised by increase of the content of consciousness. The amœba knows a very little fragment of the world, the deep sea fish a little more, the reptile, the bird, the mammalian and man himself, more and more. It is as though the life behind all forms had succeeded over an enormous period in gradually building up the form through which more and more of its possibilities can be expressed. Bernard Shaw has imagined that in this way we are now evolving something which will be able to express, not the consciousness of man, but that of God.

L. Haden Guest

(To be concluded)

ANCIENT HINḌU SHRINES OF JAVA

By P. L. Narasimham

UNDER the heading of "Ancient Hinḍū Colonies," I wrote a very brief history of Java in ancient times, published in *The Commonweal* of 18th December, 1914. In that article I mentioned that many beautiful and large temples were built there by the ancient Hinḍū-Javanese (Hinḍū natives of Java, or Yava Ḍwīpa), especially the temples of Prambanan and of Boro Budur. From an inscription found in Prambanan, it was ascertained that most of them, especially the group known as the Chandi Sevu, or the Temples of Shiva, consisting of a thousand temples, were built about the year A.D. 964. Here I propose to give a concise description of one of the important temples, so that we may have a clear idea of what kind of temples they are, or rather were, and of the place Hinḍūism occupied in that beautiful little island some centuries ago.

The ancient Javanese, like the Hinḍūs and many others, had their superstitious ideas about most things, and to every stranger that goes there to see the wonderful workmanship of the group of temples popularly known as Loro Jonggrang, the natives narrate the following story to account for the origin of the Prambanan temples.

Ratu Boko, or Ratu Baka,[1] the Giant-King of Prambanan, had an only daughter, Princess Jonggrang; and so he adopted a son, Raden Gupolo (or Gopala) whose father was killed by the King of Pengging. With a view to avenging his natural father's death, he requested his foster-father to arrange for his marriage with the King of Pengging's beautiful daughter. Thus, Ratu Boko sent ambassadors to the Court of Pengging to negotiate the marriage. On hearing of this marriage proposal, the King of Pengging understood its real motive; and in order to outwit the Giant-King, he sent secret emissaries to many places to find a competent person to destroy the Giant-King and his adopted son. Damar Moyo (Ḍāmar Maya) advised his younger son, Bambang Kandilaras, a young man of prepossessing appearance and great strength, to undertake the task; but Kandilaras failed in his attempt, as the breath and voice of Ratu Boko were dreadful enough to silence any great warrior. Then, Bondowoso, the elder son of the Saint Damar Moyo, marched against Ratu Boko, but was blown off his feet by the breath of the latter, so that, defeated, he fled to a forest. Knowing what had happened, Saint Moyo taught his son Bondowoso a manṭram which, when twice repeated, would make him big and strong as an elephant. Armed with this talisman, Bondowoso returned to Prambanan and very easily managed to destroy the mighty army thereof. Ratu Boko's rage, when he heard of this disaster, knew no bounds; and meeting his deadly enemy, of whose strength he had a very poor opinion, lost his life in a terrible fight in which "houses and gardens were," says a writer "trampled down, forests rooted up and mountains

[1] *Baka* means a crane, or bird.

kicked over, while the perspiration dripping from the bodies of the enraged combatants formed a larged pool, the Telaga Pawiniyan ".[1] Raden Gupolo, the adopted son of Ratu Boko, hearing of his father's fate, immediately brought a cup of elixir of life, prepared by his sister, Princess Loro Jonggrang, and intended to restore the dead King to life; but as Raden Gupolo was putting the drops to the lips of the King's corpse, Bondowoso kicked the cup of elixir from his hands and with the assistance of Kandilaras, who then arrived, killed Raden Gupolo also.

True to his word, the King of Pengging gave his daughter in marriage to Kandilaras, to whom he gave half of his kingdom and appointed Bondowoso his Viceroy for the remaining half, thereby demonstrating his gratitude to the deliverers of the country from the tyranny of the giants. Further, Bondowoso was invested with the rank and title of Būpati (Bhūpaṭi) and stationed in Prambanan, where he fell in love with the Princess Loro Jonggrang, but she was unwilling to marry him. Nevertheless, afraid of incurring his displeasure, and with a view to avenging her father's death, she offered her hand to Bhūpaṭi Bondowoso, with the condition that the latter should, before marriage, construct in a single night six beautiful buildings with a deep well in each, and also prepare during the same single night one thousand and one statues of the former Kings of Prambanan, their divine ancestors and the Gods in heaven. Agreeing to this almost impossible proposal, Bondowoso sought the help of his saintly father, Damar Moyo, and of his brother, Kandilaras. All these three invoked the assistance of the Saint of the mountain, Soombing, who

[1] The word *Telaga* in Javanese means a lake.

commanded the spirits of the lower regions to construct the buildings and prepare the statues. Accordingly, these spirits brought mountains of stone and by midnight completed half of their work; they built six buildings, dug six wells in them and prepared nine hundred and ninety-nine statues by three o'clock in the morning. Princess Jonggrang, hearing the noise of the construction by invisible hands, ordered her maids to go and sprinkle flowers and perfumes on the constructions, so that the evil spirits might run away terrified. This done, the work was left incomplete; that is to say, the two remaining statues were not prepared. When he came to know of this, Bondowoso cursed her, and she became a statue of stone, thus forming the thousandth statue.

This, in brief, is the legend that the Javanese to-day narrate to visitors from the West; and this is said to be the origin of the several Prambanan temples. Need it be remarked that this story is on a level with the *Sṭhalapurāṇās* of the various Hinḍū temples in India?

As regards the sectarian character of these temples, I need only quote a writer who had seen the temples and gave a beautiful description of them:

> Siva is the key-note of the Prambanan group, Siva, the Jagaṭ, the Bhatara Guru, according to his prevalent title in the island. In the temple which bears his name, he appeared as the leader in the exterior chapel looking south; his wife Ḍurgā, looks north; their first-born, Ganesa, looks west. The latter, sitting on his lotus cushion, is represented as the Ekaḍanṭa, the Elephant deprived of one of his tusks when fighting Parasu Rāma; a third eye in his forehead betokens his keenness of sight; he wears in his crown the emblematic skull and crescent of his father; one of his left hands brandishes his father's battle-axe; one of his right hands holds the string of beads suggesting prayer; his father's *upavīṭa*, the hooded snake, is strung round his left shoulder and breast. Ḍurgā, his mother, born from flames which proceeded from the mouths of the gods, stands on the steer she killed when the terrific animal had stormed Inḍra's heaven and humiliated

the immortals; her eight hands wield the weapons and other gifts bestowed upon her by the deities at their delivery: Vishṇu's discus, Sūrya's arrows, etc., etc., while her nethermost right hand seizes the enemy's tail and her nethermost left hand the shaggy locks of the demon Maheso (Mahishāsura), who tries to escape with the monster's life. This magnificent piece of sculpture, highly dramatic and yet within the limits of plastic art, the unknown maker having instinctively obeyed the rules formulated in Lessing's *Laokoon*, some thousand years after his labours were ended, is the petrified Lady Jonggrang, victim of Bondowoso's revengeful love. It does not matter to the native that Siva has always claimed her as his consort, if not under the name of Ḍurgā, then under that of Kālī or Umā, ever since she, Pārvaṭī, the Mother of Nature, divided herself into three female entities to marry her three sons, who are none but he who sits enthroned as Mahāḍeva in the inner chamber, looking east, with his less placid personifications, the *Dwārapālas* (doorkeepers), Nanḍīswara and Mahākāla, the wielders of trident and cudgel, guarding the entrance, supported by demigods and heroes.

The colossal statue of their heavenly lord, broken into pieces by the falling roof, has been restored and replaced on its Paḍmāsana (lotus cushion).

......Siva, the one of dreadful charm, is everywhere, either personified or in his attributes: he dominates the external decoration of the Vishṇu and the Brahmā temples, too, in the latter case as *guru*, even to the exclusion of all other gods; the middle *chandi* of the eastern row, facing his principal shrines, has his *vāhana*, the bull; the one to the north his smaller image, while in the third, to the south, wholly demolished, no statuary can be traced .... The four statues of Brahmā, the master of the four crowned countenances, who lies shattered among the debris of his temple, and the four statues of Vishṇu in his (a large one with *makuta, prabha, chakra*, and *sankha*, and three smaller ones, representing him in his fourth and fifth *avaṭāra* and in his married state with his *Sakṭi*, Lakshmī, in miniature on his left arm), are chastely conceived in the chaste surroundings of their chapels. In addition to the sorely damaged *Rāmāyaṇa* reliefs .... they dwell, however simple the interior arrangement of their cells may be, among richly carved images of their peers and followers stationed outside: Vishṇu among his own less famous *avaṭāras* and supposed Boḍhisaṭṭvas between female figures; Brahmā, as already remarked, among personifications of the ubiquitous Siva in his quality of teacher, accompanied by bearded men of holiness. Siva's *nandi*, a beautifully moulded humped bull, emblem of divine virility, watches his master's abode, attentive to the word of command

—watches day and night—as symbolised by Sūrya, the beaming sun, carrying the flowers of life when rising behind her seven horses, and by Chandra, the three-eyed moon, drawn by ten horses, waving a banner and also presenting a flower, but one wrapped in a cloud.

If the Prambanan temples, and especially the one dedicated to the great god of the Trimoorti, preached orthodox Sivaism to the elect of its innermost conviction, while tainted externally with the heresy of the deniers of the existence of gods, the indubitably Buddhist Mendoot reverses the process. This and the syncretism discernible in nearly all the *chandis* of Java, shows the religious tolerance of the Javanese in the Hindū period.

Justly so; for, in every temple of Java, Hindūism and Buddhism are both so well represented that a Buddhist shrine may be mistaken for a Hindū one and vice versa. Further, it should not be supposed that the Shaiva temple of Prambanan is entirely and exclusively Shaiva. For "counting from the base upwards, the third tier of ornamentation" contains demigods and heroes with their followers. Beneath, the story of "Râma, the incarnation of Vishṇu, is told in bas-reliefs which belong to the very best sculpture discovered in Java or anywhere else". Then "in endless varying attitudes, embracing one another, or tripping the light fantastic toe, retreating and advancing, their measured steps being regulated by the musicians on interspersed panels, they represent the Apsaras, nymphs of heaven, adorning the house of prayer to acquaint mortal man with the joys in store for the doer of good".

Then follow the human birds and mythical animals under the bo-trees, enhancing the charm of decoration.

Nor does this wealth of detail, this marvellous display of artistic power, of skill perfected by imaginative thought, divert the attention from the divine idea embodied in Siva, or from the introduction to its understanding provided by the *Rāmāyaṇa,* initiating the beholder's intelligence by degrees.

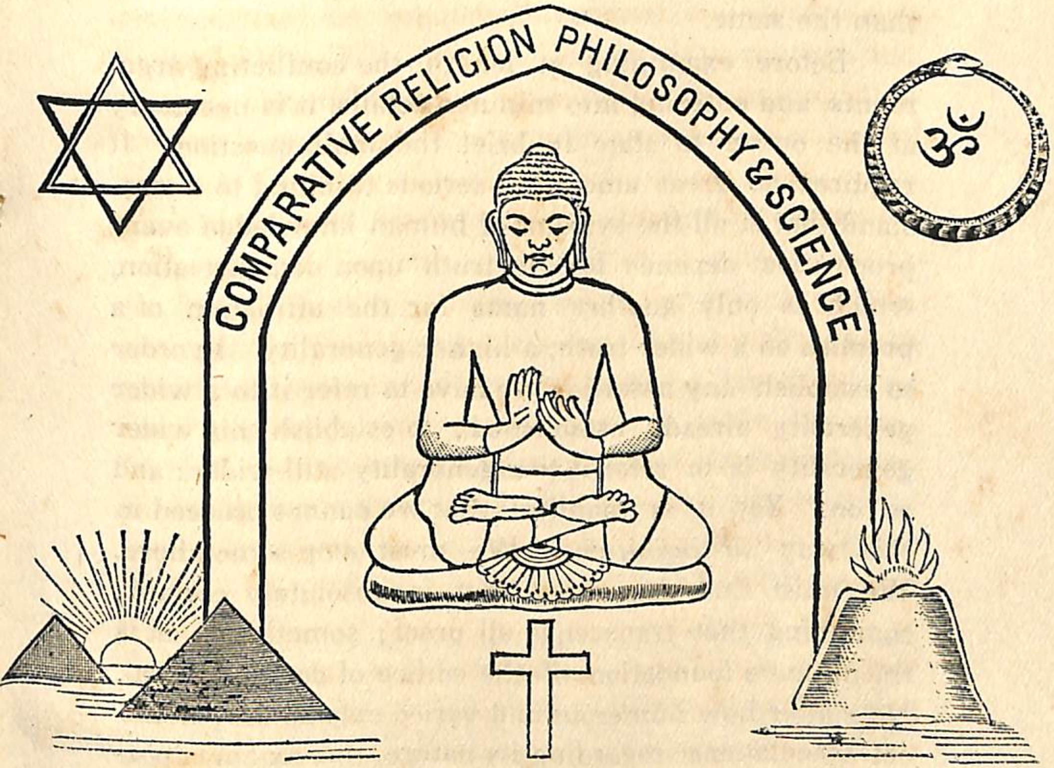
Then again, reaching the terrace, one's interest, curiosity and sympathy are awakened by scenes from *Brata Yuda* (as Bhāraṭa Yuḍḍha, or the Mahābhāraṭa War, is popularly styled in Java). "Can it be called an improvement after more than a thousand years of progressive western civilisation," questions a modern writer, from whose narrative I largely quote, "that we, to honour the memory of our dead, make shift with inflated epitaphs advertising virtues in life often conspicuous by an absence which the maudlin angels of our cemeteries, rather than shedding unobserved, vicarious tears, perpetually seem to bemoan on their own account," while in Java scenes from *Rāmāyaṇa* were used to embellish the tombs of sovereign rulers?[1]

I might prolong this interesting description of Shiva's temple of Prambanan, of which volumes were written in the Dutch language, but, fearing that it might be found wearisome, or monotonous, I conclude by requesting my kindly readers to note how well, and how much Hinḍūism progressed in its small island colony, compared with its progress in its parent country, Hindustan or India.

P. L. Narasimham

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[1] Shaivaites in Java were always buried, but not cremated.



SPENCER VERSUS MILL

THE CRITERION OF BELIEF

By ABDUL MAJID, B.A.

NOTHING is perhaps of greater importance for an investigator of the science of mind than the recognition of an unequivocal ultimate test of belief—a universal criterion whereby the credibility of any and every proposition may, in the last resort, be judged. Yet there is hardly any question in the domain of

mental science leading to a greater divergence of opinion and affording a larger ground for controversy than the same.

Before examining at length the conflicting arguments and entering into minuter details, it is necessary at the outset to state in brief the main question. It requires no great amount of serious thinking to understand that in all the systems of human knowledge every proposition depends for its truth upon demonstration, which is only another name for the affiliation of a premise on a wider truth, a higher generality. In order to establish any assertion we have to refer it to a wider generality already established; to establish this wider generality is to refer it to a generality still wider; and so on. Yet it is manifest that we cannot proceed in this way *ad infinitum.* We must stop somewhere. We must find something that is absolutely certain; something that transcends all proof; something that is the ultimate foundation of the edifice of demonstration. No matter how numerous and varied may be the polemical speculations regarding its nature, this axiom is postulated in every process of thought; it is assumed in every act of belief. Every one of us must have experienced in daily life some truths which are received and accepted without proof, or even demand for proof, and are nevertheless absolutely certain. When exposed to a frosty night, I am invariably forced to feel the sensation of chill. While looking towards the sun at noon, no effort of my will can make me believe that my eyes are not dazzled thereby. When I have framed in my mind the ideas of "whole" and "part," I cannot help conceiving at the same time that the former is greater than the latter and that the one involves the other. These mental

experiences are obviously of radically different nature according to their object-matter; yet they all have one common feature, namely, the character of necessity—their absolute certainty. The question arises: What, then, is the criterion of certainty? What warrant is there to accept these beliefs without a shadow of doubt?

It is the answering of these questions and the statement of the primary assumptions that being granted, we are furnished with an ultimate criterion of belief, which has given rise to a remarkable controversy. It is emphatically held by a certain school of philosophers that the criterion of necessity is to be found by the direct testimony of consciousness. Sir William Hamilton, the leading exponent of this doctrine, lays down the following maxims as a guide to the test of consciousness:

> 1. That we admit nothing which is not either an original datum of consciousness, or the legitimate consequence of such a datum.
>
> 2. That we embrace all the original data of consciousness and all their legitimate consequences.
>
> 3. That we exhibit each of these in its individual integrity, neither distorted nor mutilated; and in its relative place, whether of pre-eminence or subordination.[1]

According to Hamilton, the only condition required for a datum of consciousness to be ultimate and transcending proof is the "character" of necessity. And while he considers it "no ground for a certain fact to be impossible merely from our inability to conceive its possibility," his belief in an axiom is based on an intuitive perception, that is, on the inevitableness of thinking it. In the following paragraph he briefly sums up his theory:

> It must be impossible not to think of it. In fact, by its necessity alone can we recognise it as an original datum of

[1] Reid's *Works*, edited by Sir William Hamilton, p. 747.

intelligence, and distinguish it from any mere result of generalisation and custom.

In this respect, Hamilton is at one (though of course with certain reservations) with almost the whole of the Scottish School—Reid, Stewart, Whewell and Mansel. Mill challenged Hamilton's position first in his *System of Logic* and again in his *Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy*. Spencer indicated the Hamiltonian doctrine in a paper published in *The Fortnightly Review*, and thence reprinted in the second volume of his *Essays*, and therein re-stated his doctrine of the Universal Postulate previously set forth in his *Principles of Psychology*. Mill's rejoinder to Spencer's strictures appears in the eighth edition of his *Logic*. The aim of the present paper is to examine afresh the arguments of the opposing parties and then to see if a solution can be arrived at.

Let us commence with Spencer. According to him, the ultimate test of belief is the unthinkableness of its opposite. If the negative of a proposition cannot be conceived, the belief in that proposition must be a necessary truth. "The inconceivability of its negation," says he, "is the test by which we ascertain whether a given belief invariably exists or not." The only assignable reason for our primary beliefs is "the fact of their invariable existence, tested by an abortive effort to cause their non-existence". To him this very fact is the sole basis of our belief in our sensations. While exposed to cold, if I receive its sensation as absolutely true, it is so because I cannot conceive otherwise. He substantiates his theory by two arguments, one of which may be termed (after Mill's classification) positive, and the other, negative.

The first is clearly and forcibly summed up in the following passage:

> Conceding the entire truth of Mr. Mill's position that during any phase of human progress, the ability or inability to form a specific conception wholly depends on the experiences men have had; and that by a widening of their experiences, they may, by and by, be enabled to conceive things before inconceivable to them; it may still be urged that as, at any time, the best warrant that men can have for any belief is the perfect agreement of all pre-existing experience in support of it, it follows that, at any time, the conceivableness of its negation is the deepest test any belief admits of ..... Objective facts are ever impressing themselves upon us; our experience is the register of these objective facts; and inconceivableness of a thing implies that it is wholly at variance with the register....... Universal and unchanging facts are, by the hypothesis, certain to establish beliefs of which the negations are inconceivable; whilst the others are not certain to do this; and if they do, subsequent facts will reverse their action. Hence if, after an immense accumulation of experiences, there remain beliefs of which the negations are still inconceivable, most, if not all of them, must correspond to universal objective facts. If there be, as Mr. Mill holds, certain absolute uniformities in nature; if these uniformities produce, as they must, absolute uniformities in our experience; and if, as he shows, these absolute uniformities disable us from conceiving the negations of them; these answering to each absolute uniformity in nature which we can cognise, there must exist in us a belief of which the negation is inconceivable, and which is absolutely true. In this wide range of cases subjective inconceivability must correspond to objective impossibility. [1]

Mill's objections to this argument are twofold. In the first place he refuses to admit that "the inconceivability by us, of the negative of a proposition proves all, or even any, pre-existing experience to be in favour of the affirmative". "There may have been," he argues, "no such pre-existing experiences," but only a mistaken supposition of them. "How did the inconceivability of the Antipodes," he interrogates, "prove that experience had given any testimony against their

[1] *Principles of Psychology.* 1st Edition. pp. 21-3.

possibility? How did the incapacity men felt of conceiving sunset otherwise than as a motion of the sun, represent any net result of experience in support of its being the sun and not the earth that moves?"[1]

The following is still more specific:

> We cannot conclude anything to be impossible, because its possibility is inconceivable to us; for . . . what seems to us inconceivable, and so far as we are personally concerned, may really be so, usually owes its inconceivability only to strong Association. This law of Inseparable Association is, in a special manner, the key to the phenomenon of inconceivability. As that phenomenon only exists because our powers of conception are determined by our limited experience, inconceivables are incessantly becoming conceivables as our experience becomes enlarged. There is no need to go farther for an example than the case of Antipodes.[2]

Secondly:

> Even if it were true that inconceivableness represents the net result of all past experience, why should we stop at the representative when we can get at the thing represented? If our incapacity to conceive the negation of a given supposition is proof of its truth, because proving that our experience has hitherto been uniform in its favour, the real evidence for the supposition is not the inconceivableness, but the uniformity of experience. Now this, which is the substantial and only proof, is directly accessible.[3]

Spencer has displayed no little combativeness in defending his thesis and in disposing of Mill's first objection. He starts with the warning that "a great proportion of men are incapable of correctly interpreting consciousness in any but its simplest modes," and that "in hosts of cases men do not distinctly translate into their equivalent states of consciousness the words they use". To make the matter worse, this misinterpretation is not occasional, but "with many so habitual

[1] Mill's *System of Logic*, Book II, Chapter vii.
[2] Mill's *Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy*. 3rd Edition. pp. 80-1.
[3] Mill's *System of Logic*, Book II, Chapter vii.

that they are unaware that they have not clearly represented to themselves the propositions they assert ". Hence it is quite natural that they are " apt, quite sincerely, though erroneously, to assert that they can think things which it is really impossible to think ". And then he proceeds to argue:

> Men may mistake for necessary, certain beliefs which are not necessary, and yet it remains true that there *are* necessary beliefs, and that the necessity of such beliefs is our warrant for them. Were conclusions thus tested proved to be wrong in a hundred cases, it would not follow that the test is an invalid one, any more than it would follow from a hundred errors in a logical formula, that the logical formula is invalid.

It is true that people have considered inconceivable certain propositions perfectly conceivable (the existence of the Antipodes, for instance); but the real cause of their mistake lay not in any inherent defect of the test itself, but in their misapplication of the test—in their endeavour to apply it to cases that were too complex—in the fact that the states of consciousness involved in each of these judgments were so manifold as to render extremely unlikely any trustworthy verdict being given. For this test can legitimately be applied only to the relations of simple concepts and precepts, and it is by resolving the complex concepts into simpler ones that a verdict can with fairness be claimed from an appeal to immediate consciousness. Thus the ancient Greek philosophers, referred to by Mill, who refused to admit the possibility of human existence on the other side of the earth, on the ground of their inability to conceive of the existence, had not to deal with any single state of consciousness, but their proposition involved the concepts of earth, man, distance, position, force, and then the various relations of these to each other. Hence

the test is legitimately applicable to the direct comparison of two immediate states of consciousness—a judgment in which the act of thought is undecomposable; and not to a proposition dealing with the manifold states of consciousness and multiform relations between them —a judgment in which the act of thought is decomposable. Once more, it may be well to note that "in proportion as the number of concepts in a proposition is great, and the mental transitions from concept to concept are numerous, the fallibility of the test will increase".

The foregoing answer which carries with it a suggestion of shifting the ground may be supplemented by another retort which is as convincing as it is ingenious and the credit of suggesting which is due to that versatile historian of philosophy, Mr. George Henry Lewes. It is a mistake, unfortunately very common, to suppose that the ancients did actually feel the incapacity of conceiving sunset otherwise than as a motion of the sun. All that they really experienced, or could have experienced, was, however, only a *subjective* truth, namely, a belief that the sun, and not the earth, *appears* to move. Nothing further they asserted; nothing further they could assert. Their belief in the appearance of the sun's motion was as invariable as is ours at the present day. And who questions this? Perhaps no one can. But to discuss the conceivability of the appearance of the sun's or earth's motion is beside the mark altogether. The point is—has the *actual*, not the *apparent*, motion of any of the two been inconceivable to humanity? Now, while the negation of the appearance of the sun's motion is as inconceivable to the greatest astronomer of the present day as it was to the most ignorant layman

of, say, two thousand years back, the motion of the sun as well as of the earth, when viewed objectively, is distinctly conceivable to us; and there is no reason to suspect that it has not been so to the ancients likewise. Thus we may safely conclude that what was once inconceivable is still inconceivable; that what is now conceivable has been so all along; and that the history of human thought furnishes no support to Mill's dictum that, the test of inconceivability is variable in proportion to the difference in men's education and general culture.

Curious as it may appear, Spencer has made no attempt to meet Mill's second objection. Yet it is not to be inferred from his silence that this objection is unanswerable. We may challenge the position of naïve empiricism in this way: Admitting that the evidence for the certainty of a proposition is the uniformity of experience, the test of the unthinkableness of the reverse remains yet unshaken. For, let it be asked, what warrant is there to claim the absolute certainty for the uniformity of nature? The only possible reply seems to be that there has been no breach in the uniformity of Nature as yet and the individual experience *plus* the recorded testimony of the past ages is in its favour. But what guarantee is there for the trustworthiness of recorded testimony and of our own memory? And is that guarantee in any way different from, and superior to, the test of immediate consciousness—the test of the invariability of our beliefs? Further, in the cases of identity, the necessity of which is denied by nobody, the appeal is made obviously to intuition, not to experience. "A is A" does not rest for its invariable certainty on any previous experience, but on pure

intuition. But why put so much faith in these intuitions? Merely because there is no alternative. So long as the idea connoted by "A" is distinctly kept in view we must invariably conceive it as "A". We can conceive it differently only when the original connotation of the subject term is either entirely lost sight of, or mutilated. To take a still more familiar example from the range of sensations, a newly born infant has as irresistible a belief in the feeling of hunger as an adult who has had a thousand repetitions of the feeling. But the infant, far from being aware of the uniformity of experience had never experienced the feeling at any time before. Now what does constitute this necessity? It can be nothing else than the invariability of his belief in the craving for food and the impossibility of getting rid of the sensation of hunger, until the appetite is satisfied.

So much for Spencer's positive argument, its criticism and counter-criticism. Let us now take his negative argument. It is this: Whether inconceivability of the reverse be a perfect test or not, no better test can be had.

> It is our sole warrant for every demonstration. Logic is simply a systematisation of the process by which we indirectly possess it. To gain the strongest conviction possible respecting any complex fact, we either analytically descend from it by successive steps, each of which we unconsciously test by the inconceivableness of its negation, until we reach some axiom or truth which we have similarly tested; or we synthetically ascend from such axiom or truth by such steps. In either case we connect some isolated belief which invariably exists, by a series of intermediate beliefs which invariably exist.[1]

To be brief, "that what is inconceivable cannot be true, is postulated in every act of thought".

[1] *Principles of Psychology.* 1st Edition. pp. 28-9.

Mill's objection to this argument is admittedly feeble. The only flaw in it that he thinks he can find out is the equivocation of "inconceivable" in his opponent's writings, and he complains of Spencer's mode of using such ambiguous expressions in a philosophical discussion. In his opinion :

By "inconceivability" is sometimes meant inability to form or get rid of an idea; sometimes inability to form or get rid of a belief. The former meaning is the most conformable to the analogy of language; for a conception always means an idea, never a belief. . . . . . Mr. Spencer always endeavours to use the word "inconceivable" in this, its proper sense; but it may yet be questioned whether his endeavour is always successful; whether the other, and the popular use of the word does not sometimes creep in with its associations, and prevent him from maintaining a clear separation between the two.[1]

Yes; let "a considerable part of Mr. Spencer's language, if it is to be kept always consistent," be revised by all means, but we do not take long to discover that the great master of logic, too, in his turn, has failed to disentangle himself from the snare of linguistic ambiguities. In opposition to Spencer, he maintains that when a person experiencing a sensation of cold says that he cannot conceive otherwise, he does not mean to say that he cannot get rid of the idea of cold, for this (proceeds Mill) he evidently can; but he means to assert that he cannot believe himself not feeling cold. "The word 'conceive,' therefore, is here used to express the recognition of a matter of fact—the perception of truth and falsehood," which is but another name for belief. Again, in the same paragraph he asserts that while looking at the sun he can imagine himself looking into darkness.

Here, at last, has ambiguity crept into the language of Mill. All that Spencer meant to assert was, not that

[1] *System of Logic*, Book II, Chapter vii.

there could be formed absolutely no ideational representation of darkness, but that it was impossible for a person to *conceive himself as actually looking into darkness*, while his consciousness was, on the other hand, employed in finding himself looking at the sun. Spencer's language was plain enough; and it is not a little surprising that a thinker of Mill's acuteness should have so completely misunderstood it. To express the same phenomenon in the still plainer language of G. H. Lewes, "during the state of consciousness produced by his looking at the sun, it is impossible for the opposite state of consciousness to emerge".[1] With the bare statement of this, and, as we believe, the correct reading of Spencer's meaning, the entire force of Mill's objection vanishes.

Apparently, the greatest obstacle in Mill's opinion to the establishment of the test of the Inconceivability of the Negative is, that in the phraseology of its most consistent champion (*i.e.*, Spencer), "concept" is confounded with "belief". But, as a matter of fact, Spencer has contradistinguished the two terms with as much precision as the subtleties of language would allow. He says:

> An inconceivable proposition is one of which the terms cannot by any effort be brought before consciousness in that relation which the proposition asserts between them—a proposition of which the subject and the predicate offer an insurmountable resistance to union in thought. An unbelievable proposition is one which admits of being framed in thought, but is so much at variance with experience that its terms cannot be put in the alleged relation without effort.[2]

Whatever may be the other grounds for rejecting them, and we shall have to reject them presently, one

[1] Lewes' *History of Philosophy*, Vol. I, Prolegomena.

[2] Spencer's *Essays*, Vol. II.

may safely hold that these definitions are not ambiguous.[1] And Spencer, to all appearance, was hardly ever incautious in their application.

To sum up. We began by seeing that the recognition of an ultimate test of beliefs was the first requisite of our mental equipment. Then we saw that the test of Inconceivability of the Opposite was proposed by Spencer and others but was vigorously assailed by Mill. Next we proceeded to state and examine at length each of his objections severally, and found that they were either answered by Spencer himself or else admitted of answer at our hands.

With this recapitulation, one might see that enough has been said to enable the reader to estimate the comparative strength of the contending parties—that sufficient light has been shed on the polemics of the question, and that we are now in a position to set forth our own constructive plan. Briefly speaking, our observations are twofold; and in general they refer to the psychological rather than to the logical aspect of the problem.

1. Our first observation is that the terms "inconceivability" and "unbelievability" that have played so important a part throughout the discussion, in so far as they are used in connection with the ultimate criterion of belief, signify one and the same mental state. This apparent paradox can easily be explained. "Belief" psychologically is the direct contrary of suspense. In its essence it is conviction. When a man is said to have belief in his mortality, what is meant is that his judgment is not suspended in the matter, but that, on

[1] It should be noted that these meanings of "inconceivable" and "unbelievable," respectively, are substantially the same as given by Mill himself in his *Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy.*

the other hand, he has a conviction, a certainty, that he must die. A believable proposition, therefore, is one of which the two terms stand to each other in a fixed relation—the subject and the predicate are connected together in a certain determinate manner; and they can be pictured in our mind in the relation alleged by the proposition:

"All men are mortal;"
"All men are perhaps mortal;"
"All men are immortal."

Obviously each of these propositions conveys to the mind a sense altogether different from the other two; yet all of them are believable. Why? Because each of them expresses a certain fixed relation between the subject and the predicate; in one case, a certainty that a particular relation does exist between them; in another case, a certainty that it possibly exists; and in the last case, a certainty that it does not exist; and all these relations can be distinctly pictured in the mind. An unbelievable proposition is, contrariwise, one which does not fulfil the conditions requisite for a believable one.

Let us take another step. The proposition "I feel pain," is manifestly a believable one, for it expresses that there is a certain relation between my consciousness and a disagreeable sensation, and that my mind fully apprehends it. But this is also a proposition of which the negation, if the words are truly interpreting the feeling, is unbelievable. That is to say, when I am really experiencing pain—when my consciousness is occupied with this particular sensation—my mind is incapable of apprehending any sensation other than the former at the same moment. In other words, two opposing, or even different, relations between the same

objects are simultaneously incomprehensible by the mind, since there can be no certainty or finity of a particular relation while two opposing sensations are vying with each other in monopolising the attention of the mind. Hence our justification in considering the negation of this proposition, while we are experiencing a painful sensation, as unbelievable. But what is an inconceivable proposition? Just the same. While feeling pain, the negation of it is also inconceivable to me. Why? Because my mind is incapable of picturing to itself the two contradictory sensations together—one of pain which is actual, present; the other its negative, which is imaginary, representative. That I may not feel it at any other time and under different circumstances, I can well conceive; but that I am not feeling it at the same moment and under the same circumstances, I find impossible to conceive. But this is also just what I find impossible to believe. This illustrates that the terms "inconceivable" and "unbelievable," in their ultimate analysis, mean one and the same thing. And this holds good not only of the primary sensations, but the like may be said of all other necessary beliefs as well.

No proposition, then, of which the meaning can be distinctly conceived, is to be termed unbelievable, however much it may be opposed to experience. The truth and falsity of a proposition can, and must, be tested, verified and scrutinised by experience; but believability is something different from truth. The former is a sign of the correspondence between different aspects of our subjective nature, while the latter strictly takes into account the correspondence between the subjective and the objective world. "No man is mortal," is a

proposition wholly at variance with our experience, and when asserted as a matter of fact, must be discredited altogether; yet it is to be termed "unbelievable," not on that account, but because the mind feels some difficulty in comprehending the relation alleged—because the mind refuses to dissociate "mortality" and "humanity" which it has so long been accustomed to associate. "Whole is less than its part"; "Contradictories can co-exist"; "Everything is unequal to itself"; these and the like violations of the primary axioms are certainly unbelievable; but they are so not in virtue of their being opposed to any uniformities of experience, but for the sole reason that so long as the connotations of their subjects and predicates are kept intact, no mental synthesis can be established between them.

2. The next point that calls for remark is that the combatants have failed to distinguish between the objective and the subjective criterion of beliefs. Mill is at pains to prove that the real ground for refusing credence to any proposition is not its inconceivability, but the fact of a long series of experiences being opposed to it. Conceding the position that inconceivableness represents the net result of past experience, he maintains that it still merely *represents*, and is not itself, the real evidence. "Why, then," he interrogates, "should we stop at the representative when we can get at the thing represented?" Why indeed! But do we really get at the thing represented? Is it accessible to us? Who has ever declined to accept the negation of an axiom because its acceptance would run counter to his past experiences? Who of us has ever time to go through the record of his experiences while accepting or rejecting a proposition?

That the whole is greater than its part, is believed by us as an axiom, not because we have not had any experience to the contrary, but solely because we cannot help thinking it, we simply cannot deny it. Thus, as every one's introspection can testify, the real evidence for considering any proposition an axiom to *a thinker's mind* is not its conformity to a series of uniformities, but his incapacity to conceive its opposite. A psychologist can very well understand that the inconceivability of a thing is merely a mental register signifying that it is at variance with the objective facts; but then to the subject-consciousness this register alone is accessible, and to it, it is this register, not the individual facts of experience, that constitutes the real and substantial evidence. In a word, even admitting that the uniformity of experience is the ground of our belief in axioms considered objectively, it still remains unshaken that taken subjectively the mind's incapacity to think the opposite is the ultimate criterion of all beliefs.

It has been a standing reproach to the Inductive School that it takes no account, or, at any rate, does not take sufficient account, of a question so supremely important, and endeavours to build a superstructure of demonstration on no very firm basis. And while we consider it a bit of arrogance to suppose, as Spencer has done, that those who decline to furnish a test of certainty, do so "because they are half conscious that their own opinion will not bear testing," we cannot refrain from expressing our sheer astonishment at the resolute refusal of the empiricists to have furnished us with any criterion of certainty. But their pertinacity need not cause us to despair. Some of the ambiguities that have so far been a chief source of

alienating the Inductive School from their allies, the evolutionists, being now cleared up, and that without transcending the bounds of empiricism, there is every reason to hope that the reconciliation between the two Schools may be made easier.

Abdul Majid

ARHAṬS OR ṬIRTHAṄKARS

By LALA KANNOOMAL, M.A.

THE exalted souls that have attained Godhood while dwelling in their moral tabernacles by the predominance of their spiritual greatness, and by the total annihilation of past karmas with their widely stretching tentacles of effects, are called Arhaṭs, the destroyers of ignorance, or Ṭirthaṅkars, the spiritual steersmen of the destinies of mankind. The birth of a Ṭirthaṅkar, or his attainment of Godhood, is not an outcome of chance, but a well-ordained event that has for immense periods of time been in silent evolution. Intense, unceasing, persistent, patient and arduous endeavours, spread over thousands—nay, millions—of past lives, must the would-be Arhaṭ make to attain this goal. He must be scraping off scale after scale of his sins; throwing off veil after veil of his darkness; unravelling skein after skein of the tangled effects of his karmas; advancing step by step after repeated reverses towards inexhaustible treasures of spirituality; and scaling rung by rung the steep ladder of enlightenment. The process, complicated and protracted, involves in its course, a slow and silent evolution of all spiritual, moral, intellectual and physical potentialities. The very tendencies of the physical body have to be moulded so as to build a body fit for the dwelling therein of a Ṭirthaṇkar's soul. A rigid performance of duties towards the seven classes of holy

beings, as described in the Jain Scriptures; an uncompromising practice of the teachings of the previous Arhaṭs; a highly rigorous course of moral discipline, culminating in the evolution of an ideal character; a persistent and unceasing performance of the prescribed five great vows, coupled with the severest ordeals of purificatory rites, which purge the mind of the slightest trace of a vicious trait, and subject the body to repeated baptisms of rigorous austerities and fasts; an unstinted distribution of charity; an unflinching devotion to the spiritual preceptor and his holy teachings; an uninterrupted accumulation of brighter and newer truths; and a life of perfect benevolence to all beings—these are some of the preliminaries for the attainment of the birth which culminates in final emancipation from the trammels of the Samsāra and in the attainment of Godhood. From his very birth, a Ṭirthaṅkar is endowed with internal greatness which, after the period of his enlightenment, multiplies a thousandfold; and the whole universe, terrestrial and celestial, outpours its love, reverence and fealty to him in many a varied form.

The distinguishing characteristics of a Ṭirthaṅkar are (1) his endowments, which are principally twelve, but which with their subdivisions are many; and (2) his immunity from eighteen kinds of earthly blemishes. The endowments referred to are:

I. Knowledge of truths that endure through all time—past, present and future.

II. Greatness of speech, which is characterised by thirty-four distinguishing merits such as purity, lucidity, refinement, depth of sound, harmony, simplicity, musicality, high external significance, absence of contradiction, unambiguity, faultlessness, effectiveness, verbal

arrangement, appropriateness to time and place, accuracy, relevancy. It is reverential towards spiritual subjects, explanatory of the subject to be discussed, sweet and harmonious, justly eulogistic of deserving beings, unprejudicial, unfrivolous, instinct with virtue and wisdom, highly grammatical, picturesque, marvellous, energetic, easy and flowing, descriptive of many subjects, well-worded and phrased, untiresome and successful in proving the right point.

III. Peculiarities of physical characteristics evident from birth. These are:

1. The body of the Ṭirthaṅkar is excellently formed. It emits fragrance and is free from all ailments and such unclean things as perspiration, excreta, etc.

2. His breathing has the aroma of a lotus flower.

3. His flesh and blood have the white appearance of a cow's milk.

4. His acts of taking meals and rest are invisible to a gross eye.

IV. Miraculous effects, which come to view when his fourfold sheaths of knowledge have disappeared. These are:

1. Although the place where the Ṭirthaṅkar dwells and preaches does not extend more than a yojan (four miles), it can hold a congregation of millions of ḍevas, men and animals, without overcrowding it.

2. Although he speaks a mixture of Magadhi dialect, all species of beings, ḍevas, men and animals, understand him in their own respective dialects and his voice is audible for a distance of four miles.

3. A halo of light radiates behind his head and appears as it were a reflection of the sun. It shines with its own peculiar refulgence.

4. For a distance of twenty-five and a half yojans around him, there is a perfect immunity from such diseases as fever, etc.

5. Nor is there in such a space any mutual ill-feeling ;

6. Nor plague of mice, etc ;

7. Nor epidemic ;

8. Nor floods ;

9. Nor failure of rains;

10. Nor scarcity ;

11. Nor fear arising from one's own wicked acts or those of others.

V. A number of heavenly and earthly phenomena indicative of the feelings of reverence, love and joy of celestial and earthly beings towards the Ṭirthaṅkar, when he has attained enlightenment. The following list includes the remaining eight distinguishing endowments alluded to heretofore :

1. The heavens show a circle of glorious light over the Ṭirthaṅkar.

2. A chowar is seen being held over him in the sky.

3. A throne of white crystal is seen in the sky.

4. The heavens show three canopies being held over him.

5. A flag bejewelled with gems is seen in the sky.

6. When the Ṭirthaṅkar walks, a gold lotus flower is seen being placed close to his foot by ḍevas.

7. The floor of his dwelling-place is spread over with immense quantities of gold and silver.

8. At this place he is seen as having four faces.

9. An Asoka tree is seen to protect him from the sun.

10. As he walks, thorns in the path turn down their points.

11. Trees bend down their boughs, as it were, in the act of offering their obeisance to him.

12. Divine kettledrums are heard with their deep sounds reverberating the universe.

13. Cool and pleasing breezes blow around.

14. Birds fly round him in reverence.

15. The heavens pour down rains of scented water.

16. A shower of five kinds of sweet flowers falls upon him from the sky.

17. Hair, beard, moustaches, and nails cease their functions of growing.

18. A crore of four kinds of ḍevas stay in close proximity to him.

19. All the six seasons give up their unpleasant inclemencies and become pleasing and agreeable.

The eighteen blemishes, or disadvantages, from which the Ṭirthaṅkar is entirely free are:

1. Obstruction to unstinted distribution of alms; 2. Obstruction to unstinted ownership of things; 3. Obstruction to unstinted powers; 4. Obstruction to unstinted new enjoyments such as flowers, garlands, etc.; 5. Obstruction to unstinted daily enjoyments such as women, apparels, gardens, etc; 6. Laughter; 7. Attachment; 8. Aversion; 9. Sevenfold fear; 10. Disgust; 11. Grief; 12. Lust; 13. Affection; 14. Ignorance; 15. Sleep; 16. Desire; 17. Passion; 18. Animosity or Anger.

When the Arhaṭ is born he knows the time when he will go through initiation. A year before the arrival of this time, hosts of celestial beings wait upon

him and request him to go through the initiation for the good of the world. He complies with their request and by the time the appointed hour of initiation arrives, he takes to giving in charity immense treasures of gold. With the permission of his parents, if they are alive, or that of the members of his family, he takes the initiation, but there is no teacher to initiate him. When this is over he sets himself right earnestly to wipe off all traces of sin, if any are left, and performs extraordinarily severe austerities. When all the obstructions that intervened between him and his vision of pure and glorious knowledge have been removed, he is face to face with all that is. Infinite knowledge, infinite vision, infinite wisdom, infinite power, infinite bliss, are his possessions. For the spiritual upliftment of mankind, for the steersmanship of the destinies of living beings along the path of righteousness, for alleviation of the sufferings and miseries of peoples, the enlightened Ṭirthaṅkar takes to preaching the holy truths, the glorious, transcendental, sublime truths with which he is face to face. To him the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the Brahman and the chandal are alike. A stone and a lump of gold have no difference for him; a woman and a blade of grass are alike worthy of his compassion. He is full of forgiveness, compassion, benevolence, humility. He is without greed, without pride, without desire, without ill-feeling, without vanity. He is possessed of simplicity, chastity, self-control, bravery, courage, fortitude, sobriety. He abstains from flesh, wine and all forbidden foods, and is the very Ocean of Compassion. Let others be disposed hostilely towards him, but he is perpetually bent upon delivering them from the hideous pitfalls of the world.

The Arhaṭ is, according to the Jains, what God is to other religions and is possessed of all His attributes. While in a body he is called the Arhaṭ and when he has left it, he becomes a Siḍḍha, one for ever liberated from the meshes of the Samsāra to which he never returns. Some of the innumerable attributes assigned to the Arhaṭ are as follows.

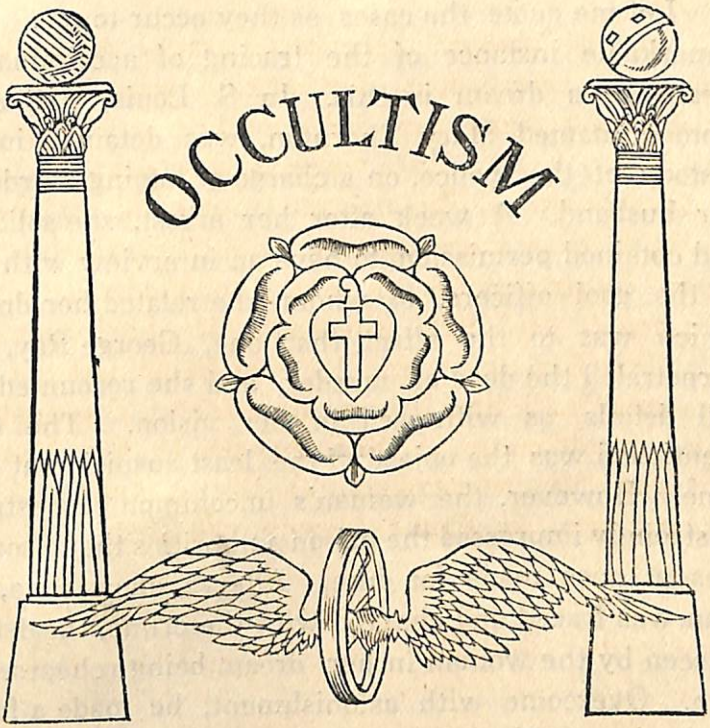
He is indestructible, glorious, incomprehensible, immeasurable, primeval. He is the Brahman, the Supreme Lord, the Destroyer of Cupid, the Lord of Yogīs, the Knower of all Mysteries, the Manifold yet One, the Quintessence of Wisdom—the Infinite and the Ever Immaculate. In his aspect as the Siḍḍha, he is beyond all consumption, old age, death, change, destruction, impurity, form, motion, the Quintessence of Glory, the Lord, the Highest Brahman, the Supreme Spirit, the Unborn, He who cannot be born, the very Essence of Truth, Intelligence and Bliss.

Excepting the Arhaṭ and the Siḍḍha, there is no God, according to the Jains. All time is split up into two great cycles or, technically designated, saws, each with six distinct sections. These two cycles are called the Uṭsarpani (going upwards) and the Absarpani (going downwards) from the fact that in the former, each of the six stages dividing it is better than the one preceding it, and in the latter, the case is the reverse. In each cycle twenty-four Arhaṭs or Ṭirthaṅkars are born for the exaltation of righteousness and the spiritual upliftment of mankind. While they help in the spiritual evolution of the world, they leave alone the course of nature and the causes of karmas to work out their own effects. They neither create the world, nor bring about its dissolution. It is the eternal forces of nature that

manifest themselves by their combination and permutation without any help from God, or any Arhaṭ, or Siḍḍha.

In the present Absarpani Cycle of the world, the following twenty-four Ṭirthaṅkars were born, Shri Rishavnath being the first and Shri Mahavir being the last. 1. Shri Rishavnath. 2. Shri Ajitnath. 3. Shri Samvabhnath. 4. Shri Abhnandannath. 5. Shri Sumatinath. 6. Shri Padamprebhu. 7. Shri Suparashnath. 8. Shri Chandrprebhu. 9. Shri Subudhnath, or Shri Pushdant. 10. Shri Sitalnath. 11. Shri Srausnath. 12. Shri Baspujiaswami. 13. Shri Bemalnath. 14. Shri Anantnath. 15. Shri Dharmnath. 16. Shri Shautinath. 17. Shri Kunthanath. 18. Shri Arnath. 19. Shri Malinath. 20. Shri Munisubritswami. 21. Shri Nemnath. 22. Shri Arasthnath. 23. Shri Parasnath and 24. Shri Mahavir.

Lala Kannoomal



DREAMS AS DETECTIVE AGENCIES

By M. KRISHNASWAMI AIYAR

SOME years ago, I happened to read some descriptions of dreams that had been successful instruments for the detection of criminals. I have been rather perplexed to account satisfactorily for such mysterious phenomena. Herein I put down from memory as faithfully as possible a full report of dreams of the kind I refer to, hoping that all scholars interested in the discussion of this topic will bring to bear their knowledge

and experience to unravel the mystery that seems to shroud the question.

Let me quote the cases as they occur to me. One remarkable instance of the tracing of a criminal by means of a dream is this. In S. Louis, U. S. A., a woman, named Mary Thornton, was detained in the custody of the police, on a charge of having murdered her husband. A week after her arrest, she solicited and obtained permission to have an interview with one of the gaol officers, to whom she related her dream which was to the effect that one, George Ray, had perpetrated the deed of murder, and she recounted the full details, as witnessed in her vision. The man mentioned was the object of the least suspicion at that time. However, the woman's uncommon earnestness so strongly impressed the prison authorities that a search was at once made for him. After a short time, the man was traced and charged with the crime, the details as seen by the woman in her dream being rehearsed to him. Overcome with astonishment, he made a frank confession of his crime; whereupon, of course, he was sentenced to be hanged. The curious feature about this occurrence lies in the fact that the woman had only seen the murderer once and believed him to be a close friend of her husband.

Here is yet another striking instance. A woman, named Drew, dreamed that one night her husband, a retired sailor, had been murdered by a pedlar at a tavern near Gravesend, which was a place of resort for the sailor during his visit to the town. Early next morning, as soon as she was up, the first news that awaited her was that her husband had been assassinated at that very tavern. Thereupon, she raised hysterical cries,

saying that her dream had come true. Then composing herself, she furnished the police with an exact description of the pedlar seen in her vision, even in regard to his dress which included a blue coat of a peculiar pattern. A pedlar exactly answering to the description was discovered two days later at an inn, six miles from Gravesend. His guilt having been brought home to him, he admitted that he had committed the murder in order to rob the man. He was hanged soon after, his doom having come about through the flimsy evidence of a woman's dream!

Another instance is that of a thriving merchant who left his office on a Saturday evening, came home, enjoyed a good meal, took repose and fell into a light dose. He had a very vivid dream, wherein he saw two men of a burglar band engaged in rifling the safe in his office. The vision so wrought upon his brain that he resolved to rise, go to the office and examine if everything was under lock and key. How amazed, then, was he when, on his arrival, he discovered the door forced and the burglary in actual process! Without a moment's delay, he summoned two policemen, and, in the course of five minutes, the thieves, who were notorious housebreakers, were arrested and taken to the police station. In view of the fact that the safe contained valuables to the amount of thousands of pounds, the dream in question turned out to be a very fortunate one for the dreamer.

Again, there was a skilful forger, a young man, thirty years old, in Boston. One day he made the acquaintance of a rich publisher, at whose house he became a constant guest. The publisher's bankers found that their client's signature had been forged to various cheques. All efforts of the detectives were of no

avail. But one night the publisher's daughter, a tiny girl of seven, dreamed that she saw a man, the very likeness of the visitor, assiduously practising to write her father's signature. The child's dream was communicated to the police, who ridiculed the same at the outset, but eventually promised to watch the man in question, with the result that his lodgings were raided and a complete plant for the making of bank notes was found there. It was then discovered that his services had been availed of for manifold forgeries in the neighbourhood, and he was sent to prison for a long term. The dream is extraordinary in that the child was too young to understand the leading incidents of the business.

Surely, we may say with Hamlet: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

M. Krishnaswami Aiyar

ANCIENT CHINA AND THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of "The Peony of Pao-Yu",

"Flower of the Snow", etc.)

TO-DAY the Celestial Empire has become a Republic, and recently the President drove to the Temple of Heaven and performed, very hurriedly and very incompletely, those sacred ceremonies imposed upon the Emperors of China for thousands of years. It was a startling innovation over which the Gods may well have wept, and such heresy must have caused no little pain to those Chinese who still revere ancient ritual and still hunger in their hearts for the days of old. The greatness of China in the past lay in her wisdom and the rare beauty of her art. She was never a fighting nation, and was far more concerned with philosophy and poetry than with wars and the greedy clamour for the position of a World-Power. To-day Japan, as the result of her success in the fall of Kiaochau, is making demands on China that have awakened alarm in America, and Germans are busy in spreading wild reports at Peking in which the Yellow Peril bogey is pre-eminent.

Long ago in ancient China there were men who dreamed dreams and saw visions as splendid as those of

the Yellow Emperor: men who, in a hut on some lonely mountain-side, or in grove or cave, sought to discover the elixir that would confer immortality and the stone that would transmute base metal into gold. In those days there were magicians who spoke of glories more beautiful, more enduring, than the pomp and circumstance of kings. Some, no doubt, were charlatans, but there were a few who had lifted a corner of the veil and caught a glimpse of the Far Beyond. In Cathay alchemy had its original source, and from thence came to Arabia. This craving for life beyond the allotted span was the thought that dominated the alchemists of the East as well as those of the West. Material, rather than spiritual, immortality was the object aimed at, and with such an object in view it is not surprising to find that this quest for enduring life went hand in hand with a search for fabulous wealth.

Alchemy is not necessarily associated with that form of necromancy which Benvenuto Cellini described so amusingly in his autobiography of a great Russian novelist in *The Forerunner*. Alchemy is the beginning of chemistry and the basis of medicine, and, even if these old alchemists failed in their dual quest, they found wisdom which they did not seek and pressed back the doors of science. There was something heroic about those alchemists. They sacrificed all for their labour and worked with a persistence that gave a crown of glory to human effort. Browning was right in making Paracelsus an immortal figure. Those who have met and loved Balthazar Claes in Balzac's *The Quest of the Absolute* are never likely to forget the pathos of such a man. "Matter etherealised, and given off", he cried to his wife, "the secret, doubtless, of the Absolute!

Only think of it! If I should be the first—I the first—if I should find it out. .. if I find. . . if I find. . . !" But he never found the Absolute in this world. Perhaps in death that poor, weary soul, persecuted even by his children, discovered the secret which the Almighty in His wisdom has hidden from human understanding. To amass fabulous wealth by the use of the Philosopher's Stone, to live for ever in this world by means of the Elixir of Life, are not desirable after all, and there were some alchemists who made this discovery in the end. They found that the life of the spirit endures just as surely as the human body must decay, and in that knowledge they found their reward—great treasure, truly, in the heavenly kingdom. There are alchemists of the soul, Christian mystics of all times, who have discovered that the only elixir worth having is not a concoction made by human hands, however the ingredients may be, but the Water of Life, to drink of which is never to thirst again. That, they found, was the Divine Elixir, the Water that gave everlasting life and communion with the Most High.

The teaching of Confucius, even if we only regard it as a system of morality, without the element of religion, has much to commend it. He introduced ethics of as much value to the individual as to the State. He saw the wisdom of unity in human relationships, and no one is likely to quarrel with his Golden Rule. He stressed the value of filial piety, and did much in setting a good example, both in life and teaching, as far as the requirements of this life were concerned. Confucius was limited in his outlook because he lacked a powerful imagination. The Great Adventure,

and what lay beyond, did not interest him. He was simply an ethical organiser and gave nothing to satisfy the cravings of the soul. Food for spiritual thought was given by Lao Tzu, the founder of Taoism, but his teaching was loaded with much abstruseness. Lao Tzu's Tao (Way) was a hard way, too hard for the ignorant man, who clamoured at once for spiritual consolation. It was for those who were prepared to fast and keep lone vigil, for those who could master the Taoist texts, and could afford to wait patiently for the dawning light.

It is not necessary to go into the complexities of Taoism, except to observe that Tao, the Way, has been described by Chuang Tzu as the "happiness of God" and also as a "sacred everlasting calm". The true Taoist, having subdued the ego, entered into "subjective relations with all things". "He who can achieve this," writes Mr. Lionel Giles, "will 'reject all distinction of this and that,' because he is able to descry ultimate Unity in which they are merged, a mysterious One which 'blends, transcends them all'." Chuang Tzu's whole duty of man is summed up in the following: "Resolve your mental energy into abstraction, your physical energy into inaction. Allow yourself to fall in with the natural order of phenomena, without admitting the element of self." There were similarities between Buddhism and Taoism, and something akin to Nirvāṇa was common to the latter. That is evident from the following poem of Po Chu-i, a great Taoist poet of the T'ang dynasty:

> Within my breast no sorrows can abide,
> I feel the great world's spirit through me thrill;
> And as a cloud I drift before the wind,
> Or with the random swallow take my will.

> As underneath a mulberry tree I dream,
> The water-clock drips on, and dawn appears :
> A new day shines o'er wrinkles and white hair,
> The symbols of the fullness of my years.
>
> If I depart, I cast no look behind ;
> If still alive, I still am free from care.
> Since life and death in cycles come and go,
> Of little moment are the days to spare.
>
> Thus strong in faith I wait and long to be
> One with the pulsings of Eternity.

Lao Tzu taught his disciples to enter into harmony with their environment. Chuang Tzu, the S. Paul of Taoism, made that environment spiritual, and advised all true Taoists "to pass into the realm of the Infinite and make one's final rest therein". At this point pure Taoism ends, and a host of magicians, finding the way of Lao Tzu a very thorny path, attempted to solve the problem of immortality by inventing the Elixir of Life.

To the uninitiated the marvels of the Eight Immortals read very much like a glorified fairy-tale. Chang Kwoh could fold up his mule and put it into his wallet, and by spitting upon the packet make it resume its proper shape. Han Siang Tsze achieved immortality while falling from the branches of the sacred peach tree, and the maiden Ho Sien Ku entered upon a similar state of bliss by eating the powder of mother-o'-pearl. It is recorded that when Ch'u-p'ing was a boy, he led a flock of sheep into the Kin Hwa mountains to feed, while he himself entered a cave and remained there for over forty years. One day his brother chanced to meet a wandering priest who told him that there was a shepherd-boy among the mountains. Thinking that this might be the long-lost relative, the brother set off with renewed hope, and at length discovered Hwang Ch'u-p'ing seated in his cave, surrounded

with blocks of white stone. "Where are your sheep?" inquired the brother. The recluse, who apparently had not aged with the coming of time, uttered a strange sound, and behold the blocks of stone became transformed into a flock of sheep!

Great adepts could fly through the air by simply breathing in a particular way and uttering the right formula. They could do so either in the body or in the spirit for the purpose of visiting the Palace of Jade in order to listen to the discourse of the Immortals. These magicians who could turn snow into gold and fly through the blue sky on the back of an obliging heron were not always infallible and could not invariably control their destinies. Before T'ieh Kwai Sien-sheng took a long journey into the realm of the gods, he instructed his disciple to guard his body during the absence of his spirit. "If," said the sage with profound solemnity, "I do not return to this world within seven days, you may dismiss my earthly remains into space." Having uttered these words the adept's spirit flew away, and his disciple kept vigil by the silent body. It so happened that on the sixth day the disciple was called away in order to attend his dying mother, and on that day the spirit of the master returned to find, much to his chagrin, that his earthly body was no longer vitalised. The spirit, cursing the laxity of his disciple, entered the body of a lame and crooked beggar, who happened to pass that way, and in this miserable form the magician continued his existence.

This mysterious power was not easily attained, and in order to attain it, it was necessary to master a certain sacred book. Ko Hsuan, one of the Eight Immortals wrote:

I have obtained this Principle. Formerly I conned this book ten thousand times. It is only men of Heaven who can learn it, and it should not be imparted to those of inferior calibre. I received it in the first instance from the Divine Prince of Eastern Glory; he received it from the Divine Prince of the Golden Gate, and he from the Royal Mother of the West . . . . Scholars of eminence who thoroughly comprehend it will ascend on high and receive authority in Heaven; those of medium grade who strive to put it into practice will have their name inscribed on the roll of the Immortals in the Southern Palace; while those of the lowest order who obtain it will live long years on earth, roam through the Three Spheres of Being, and, mounting on high, pass through the Golden Gate.

The Elixir of Life in the Land of the Blue Gown is not without its humorous side. It is said that the Duke of Luyang, after drinking the Elixir of Life, rose to heaven in broad daylight. He drank the precious liquid in a great hurry, and, in his excitement, he dropped the vessel containing it. His dogs and fowls sipped the few remaining drops and immediately ascended in the air after their master! Oh, those sceptics, humorous or otherwise, who will never believe in anything that is spiced with wonder and made radiant with imagination!

Before dealing with the nature of the Chinese Elixir of Life, it would be as well to ascertain, if we can, its esoteric significance. In one of the Taoist texts known as the *Hsin Yin Ching* we read:

There are three degrees of Supreme Elixir—the Spirit, the Breath, and the Essential Vigour. Obscure and recondite! Confused and dim! . . . . Men are all possessed of the Essential Vigour; this corresponds with the Spirit, the Spirit with the Breath, and the Breath with the essential nature of the body . . . . The Spirit is able to enter stone; the Spirit is able to fly through solid bodies. If it enters water, it is not drowned; or fire, it is not burned. The Spirit depends, for its birth, upon the body; the Essential Vigour depends, for attaining its full proportions, upon the Breath. They never lose their vitality or force, but are evergreen, like the pine and cedar trees. The three are all one Principle. Their mystery and beauty cannot

be heard. The combination of them produces existence; their dispersion, extinction. If the seven apertures (eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth, etc.) are all open, each aperture will be bright and luminous, [for] the Holy Sun and Holy Moon will pour their effulgence upon the Golden Hall. Once obtained, they are obtained for ever; then the body will become naturally bouyant, the Universal Harmony will be replete, and the bones will dissolve into the cold chrysoprasus flower. If the Elixir be obtained, supernatural intelligence will result; if it be not obtained, there will be defeat and ruin . . . . If this treatise be conned over ten thousand times, its beautiful and mysterious doctrine will become clear of itself.

What is this mysterious Chinese Elixir of Life that is also the elixir of gold and the panacea for all ills, the transmutation of earth into heaven? Two hundred years before the Magi journeyed to the humble manger of Our Lord, a Chinese poet by the name of Szema Siang-ju spoke of "chewing the blossoms of the *k'iung*". He referred to the miraculous jadestone tree that grew on Mount Kw'en Lun, the abode of the Western Royal Mother. This tree was "10,000 cubits in height and 300 arm-spans in circumference," and the eating of its blossom conferred immortality. The word *k'iung* (jadestone) is a symbol for all that is most beautiful and most precious. Chinese poets used it as a synonym for whiteness, spotlessness, purity. The moon is sometimes described as "the lake of *k'iung*". For centuries the Chinese have regarded the jadestone with great veneration, and it is not surprising to find that it takes a prominent place in Chinese alchemy. Taoist philosophers, believing that the jadestone Tree of Heaven revealed the highest strength combined with the purest effulgence, were not slow to attribute all manner of virtues to this precious gem. P'uh Tsze informs us that from the mountain producing it a liquid flows which, in the course of ten thousand years, becomes solidified into a substance as clear and dazzling as crystal. It

may be changed into its former state by the application of a certain herb. A draught of this liquid confers the gift of living for a thousand years, while if a quantity be imbibed, it will enable the happy adept to fly into the air and join the Immortals. Powdered ash of the mulberry, combined with the gum of the peach tree, was said to be a cure for all maladies, and also to confer immortality. Our biblical Tree of Knowledge is by no means an isolated example. We have already referred to the jadestone, peach, and mulberry trees. There was yet another miraculous tree. It was called *k'ien* (cassia) and grew in the moon. Those who ate the sacred leaves not only lived for ever, but their bodies became as pellucid as the clearest mountain stream. It is possible that the Chinese God of Medicine derived sustenance from this source, for he had the extraordinary gift of being able to see into his stomach and watch the action of drugs! Some of us may be inclined to conjecture that the conception of the *k'ien* was borrowed from certain Buḍḍhist *sutras* where reference will be found to the tree of the King of Drugs that is said to grow somewhere in the Himālayas.

The old Chinese philosophers did not regard gold as a precious metal that had always been in existence, but the result of a slow evolutionary process, from the dim beginnings of creation to silver, up to the precious metal itself. Another alchemist tells us that gold is the perfected essence of mountain rock, which in course of time is converted into quicksilver. The change into quicksilver is due to the female or lunar principle in nature, and it can only be transmuted into gold when it is acted upon by the male, or solar principle. It was

this compound, when treated in a particular way, which became the powder of transmutation and in addition, the Elixir of Life, or "the golden draught," a designation which was particularly happy and not without a sparkle of wit. Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove, Acting President of the Alchemical Society, London, informs me that these theories are "entirely those of European alchemy. The European alchemists also believed that gold had not always been gold, but was produced by evolution from 'mercury,' the female principle of nature, by fecundation with 'sulphur,' the male principle. They also believed that by carrying the process further one could produce the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life".

Many marvels were to be seen by those who had mastered the mysteries of the later Taoists, and those marvels have been recorded with so much poetry and imagination, with so much tantalising glamour as to lead one to suppose that the brushes of the writers were steeped in a kind of transcendental fairyland. They could listen to the wise words of Lao Tzu and the Eight Immortals. They could, in a merry mood, watch Kieh Lin, the Old Man of the Moon, tying together with a red cord infants destined to be joined in future wedlock, or they could see mountains on the back of a tortoise, or fly to the Palace of Jade. They could listen to the lute-playing of Siao She, or gaze upon the Pure Supreme Mansion of the Immortals.

On Kw'en Lun, a mountain in the Hindu Kush, dwelt Si Wang Mu, the Western Royal Mother. From the mountain flowed the blue, white, red, and black rivers, and on the summit stood Si Wang Mu's palace. A Chinese writer thus describes it:

It has walls piled high in ninefold gradations—upon it there grow trees and grain. On the west there are the tree of pearls, the tree of jadestone, the tree of the *suan* gem, the tree of immortality. At its foot flows the Yellow Water which, after three windings, returns to its source. It is called the *Tan* (gold) water, and those who drink of it escape death.

On the terraces of this mountain were "fields of sesamum" and "gardens of coriander," the seeds of which were eaten by votaries of longevity. There were also twelve towers of gems, composed of five-coloured jadestone, and, in addition, there was the Lake of Jewels. To speak of the glory of the Western Royal Mother, her azure birds, genii, and fairy attendants, would require the glowing language of the "Arabian Nights".

We must not dismiss these fantastic stories as so many fairy-tales. Behind these preposterous adventures in the Unknown we can trace a craving after the Beautiful. There is a vein of truth in them all, the essential truth of all-enduring life. These Chinese alchemists tried to find peace in the dark and tangled woods of never-satisfying magic. They eagerly pressed forward with groping hands to the waters of crystalline jadestone, to the peach tree, to the mighty tree that grows in the moon. This quest is sacred, memorable, because it reveals colossal human effort. Perhaps this search, this splendid struggle, this yearning for something more than life's human span, is answered for all time in these mystical words: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

F. Hadland Davis

KISMET

By C. A. Dawson Scott

AT the bottom of Wazdi Bey's garden stood a large tank. Gold and silver fish swam among the water-lilies, tadpoles wriggled between the greeny-brown stems, while on the wall above lizards crouched in the sunshine. Altogether an attractive place and one that Mustapha, Wazdi's little son, found peculiarly to his taste.

He was a child of constructive ability and with his father's consent and the help of Fortunatus had begun to transform one of the garden beds into a pond. The plot chosen was near two thin-leaved pepper-trees and flanked by a cedar. After the earth had been dug out, the floor was to be cemented, a fountain built in the middle and broad-leaved plants set round the edge. The place was to be a haunt of coolness and shade; and Mustapha, liking an onlooker, had persuaded his half-sister Fatmeh to come and, from her hammock under the trellised arbour of bougainvillea and passion-flower, watch the proceedings.

Nor was Fatmeh loath to come. The summer had set in early and the hot days found her disinclined for exertion. The garden with its many trees, the faint breeze blowing in from the Bosphorus and the flicker

of yellow light through the moving leaves, were in accordance with the girl's languid mood. For she, who had been the life and joy of the harem, whose happy voice had been heard from dawn to dusk in "songs of Araby," now held her peace and moved slowly and sat for hours gazing dreamily into space. She was grown thinner, and her chestnut hair, crowning the graceful slender body, made her more than ever like a tiger-lily on a long stem.

This particular day, as if to complete the resemblance, she wore a pale green melhafa.[1] As she half-sat, half-lay upon the red and white netting, her thoughts strayed from the sturdy boy, casting up spadefuls of rich garden earth—earth with a sweet and pleasant smell—to the future. Since Ayesha had gone back to her husband, Sughra Hanem from the house on the other side of the lane had been assiduous in her attentions. For some time she had had Fatmeh under her considering eye. A restless, eager and ambitious woman, it had taken Sughra some time to reach the conclusion that this girl with her beauty and large dowry, was worthy even of her dear Allah-ud-din. He, though her fourth, was Sughra's favourite son, and greatly to her annoyance had chosen the Diplomatic Service. It removed him from the sphere of her influence and made her vaguely uneasy. Allah-ud-din had always been the least docile of her many children, and she felt she would not know peace of heart till he were suitably married. She was now only waiting till his formal consent had been obtained, to summon the marriage brokers and put the matter in train. Meanwhile she did not stint to talk to Fatmeh of this dear

[1] Robe.

one who for his country's sake was living afar off, in a land where not even the public eating-houses could make a kous-kous.

From the little screened window that overhung the lane, Fatmeh had seen Allah-ud-din pass in and out of his father's house and she thought him, if not all that his mother said, at least a personable and pleasant youth. The future, as sketched by Sughra, was such a one as the girl, left to follow her instincts, would have chosen. To marry Allah-ud-din, to live with his parents while he was at the Embassies in Paris, or London, or Vienna, to be never more than a few yards from the old home and its interests, was to Fatmeh, timid, affectionate and retiring, an attractive prospect. She would be able to bring her babies over to the garden in which as a child she had run and played; and playing with them, would forget the flight of time. She looked forward therefore with equanimity, for life seemed to be proffering her heart's desire.

"I am tired," announced Mustapha, suddenly throwing down his spade. "I will sit here by Fatmeh and while I rest you, Fortunatus, shall go on digging."

The little boy climbed into the hammock which fortunately was both wide and strong, and cuddled himself down by his sister. With dark eyes that soon grew sleepy, he watched the spadefuls that were flung up rhythmically and at regular intervals by the man who was at once his servant and his guardian. The garden was full of quiet growth. Figs were ripening under the scanty shelter of the leaves, from a great vine on the wall hung clusters of purpling grapes while to the right, nut trees were stretching their close green foliage over a flagged pathway. It being early in the day, the heat was not

great, and as he dug Fortunatus sang in a low voice a ghazel, or song of love, a song which ran like a thread of fire through Fatmeh's visions of the future.

> Altho' I sleep
> My heart is hearkening for thy voice
> O passionate nightingale of love—
> Thou my desire.
>
> Altho' I watch
> Closed is the lattice of thy heart
> Closed to the lover is thy gate,
> O my desire.
>
> O moon of pearl
> I am the weed beside the way
> And in the drought I parch, I die—
> Of my desire.

Something in the voice, liquid, melancholy and yet desperately alive, made Fatmeh open her eyes, eyes with flecks of gold in their blue, and consider the singer. Turkish ladies do not veil before their servants, nor indeed do they take more heed of them than does the Englishwoman. Fatmeh, daughter of the house, was aware of Fortunatus as the servant whom, in spite of his youth, her father trusted. Now, however, as she looked across the mounds of dark and fruitful earth and, with his song still in her ears, watched him pause and straighten his back, she saw him not as a hired retainer but as a man.

"How came you here?" she asked with sudden interest.

The man's mind carried him back to the summer day when he had been entrusted with the care of little sleepy Mustapha. "I came," he said grimly, "so that my master's son might grow up to be a man."

"His life was threatened? Allah!" Fatmeh was frankly surprised. The secrets of the house, whispered

over the braziers of an evening, had never reached her ears. She stooped to the sleeping child and kissed him softly. "Who would hurt a baby?"

"Who indeed, Effendim?" said Fortunatus, wondering how so dove-like a creature could have been born to Wazdi's first wife. "Nevertheless, when there is but one lamb in a flock, the shepherd does not leave anything to chance."

"My father is very wise," she smiled tenderly, "and a good father. Vai, vai, and before you came here?"

Fortunatus, leaning on his long-handled spade, determined for once to speak the truth. "I am a man of no consequence, Effendim; a foundling left on the doorstep of Palamountain, whose wife, Amina, let me feed with her children."

Fatmeh had often listened to the mesnevi,[1] but this human tale struck her as more worthy both of tongue that spake and ear that heard.

"They tell of such things, but I had not thought the mother lived who could desert her child. Was there no clue?"

From round his neck Fortunatus took a leathern bag suitable for carrying a talisman and from it he drew a kham[2] of dark blue glass.

"They string such on the necks of camels to keep off the evil eye. Amina found it fastened to the sheepskin in which I was wrapped; and for that reason, and another, they hold I am of the caravan folk, those who come and go, from Stamboul to Samarkand."

[1] Story-teller.

[2] The prophet's Daughter was also named Fatmeh and her hand, roughly shaped, is a common Muslim mascot.

"The gipsy folk who have the sooth and can read the stars?"

"It may be, Effendim!"

Mustapha stirred in his sleep and Fortunatus ever watchful for his comfort drove the spade deep and came to the arbour, "Give me the child, Effendim. He sleeps better on the good earth."

"He is indeed heavy," sighed Fatmeh; and Fortunatus, squatting down, settled the little boy against himself. "Now for the other reason?"

"When my adopted father made the Hajj,[1] I went with him."

Fatmeh's eyes, always limpid, sparkled with interest. It is the ambition of all good Muhammadans to go to Mecca, but many are called and few chosen. To think that in their midst they had long harboured a successful pilgrim! "The dangers of the way!" she breathed, she who was no traveller and to whom any road would have seemed uphill.

"Many died," said Fortunatus soberly, "and we were delayed, first by storm and then by sickness."

"You were in time?" The merit of the pilgrimage would have been lost, if the caravans had arrived after a certain date.

"In time," he nodded proudly, "therefore I, even I, have stood on Mount Ararat, heard the appointed sermon and sacrificed a sheep in the Vale of Muna."

"Wonderful, O most wonderful!" cried Fatmeh, and for a moment the look of health returned in glowing cheek and kindled eye.

Fortunatus' glance was soft and warm. It seemed to envelop the girl as in a glowing veil. Her own

[1] Pilgrimage to Mecca.

sank before it and she wondered vaguely why the day should seem full of infinite possibilities, all touched with glamour.

"Allah kerim!"[1] said the young man, "for I proved a sorry son to my adopted parents and yet—yet was I not punished. I had the wandering blood and when Palamountain returned, he came alone."

"And you?"

"I worked for Franks on shipboard, earning thus my meat. The ship went up and down the world and I with it till I was a man. At length I wearied of the water and came home."

"That I can understand."

"I wanted," said Fortunatus simply, "to eat once more the food of my own people."

Fatmeh nodded gently; that too she could understand.

"But in Galata was no work for me. Hamals were needed, but I am not a camel that I should carry loads. I wanted to be in a good house and," he spread his hands with a characteristic gesture, "behold it has come to pass."

Mustapha rolling over opened his eyes. "Why, Fortunatus, thou art as lazy as a Greek. The new pond is as it was. I had thought it would have been finished to-day, but, when my spade is silent, thine keeps it company."

"'Tis hot, little lord."

"Hot for thee, O Greek, but not for a man," and climbing down the earthen sides of the small depression he fell to his task. The dark eyes of Fortunatus with their veiled melancholy, their hint of keener, more

[1] God is merciful.

personal, feeling rested on Fatmeh for a moment, and then he too took up his spade.

That morning Sughra Hanem had received a disquieting letter from her son in England. Allah-ud-din told her that he had been staying with the family of an Irish friend and that the friend's sister was a hakima, a lady doctor. He would like his mother to meet this Miss Waiora Desmond. Hakimas were well thought of in England, and Miss Desmond was in other ways the sort of woman his mother would be sure to like.

Sughra Hanem read this devious epistle to her husband, a little fair man, who as governor of a raza[1] had contrived to amass a comfortable fortune. "He must come home at once," she cried, "or he will be giving me a Frank for a daughter-in-law."

Though Rashid Effendi was inclined to pooh-pooh the danger, he agreed with his wife that it would be as well for Allah-ud-din to be married, especially if so eligible a bride as one of Wazdi Bey's daughters could be obtained. He even took the trouble to write to his son, telling him to get leave of absence, as his marriage had been arranged, and would take place immediately on his return.

Meanwhile trouble, as a gorged vulture, had settled heavily upon his neighbour's rooftree. At noon Fatmeh, following in Mustapha's wake, had come back to the house. During the heat of the day she would lie in a shaded room, and one of the negro servants would fan her till she fell asleep. As she settled herself upon the divan, however, Fatmeh felt a strange taste at the back of her throat. She turned in pitiable surprise towards

[1] Division of a Province.

her attendant; and as she did so the blood flowed over the parting lips. The frightened negress fled, screaming; but Fatmeh, still with that expression of surprise upon her features, had fallen back unconscious.

The women hurried to her room. Ȧtiya and Zuleika, the old cousins, had been busy transforming unripe apples into a pink lemon-scented jelly. They left their concoction to the mercy of lesser cooks and hurried waddling from the kitchen. Hajira, another cousin, who had lately been divorced by Zaid, her ill-conditioned lord, and who spent most of her time weeping and lamenting, dried her eyes and followed. Lastly came Dewara with long elastic step and anxious eyes. Fatmeh, fair and pleasant, was loved by all, by the old maidens, the unwilling divorcée, even by the stormy and discontented Hanem. The ancient sisters busied themselves with old-wife remedies; but the general feeling was one of anxiety and distress. Dewara was not used to illness. Even among the mountains and in the black tents of her people, however, she had met this disease of wasting and of death. She understood now why Fatmeh was so languid, why she had ceased to dance down the flagged paths of the garden and to sing—as some said and one really thought—like a nightingale.

That afternoon Sughra Hanem paid one of her informal visits. It was Fatmeh she came to see; and Dewara, who understood that the other was seeking a wife, a well-dowered wife for her son, had hitherto made her carelessly welcome. Now, leaving Atiya in charge of the sick girl, the Hanem met the visitor with a careful excuse. The day was unusually hot and Fatmeh had been sitting in the garden, not altogether, perhaps, in the shade. But girls were imprudent or

they would not be girls. She had, of course, contracted a headache of the sun, very slight, it would be gone to-morrow, but meanwhile—

Dewara believed Sughra Hanem to be actuated by motives that were entirely mercenary and she dealt with her as one merchant with another. The calculating visitor should not discover that the goods she so ardently desired were damaged. In the course of time Fatmeh would be—would at least seem—a little better. For these last months, why should not hope, the hope of love and children and a long life, be hers? Grown suddenly loquacious, Dewara talked of the girl's flower-like beauty. A certain Vali's son, hearing of it, had spoken to his mother. From day to day it was impossible to tell what would happen.

Sughra Hanem perceived that her neighbours had pierced to the heart of her intention; that they approved; but that they would not be willing to wait. She returned home believing, not that Fatmeh was ill, but that the girl was to be kept in the background until she, Sughra, should make a definite proposal. This show of firmness made her think that some other candidate must be in the field. Truly the bough was laden with oranges, oranges as heavy, golden and desirable, as that which Sughra had half offered and half withheld. More than ever anxious to take the final step, she was not best pleased when Rashid begged her to wait, to wait, at least, until he should have had an answer to his letter. Impatient of control as she had always been, however, she could not but admit that her husband's judgment was sound. They could not leave Allah-ud-din out of the reckoning. His mother waited, therefore, in a state of gnawing anxiety; and waiting, remained in

ignorance of what was taking place in her neighbour's house.

Three weeks passed slowly, weeks during which Fatmeh, nursed assiduously by the old cousins, lay in the largest and airiest room of the harem. As it overlooked the garden, it was not screened and the sweet air from the Bosphorus blew in at the open window. Every day Fortunatus, working at the command of little Mustapha, dug and planted; and as he toiled, he sang:

> I cannot sleep for longing for thee, O full moon,
> Far is thy throne over Mecca, slip down, O beloved, to me.

The tenor voice was resonant and to Fatmeh's ears, as she lay prostrate, rose, like bubbles of heady wine, his passionate songs of love. The gipsy loved her, but he was her father's servant, the man whom Wazdi trusted as his own hand. Fatmeh growing daily, as she assured those about her, a little and a little better, learned to listen for the vibrating voice, a voice associated with broad shoulders and a languorous glance. Alah-ud-din, pleasant youth, had neither the one nor the other. To the mind of his prospective bride he represented all that was ordinary, while Fortunatus, pilgrim and wanderer, breathed romance. She wondered whether her father could be got to think of the trusty servant as a possible son-in-law? Even while she wondered, dwelling on a glamorous future, she knew, however, that it might not be. Wazdi loved her and, since her illness, had been unusually kind, but he would bestow her in marriage in a way to reflect credit on the family. It would be a matter of arrangement, not of romance. Meanwhile, until she was quite strong, quite well again, she had her dreams.

"If I could be carried out, I might lie in the hammock under the arbour," she said one day, a little wistfully. "It would be cooler in the air."

The women knew that their tender care and nursing were in vain, that day by day, though she believed herself better, Fatmeh was travelling the downhill road.

"You shall have your way," Dewara answered with a cheerfulness she was far from feeling, "a little fresh air to-day and soon a drive along the shore."

"You always look so happy, Fatmeh," interposed Hajira enviously.

"This has been the happiest time of my life," said the invalid with truth. She was thinking of the songs from the garden, of the dream-world in which she lived; and she looked round upon the other women with a smile. "You are so good to me—all of you—so good. Zuleika dear, give me the green melhafa and the little fan with the emeralds."

Because he was so strong as well as so responsible, Fortunatus was called to carry the light burden. Old Zuleika, went on ahead to see that the hammock ropes were taut; and thus, with little Asma carrying cushions and a drink of tamarind, was Fatmeh borne into the green shadows of the garden that she loved.

"How strong you are," she sighed in that new husky voice of hers, and the sigh was of satisfaction; for the woman, who does not rejoice in the strength of man, has not yet been born.

A pulse was throbbing in Fortunatus' temple, making dim his sight. Happiness was his, a new, a burning happiness, so great that as he clasped and lifted the dear burden, he did not notice how light, how very light,

it was. Enough for the moment that he held Fatmeh in his arms, that her face, warmed to sudden colour was beneath his, and that he could see her breast rise and fall under the films of green. As great a happiness had indeed been his before—but only in dreams. Now he tasted fulfilment; and for a few golden seconds the cup of life was given to his parched lips. Scarcely knowing what he did, he stepped on down the flagged pathway, under the flicker of the leaves and so to the arbour. Mustapha, having run on with Zuleika, was waiting by the hammock. He advanced importantly.

"I would not finish the pond until you were well enough to come out and watch. To-day we begin afresh, and we must work, Fortunatus and I, or before it is finished the tadpoles will have swallowed the last bit of their tails."

He turned away, followed by his guardian; and as Asma set out the drink of tamarind on a stool and handed Fatmeh the green and jewelled fan, a scream followed by a peal of uncanny laughter, shattered the pleasant silence.

Fatmeh raised herself on one elbow. "It comes from the garden beyond ours," she murmured.

"Sughra Hanem must be in trouble," said little Asma, a plump roly-poly maiden with the eyes of a gazelle. "It is her voice."

As the sufferer moved further away, the screams and laughter diminished. "What can have happened?" said Fatmeh, little guessing how much the Hanem's hysteria had to do with her.

That morning Sughra, anxious and restless, had gone into the garden for some roses. A new dancer was coming to perform before her and her friends that

evening, and the flowers brought her had been insufficient and of the wrong colour. She would choose her own. As she walked up and down, cutting recklessly, she caught sight of her husband's figure. Rashid was in search of her and in his hand was a letter on thin foreign paper.

"Mash'allah!" cried she, as she went to meet him, for she saw that his face was pale and that he trembled. Indeed, the letter he carried was such an one as people do not receive more than once or twice in a lifetime. Allah-ud-din, knowing his own mind, but doubting his powers of resistance to family pressure, had persuaded Miss Desmond to elope with him. He wrote to announce their marriage.

"An English daughter-in-law!" gasped Sughra, and swayed as if about to faint. Rashid put out a hand to steady her. Such a marriage was strange and portentous; moreover, it is unusual in Muslim countries for the wife to be considered before the mother; and Allah-ud-din's hasty action seemed as unnatural to his parents as ill-advised. "He will bring me a foreign woman for a daughter-in-law. He will set strange grandchildren upon my knees," wailed Sughra, bursting into uncontrollable tears—tears and screams and laughter.

Rashid Effendi led the poor woman back to the harem. He too was greatly shaken, but unlike his more emotional wife, he could accept whatever came. "It is the will of Allah," he said sorrowfully, "neither thy fault, Sughra, nor mine, but the will of Allah."

Fatmeh left to herself, while the busy gardeners laboured at the pond, fell presently into a light doze. The purple leaves of the bougainvillea stirred in the

breeze, the passion-flower spread its strange blooms, and a rain of crimson petals fell from a neighbouring rose-bush. As Fatmeh dreamed, she heard Fortunatus singing an old-time ghazel.

> Fierce as the sun at noon
> The wanderer's love.

The sun was certainly fierce and noon not far away. Fatmeh opened her eyes and for a space watched the young man as he bent digging and then rose to cast up a spadeful of brown earth. Alas, that she must marry Allah-ud-din!

"Little brother!" said she, and Mustapha came at her call. "Run thou to the harem and ask Asma for my other fan, the one of peacock feathers."

"By Allah, I do not run errands for women," said the boy.

"Not even for me, Couzoum?"[1]

"Thou hast been ill—well—perhaps."

"Bring the fan back with thee." This she said, knowing that only a week ago she had given it to her married sister Ayesha.

His brown legs carried him quickly out of sight and as he went, Fortunatus put down the spade and came to her.

The air was full of the sweetness of flowers and the bitter sweet of love. For a few seconds each looked at the other.

"While I was ill," said Fatmeh softly, "I heard your songs and knew they were for me. But we are in the toils of circumstance and there is no way out."

The man stood speechless, looking at her with those fiercely imploring eyes. Suddenly she bethought

[1] My lamb.

her of the fortune-teller's sooth. "The garden and the cherishing and a silent lover. So will it be until the end." Fatmeh had cried out that there must be more to come, more before the inevitable end. Now, like the passing of a bird, a shadow crossed her face. Was there no more? Could it be possible that this was the end? She recovered herself after a moment. "I am getting better," she said with restored confidence, "and when I am quite well again, I shall be married to Allah-ud-din of the house of Rashid Effendi." This she said in her ignorance and good faith, and because only by telling Fortunatus the truth could she put an end to his silent pleading. She leaned towards him beseechingly. "All my life I shall remember. It will be to me as an oasis in the desert; and if I go first I will wait for thee—at the gates."

The man before her knew, not only that she would go first, but that her going would not be delayed. He made a gesture as of one who scatters the ashes of mourning on his head; but still his eyes implored. She had spoken of his love for her, and she had been glad of it; but in return had she no word for him? Must he wait through all the days of his pilgrimage, wait for the assurance of her love till the day broke and the shadows fled away? His agony broke down the barriers she would have raised.

"Fortunatus," she said at last, a new and more passionate note in her voice, "ah, but my soul failed me at the sound of thy voice!" then as she saw the quick gladness overspreading his features, "I am sick, sick of love, O my beloved, but—there is no hope. It is—"

A look of fear dawned in the blue eyes as her lips became dyed a deeper red. The breaking of another

blood-vessel would bring the end. She sank against the breast of her lover, the life-tide flowing from her and her tongue silently forming that last word in all loves and hates, hopes and despairs: "It is Kismet."

* * * * *

"O Allah, pardon Thou our living and our dead, those of us looking on and those of us absent, our little ones and our adults, our men and our women. O Allah, make thou her tomb a garden of the gardens of heaven. For Thy mercy's sake, O Thou most Compassionate of the merciful."[1]

C. A. Dawson Scott

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[1] Extract from *Muslim Burial Service.*

CORRESPONDENCE

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

That the letter in the March number of THE THEOSOPHIST under the above heading should have come from a member of the Society is a little remarkable; and any reply that should refute the views held by the writer of that letter inevitably deals with the obvious.

It is not Theosophical to divorce Theosophy from life in the world. Yet the writer implies that his Theosophy is kept as something quite apart from "his share in providing for the success of the arms of his people". The Editor's sin is that by moving eloquence obtaining a wide publicity, she has, under cover of Theosophy, urged others to adopt what by unanswerable argument she conceives to be the right attitude towards a War that affects, whether in thought or in action, more than half the world. The writer has done the same, only on a smaller scale, and not under cover of Theosophy.

If the Christ Himself, who is the Boḍhisaṭṭva, the Teacher, and not the Warrior, used in well-known passages words of the strongest condemnation, shall we, straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, refuse to our President scope to paint strongly the rights and wrongs of the present European campaign?

It needs something of an idealist to judge ideal action. Otherwise, how measure that impersonal attitude which is always actuated by a keen eye to the welfare of mankind, and by an unfailing love that rules none the less, though not sensed by all? Many who are blinded by "the milk of human kindness" in blissful ignorance retard the world's progress;

others, who severely separate their ideals from their actions, know naught of *Karma Yoga*. Is it Theosophical to be "shocked and outraged" at anything?

If critics would but realise the greatness of our President, and the world-wide stage on which she acts, their outlook would inevitably broaden, and their tolerance suffer a diminished strain. To invite free criticism is not to imply its necessity, or even its desirability. Criticism is good, intuition is better. Intuition fosters, while criticism kills, that whole-hearted enthusiasm the few need, if they are to front the world.

C. B. DAWSON

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

Regarding the correspondence recently appearing in THE THEOSOPHIST on the subject above named, it appears to me that the most important point has been missed by both your correspondents. What we need to realise is that in signing future treaties for the preservation of neutral territories —such, for instance, may be the case in regard to Constantinople, or other points, as the result of this War—we shall be overshadowed by Germany's present conduct; we shall all put the question inwardly: Will this contract ever be treated as "a scrap of paper"? What is our surety that what one nation has done another may not do? Or, what one has done it may do again. This is the first war we have waged for such a point of honour between nations. We, the human race, stand at a point where international conscience is awakening to a higher sense of honour and justice, and Germany has suddenly dealt it this heavy blow. By her act she has made a move in the face of evolution. It is not merely the doing away with war that is now concerned, but the evolution of international conscience. If war were ever "an instrument in the hands of the Guardians of humanity," surely it is so now. Naturally, those whose work, as yours, lies in such wide fields may see the need to speak forcibly against what is clearly evil and retrograde; but it is regrettable that so

earnest a member as Mr. Prentice, standing also by his principles in a smaller way, should use unwarrantedly strong language against one, such as yourself, whose life has been given to strenuous service of humanity and the cause of evolution, and who therefore deserves, at the least, our reverence and gratitude.

SISTER D.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

I would like to remark that pages 562 and 563 of the March THEOSOPHIST leave a bad taste in the month. It amounts to this—that our President is taken to task for expressing "righteous indignation" in the right place. The objector is entitled to register his objection, of course, if he "feels bad" about it, but I venture to protest very strongly against the language in which it is couched.

It is obvious, however, that the publication of the letter by the Editor without any comment on her part is a sufficient rebuke to the writer. He stands self-convicted of "bad form".

W. BEALE,

Aden *Lt.-Colonel.*

REVIEWS

The Spirit of Japanese Poetry, by Yone Noguchi. (John Murray, London. Price 2s. net.)

The aim of the Editors in publishing the Wisdom of the East Series—to which the present volume belongs—is by this time well known to the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST. They wish to make the books "messengers of goodwill and understanding between the East and the West—the old world of Thought and the new of Action". All who really sympathise with this object will find *The Spirit of Japanese Poetry* an exceedingly interesting and valuable addition to the Series. The subject itself is fascinating and the book is full of information, full too of subtle analysis, of comparings and contrastings in which the ideals and the methods of the poets of East and West stand out against each other in vivid complement. There are six chapters, all alike in this that in them no words are wasted—a virtue of all Japanese writing, as the author points out. "I ask myself," he says *apropos* of a translation of a seventeen-syllable Japanese poem, "why the English mind must spend so much ink while we Japanese are well satisfied with the following"—giving his own rendering.

Japanese Hokku Poetry, the *No*—the Japanese Play of Silence—the earliest poetry of Japan, and the poets of the present are all dealt with in turn in a way that stimulates attention and thought. But the most valuable thing about the book is the glimpse we get of the oriental attitude through the mind of the author. Here we have not a Western interpreting the work of Easterns, but a true son of the "old world of thought," loyal to the ideals of his own people, trying to make their spirit intelligible to men of another race and creed. It is from the turn of a phrase here and there, showing the writer's interest in what seems to us unimportant, from the casual references which when they illustrate an attitude different

from our own are so striking and illuminative, that the reader will get a real insight into the inner workings of the mind. This little book is full of such subtle indications of character and race; and by them the reader may be led through what seems at first "the twilight land of the unknowable," into a region where the attitude and viewpoint of the East become intelligible.

A. de L.

Specimens of Old Indian Poetry, translated from the Original Sanskrit into English Verse by Ralph T. H. Griffith, M.A. (Reprinted and published by the Panini Office Allahabad, 1914. Price Rs. 1-8.)

The Panini Office to which all lovers of Indian lore, literature and learning owe an ever growing debt, has been wisely inspired in reprinting this old little bundle of graceful translations from the Samskrit. The work is so very widely known that it needs no detailed description; it is sufficient to say that it contains hymns from the *Vedas* and extracts from *Manu*, the *Mahabharata*, *Sakuntala*, *Nala*, the *Gita-Govinda* and the *Cloud Messenger*. An appendix gives information on Indian poetical rhetoric. The little book is neatly printed and cheap and we know of no handier introduction to the study of Samskrit poetry for those who cannot consult it in its original form, than this present volume. Where other more extensive and learned works fail to interest the layman, he may feel his first genuine attraction for old Indian poetry in reading this handy and sympathetic collection of renderings.

J. v. M.

Visvakarmā. Examples of Indian architecture, sculpture, painting, handicraft, by Ananda Coomaraswamy, D.Sc. (The Editor, 39 Brookfield, West Hill, London N. and Luzac, London. Average price Rs. 2 or 2s. 6d. per number; complete in seven numbers.)

With its seventh number the first series of this very attractive publication becomes complete, and many there will be to whom it must be a matter of regret to learn that with

its completion the publication of *Visvakarmā* will be discontinued for the present. Dr. Coomaraswamy has laid lovers of Oriental art under a heavy debt of gratitude for his unwearied and enthusiastic labours in that field, and amongst his numerous publications, *Visvakarmā* may be reckoned as one of the most useful. Being an enthusiast to the core, Dr. Coomaraswamy expresses his views forcibly whenever he speaks, and to some these views are debatable from many points of view, though always worth listening to. In the present publication there is next to no letterpress, and hence no argument, but merely a series of fully a hundred very adequate reproductions of well-chosen examples of Indian sculpture. Eventual later series will similarly deal with architecture, painting and handicraft. The collection thus put before the public, at so very reasonable a price as to enable a wide circle to acquire it, represents a thoroughly representative collection; and we do not know of any similar publication bringing together such richly varied material and exhibiting Indian sculpture so thoroughly, which is as easily accessible. We have, therefore, to thank Dr. Coomaraswamy for this his latest enterprise, so satisfactorily terminated, and we are amongst those who will cordially and warmly welcome any continuation of it in the future.

J. v. M.

Whispers, by G. Colmore. (Hurst and Blackett, Ltd.) A pleasantly written story with an element of mystery to sustain the interest up till the end. The dual forces of love and hate are seen as psychic in their origin and in their effects. Spiritualised love in the end is victorious over the forces of cruelty and hatred; to say more would reveal too much of the plot of a book which is quite well worth reading. *Transition*, by Lucy Re-Bartlett. (Longmans, Green & Co.) A novel of profound interest to all who are interested in the more spiritual aspect of the feminist movement. It is distinctly a novel with a purpose and the authoress undoubtedly has a deep conviction of the necessity for, and the inevitable attainment of, the ends that the more highly developed advocates of "votes for women" have in view, the vote acting merely as a peg to rest these ideals upon.

SUPPLEMENT TO

THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The Theosophical Society

The following receipts from 11th March to 10th April, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks:

Annual Dues and Admission Fees

	Rs.	A.	P.
Charter Fee for Apollon Lodge, Athens, Greece, and annual dues of members for 1915 ...	14	10	0
W. H. Barry, Sierra Leone, Freetown, for 1915 ...	15	0	0
A. D. Taylor, for 1915, £1	15	0	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Fagon, for 1914, £1	15	0	0
Rs.	59	10	0

J. R. Aria,
Ag. Hon. Treasurer, T. S.

Adyar, 10*th April*, 1915

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

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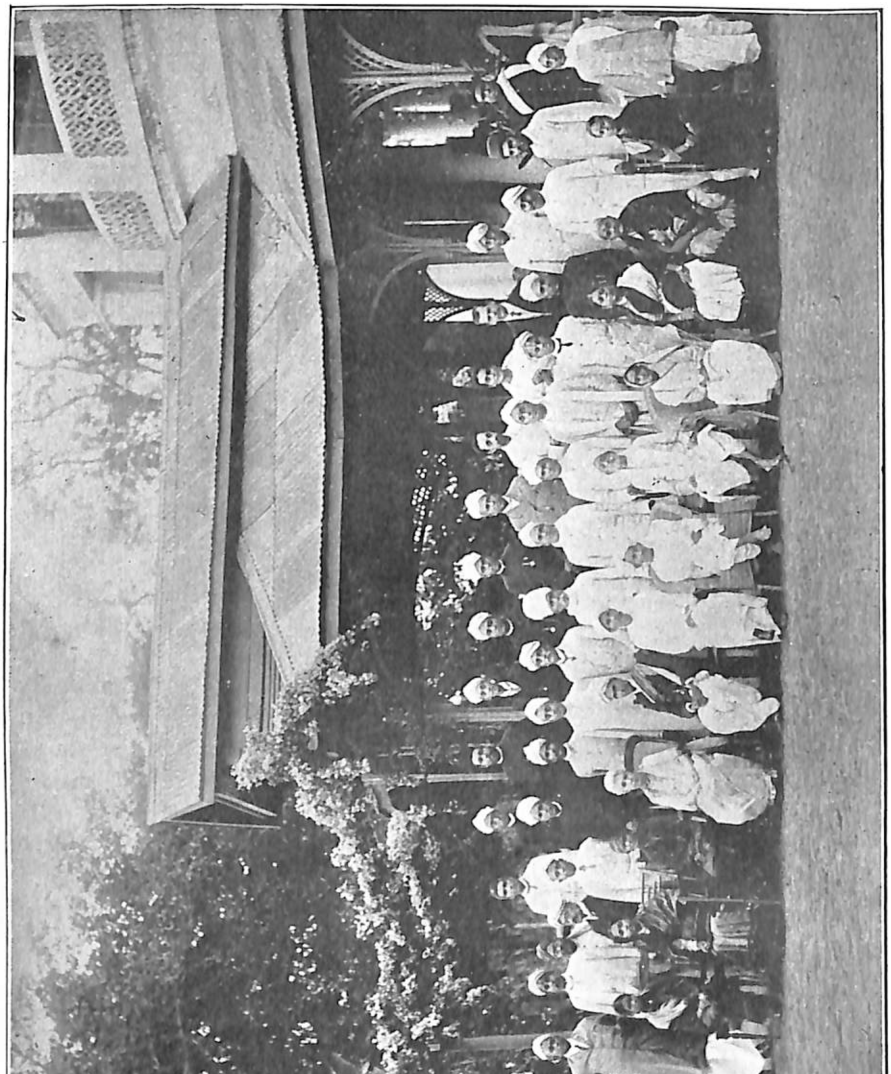
DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. Oscar Beer, Adyar	32	4	0
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Rs.	132	4	0

J. R. ARIA,
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ADYAR, 10*th April*, 1915

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

SOME of our members have a very curious idea about THE THEOSOPHIST, which they speak of as "the official organ of the Society". The Society has no official organ, and has no responsibility, as is said every month, for opinions expressed in this Magazine: "The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this Journal, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document." Were it an official organ, the T. S. would be responsible for all that is said in it, and it would be impossible for any one to express in it any opinion at all without committing the Society, whereas I put in all opinions. Criticisms attacking the President could not appear, as they would then involve the whole Society. Critics do not complain that official decorum is violated when I put in the most violent and abusive attacks on myself; they only complain when I express my own opinions! THE THEOSOPHIST is a magazine which is the

organ of the President of the T. S., through which he reaches the Society primarily, and then the outer world, giving to both the benefit of his wisdom or his folly. Colonel Olcott and Mme. Blavatsky, who founded it, used it for this purpose, and most certainly Mme. Blavatsky's vigorously expressed opinions did not coincide, on many occasions, with those of the more timid and conventional members of the T. S. But they interested most of the members and many in the outside world. What she said counted, and people wanted to read what she thought on passing events. However much some folks may object to the fact that some persons exist whose opinion large numbers of people want to know, it cannot be helped. Such persons are to them an offence, I know, but still they exist. The more important the questions that arise, the more does the public wish to know what these particular persons think about them.

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I have watched with some care the expressions of opinion on this matter, and I find that the great majority of our members wish to know not my Presidential, but my individual, opinion on the great problems of the day. Rightly or wrongly, they value that opinion. The other view has come only from strong antagonists of the opinions I hold. Two letters reached me from Sweden, objecting to the November "Watch-Tower," Swedish opinion being pro-German; and those who at this particular time want THE THEOSOPHIST to be colourless, entirely devoted to parochial matters, are, curiously, all pro-German.

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Now I cannot look at large public questions from this National standpoint, for to me Nations,

at a world-crisis, embody the great principles on which the further evolution of the world will turn on the other side of the crisis. For an Occultist and a servant of the Brotherhood to be neutral in such a struggle is impossible. Germany and her Allies embody the principle of scientific Materialism, of the crushing out of Liberty and Individuality, of the non-Morality of the State, which is an end unto itself, and which may and should grasp Power, without regard to aught save itself. These ideals are embodied in books published before the War, and cannot be denied save by those who have not read the books. If these ideals triumphed, the world would roll into barbarism. The Allies stand for the security of small peoples, the sanctity of treaties, public faith, in a word, for National Righteousness. That Great Britain in the past has wrought many wrongs, does not affect the question; that she crushed Ireland and ruined her prosperity, that her record in India is soiled with the crimes of Clive and Warren Hastings, with unfaith to treaties and broken promises —this is all true. I have written and spoken strongly against her action in these in the past; I write and speak to-day against her denial of liberty to India now, against her Arms Act, her Press Act, her Seditious Meetings Act, and the like. But in this world-quarrel she is on the right side, and the fact that all my sympathies are with the people she has wronged, with Ireland and with India, and that I oppose her autocracy and its methods in India now, cannot affect my judgment of her action in the conflict of ideals now raging in Europe. I, Theosophist and Occultist, stand by England as India stands by her, because, despite National wrongs, her heart is true to Liberty, and her

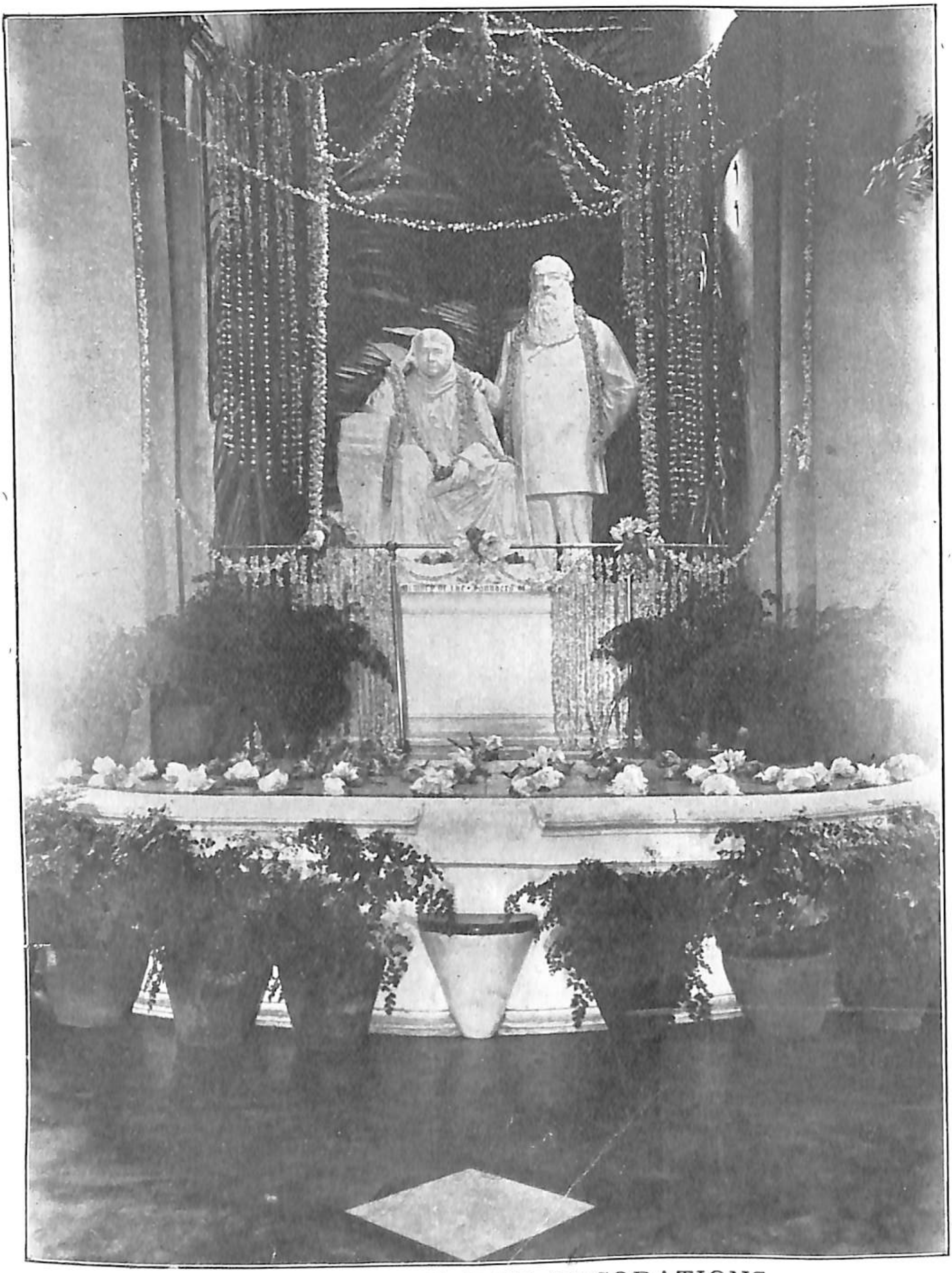
triumph will be the triumph of Righteousness. Smaller quarrels must wait while the great battle is waged, and those who, all over the world, look to me for guidance, *and claim it*, shall have it. There was a chorus of disapproval when I proposed, on Mr. Van Manen's suggestion, to leave THE THEOSOPHIST outside my social and political work. I have other means of reaching the public, but in THE THEOSOPHIST more intimate speech is possible, and this is asked for. In this crisis Britain and the Allies embody the principles on which the Hierarchy is guiding the world, and Germany embodies the opposing forces; the victory of Germany would mean the set-back of evolution, the crumbling once again into ruins of all that civilisation has won, and the building of it up again from its ruins—as so often in the past. Therefore, not on National but on Human grounds, I speak for the Allies.

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My article this month, on "Brotherhood and War" will not, I know, please many of my friends, but thus it is that I see things. Gladly will I open, as ever, the pages of THE THEOSOPHIST to those who see things otherwise. Discussion is here eminently desirable, and the more thorough it is the better.

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Death has again stooped over the Society, and this time has taken away our good Brother Arvid Knös, the Scandinavian General Secretary. His steadfastness, and his quiet unaggressive firmness will be sorely missed in Scandinavia, which has suffered much from the various movements which have split off fragments from the Parent Society now and again. It is curious that these are always so quarrelsome, though the Parent



WHITE LOTUS DAY DECORATIONS

Society never makes any fuss when some of her children wish to set up houses for themselves. Mr. Knös always treated the dissidents with good-natured and tolerant indifference, and went on his own quiet peaceful way, attacking none. How happy he was over the meeting of the European Federation the year before last in Stockholm. And now he has passed over into the peace, leaving behind him his devoted wife, a faithful worker in the T. S. and some sons and daughters, who will, we hope, tread in their parents' footsteps.

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Mr. Rogers and some faithful workers—the chief of whom wishes to remain anonymous—have started a Theosophical Educational Society in Louisville, Kentucky, U. S. A., of which full particulars, with some illustrations of its beautiful home, shall appear next month. Next month, also, we shall have a very beautiful article from the pen of Mr. Leadbeater, who is so taken up with his Australian work that he does not find time to write many articles. He is living with Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Martyn, the E. S. Corresponding Secretary for Australasia, and it is good to know that he is cared for and honoured as he should be.

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White Lotus Day was kept as usual at Adyar, and the recess where are the statues of our Founders was so exquisitely decorated that I asked Mr. Schwarz to photograph it. But no photograph can give any idea of the fresh beauty and delicacy of the flowers, and of the lovely carpet of pink and white lotuses that covered the marble platform. The greater part of my own address on the occasion appears in the June *Adyar Bulletin*.

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I am writing this in the train on the way to Kolhapur, where the Maratha Federation is holding this year its anniversary. We are running through beautiful wooded country, part of the Western Ghats, and are high up, and so much cooler, than in Madras, though I suppose we shall presently run down again into the heat. The temperature in our *New India* Office was at 109° odd when I left it yesterday, and, I suppose it will be somewhere about that when I return. Friends from Bombay will be gathered there, and we are sure to have a "good time," though the third week in May is not an ideal time for meetings in India!

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Later

We are now on the other side of the Federation meetings, so I may as well report. Kolhapur is a delightfully wooded city, with avenues for roads in which the arching branches meet over head, and with pretty public buildings in large compounds, richly planted with trees and flowers. Only in the business part of the town are the trees pushed away. It is ruled over by a descendant of Shivāji, the great warrior-chief of Maharashtra, and its people, like Mahrathas in general, are strong and robust in body, and keen, shrewd and powerful in mind. Religion and politics are to them the two aspects of patriotism, Hinḍūism being wrought into their very blood. Mr. G. K. Gokhale offers one of their finest types, men of whom any Nation might be proud.

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Our meetings were densely thronged through the three days of the Federation, and I lectured on "The

Value of Theosophy to India," "Eastern and Western Science," and "Why We Believe in the Coming of a World-Teacher". As Theosophy spreads through Maharashtra, it should bring out all that is noblest in its virile race, and check its harsher side.

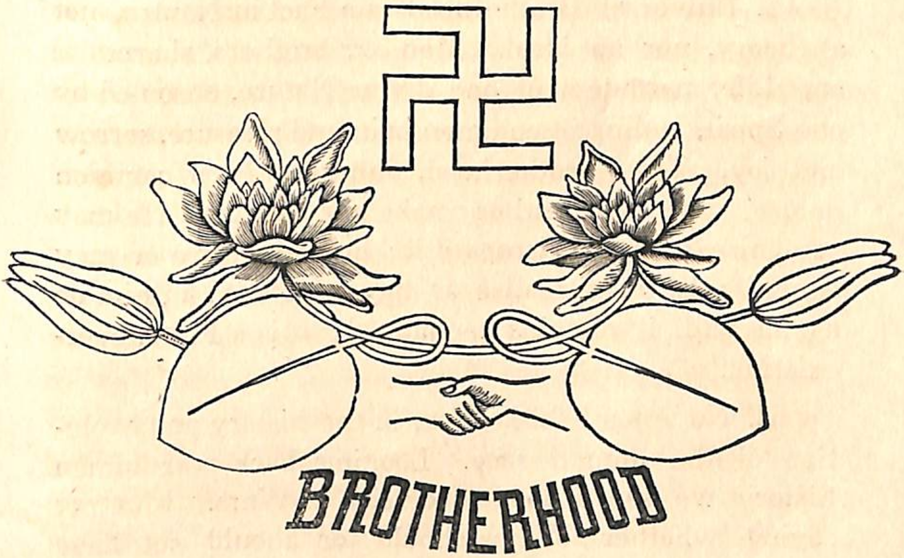
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Friends will be interested in the picture of some of the guests at our party in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Gandhi, at the Blavatsky Gardens in Headquarters. The party was under the great Banyan tree so familiar to our readers, and the photograph was taken near the bungalow. Sir S. Subramaniam sits in the centre, with Mr. and Mrs. Gandhi on his right and left. Practically all the leading Indians of Madras—Hinḍūs and Musalmāns—were present, and we had a very pleasant two hours. Little tables were scattered under the wide-spreading hospitable branches of the great tree, and people ate fruits and cakes and savouries and ices—all Indian—in the friendliest way. There is always something very friendly about our Headquarters "At Homes," and people enjoy the camaraderie and absence of formality that prevail.

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The article by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa raises many interesting points, but there is one which I should like to make clear; and that is that, as a matter of fact, I decline to give any advice at all on disputed T. S. matters, unless some great conflict of principle arises, as in the present War, and then I give it publicly. It seems to me that the Head of the E. S., whether President or not, ought not to advise in Sectional crises where the dispute "involves no real principle," for such advice carries so many with it that it may easily decide

the matter in question, and an uneasy feeling may arise in the T. S. that some secret agency is "pulling the strings," and that the vote is not a straight vote. As President, also, I have no right to advise on Sectional disputes, which should be settled by the local workers. Each side wants to use the President as a club to knock the other side down, whereas my duty seems to me to be to accept whatever officer a Section gives me as colleague, and not to advise on one side or another in a contested election. Neither as President, nor as Head of the E. S., will I advise in favour of any candidate for any elective office. I am told that a private letter of mine, referring to a private quarrel and expressing a wish that it might cease, has been used as implying approval of one party to the quarrel and disapproval of the other, and so as bearing on an election, with which it had nothing to do. A Section is autonomous, and autonomy would be a farce if a President should throw his weight on one side or the other in a contested election.



BROTHERHOOD AND WAR

By Annie Besant

IT is natural that members of the Theosophical Society, recognising that their organisation exists for the spreading of the realisation of Brotherhood among men, should feel themselves puzzled as to what to do in the state of War, which prevails over Europe to-day, in face of the obvious danger of a triumph of the military ideal, the no less obvious duty of defending a small Nation whose neutrality Britain had guaranteed, and the carrying out of the principle of Universal Brotherhood.

Can we, by a survey of "the things most surely believed among us" who are Theosophists, clarify to any extent our ideas on the tremendous conflict which seems to exist at first sight between Brotherhood and War?

1. Universal Brotherhood is a Fact in Nature, not a theory, nor an ideal. Men *are* brothers, sharers of one Life, partakers of one divine Nature, ensouled by one Spirit, feeling in common pain and pleasure, sorrow and joy. This Brotherhood, inhering in a common nature, man can neither make nor destroy. He may recognise or may disregard it; he may affirm or may deny it; he may realise or may negate it; let him do as he will, it remains unchanged; it is a FACT, ever-existing.

2. No less a Fact is War, in the history and evolution of the human race. Looking back over human history we see a long succession of Wars. I am not saying whether Wars should or should not have occurred, whether they were good or evil. At present, I merely note the necessarily admitted fact that no period of human history has long been free from War. The story of the Nations is a story of ever-recurring Wars. War is a FACT, ever-reappearing.

3. God, Īshvara, Allah—call Him by what name you will—is a Fact; Nature is His Self-Expression; Evolution is His Plan; the laws of Nature are the laws of such part of Him, as is manifested in our universe; life and death are His methods; joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains are His tools—the tools of the Supreme Artist—in fashioning the crude material into the perfect masterpiece embodying His idea; the worlds are His studio, crowded with unfinished models, with hints of exquisite future beauty here and there. For us, who believe in Universal Brotherhood, God is a FACT, ever-present, ever-immanent.

4. The Hierarchy of Perfected Men is a Fact, the Guardians of Humanity, the Elder Brothers of our

Race. Their strong Hands guide; Their lucid Wisdom directs; Their perfect Love chooses the best Path for the treading; They are the means whereby the divine Will, incarnating in Them, renders itself operative in our world. The Hierarchy's guidance of the human Race is a FACT, ever-existent, ever-potent.

These are the four great Facts which we have to face; none of them can be excluded; none of them can be ignored; we must accept each of them in all its bearings, and either succeed in basing on *all* of them a rational theory, or confess that our philosophy is inadequate to render life intelligible, too restricted to embrace all facts within its sweep. The end of philosophy is to put an end to pain, and most of all to that keenest pain of all, the anguish of living in a world intellectually and morally unintelligible.

Our problem is:

In a world in which men are Brothers, a world emanated from and maintained by God, guided by His Will embodied in a Hierarchy of Men made perfect, how does War come to be an often-repeated event, an event which is evidently a recurring factor in evolution?

We may at once say that War is an evil, and that the problem of its existence is part of the problem of the existence of Evil. From the standpoint of the Occultist Evil is Ignorance, and therefore negative and relative; Ignorance is to be gradually gotten rid of by Knowledge, Knowledge being attainable by experience; Evolution is the passage from Ignorance to Knowledge, from the nescience of the stone to the omniscience of Brahman, the Supreme Self. At any point in this age-long evolution Evil, Ignorance, will be present,

and the more or less of it, relatively to the good, will depend on the actual stage of evolution under inspection. Until perfect knowledge is reached some evil will remain, mingled with the good, and all action being necessarily a mingling of good and evil, the rightness or wrongness of any given action will depend on the predominance of the Right in it at the time of its occurrence, Right being that which subserves Evolution, God's Plan for His world.

War is a recurring fact in Evolution, in a world God-planned and guided by the Hierarchy; in some way, then, the good to be gained thereby, the purpose to be subserved, must predominate over the obvious evil of it, the hatred, the bloodshed, the widespread ruin and desolation wrought by it. In our sight spreads a suffering intolerable, inexcusable. But "larger, kinder eyes than ours," the eyes of Wisdom and of Love, the eyes of the Hierarchy which includes the Saviours of the world, the Boḍhisaṭṭvas, the Christs, gaze on it all calmly, seeing its use and end. Can we lift ourselves above the welter of agony, and catch a glimpse of the larger view?

"The Universe exists for the sake of the Self," for the sake of the Spirit Eternal, dwelling in all forms, and unfolded most in our world, in men. The forms are born and die; they are garments which are outgrown, outworn, in the ceaseless expansion of the Spirit; births and deaths succeed each other on the turning wheel of evolution as it rolls along its appointed groove; death is necessary to break away the shell that cramps the further expansion of the deathless Spirit; birth is necessary to clothe him in new garment fit for the expanded life, and shaped so as to be

fitted for his further expansion. Very perfect the plan, seen from the view-point of the Spirit, in whose endless life births and deaths are welcome recurring incidents, subserving his unfolding powers.

War, from the view-point of the body, is a horror of mutilation, agony and death. War, from the view-point of the Self is an opportunity to acquire in a few days, weeks, months, qualities that otherwise would take lives in the winning. From *that* view-point, it may be well worth while. For to sacrifice the body utterly on the altar of the Country; to face death in the spring-time of youth or the full strength of manhood's prime; to risk lifelong mutilation, far worse than death, giving up the joy of lithe activity for the trailing step of injured limb or incurable mutilation; what is this, but to leap at a bound up the ladder of evolution, to outstrip lives of slow drudgery of growth by one splendid spring into heroism? Even under the fury of the charge and the crashing blow in the captured trench, how little there is of hate may be seen by the swift outflow of pity and help, as when a man catches up a wounded enemy and at the risk of his own life saves that of his foe. A stricken Scot, German, and Frenchman, lying near together, mortally wounded, share water and morphia with each other ere they die.

Many, too are the lessons being learned of comradeship between noble and peasant, university man and shop assistant, as they march, enjoy, suffer, share, fight, side by side. The gulfs between classes are being filled up on the battle-fields, not to be dug again in times of peace. The old comrades will make a New Britain when they return; a true

Democracy, such as the world has never seen, is being born in the battle-fields of Flanders. A century of "peace"-struggle would not have brought what War is doing in a few months, and the strife between capital and labour, classes and masses, would have left behind it bitter rancours and hatred, where the comradeship of War will send back to build the New Britain men who have learned to love, to respect, to trust each other, in the strife and peril of the battle-field. In the furnace of War are being smelted together the materials for the new Democratic Empire, the Empire of the Free.

The rivalries born of trade struggles and jealousies in time of peace are more prolific of hate than are wars. The ghastly hate of Germany against England is born of trade envy; they feel no hate against the French, whom they fought with forty-five years ago. A century ago, Britain and France were locked in death-grips; they fight side-by-side to-day, belauding each other's virtues. France and Britain fought Russia sixty years ago; they fight together now.

It is interesting to note the result of invasions, and the benefits reaped by each Nation when the strife is over; Greece invaded India, and Indian Art for ages bears the mark of her fingers, while the Greeks carried home some of the thought of India. The Saracens fought with Europe, and left with her Persian thought and the institution of Chivalry. The Moors conquered southern Spain, and left there their exquisite architecture, while Europe went to school under their teachings. Nations fight for brief space, with bloodshed and manifold horrors; these all sink into the all-forgiving earth and are forgotten, while both are permanently enriched by exchange of the things which endure. Wars have

distributed among many Nations the treasures of each in turn, to the profit and increased enjoyment of all.

Moreover, there is one great purpose served by War: it puts on the world-stage, in a dramatic, startling way, wrongs that exist unnoticed in time of peace, forcing them on public view in a fashion that shows them in their true light, and that cannot be ignored. Britain has been stirred with horror by the ruin of many girls and women by German soldiers, and rightly stirred. But what of the horrors of the White Slave Traffic? What of the young village maidens seduced by "gentlemen," taken up to town for a few weeks of gaiety, and then thrown off, to sink lower and lower? What of girls decoyed away, imprisoned in houses of ill fame, starved, beaten into surrender, outraged a dozen times a night? Are these thousands less worthy of pity than the ruined girls of England and Belgium, the prey of German soldiers, and are the crimes of the Britons less because not done in the hot fury of passions roused by war? War shows out in a striking awful way the daily horror that goes on in our midst, perchance to arouse some to the wickedness that goes unchecked, condoned—the ruin of countless girls by the lusts of men.

Again, more than 6,000 women, probably very many more—there are over 2,000 in one country borough—are expecting to become mothers, the motherhood due to the great armies conjured up in Britain by the War. *The Morning Post*, most respectable of papers, has printed a letter from Mr. Robert McNeill, dated from the Carlton Club, under the heading: "An Urgent War Problem". Many of the "prospective mothers" are,

he says, "little more than children themselves". He writes:

Now, sir, these facts open up a prospect which, unhappy under any circumstances, will be nothing short of disastrous unless men of authority in Church and State resolve without delay to prepare for it and to handle it with all the wisdom, courage, and boldness they can command. It is just such a problem as the British public is prone to hide away, and to say and think as little about as possible. But to ignore or conceal the truth would be moral cowardice of the deepest dye. To allow events to take their own course, without recognising an imperative public duty towards the young unmarried mothers and their offspring, would be a national crime. It is not as if we were merely faced with the problem of illegitimacy on an unexampled scale, and in an acuter form, than ever before. All the circumstances are unprecedented. Sacred as are human life and character at all times, the present wastage of the most vigorous of our manhood sets a stamp of exceptional value on the approaching increment of population. No effort should be spared to secure that these children come into the world under healthy conditions, and are reared so as to be a credit, both morally and physically, to the country; and it is not less imperative that the mothers, both for the children's sake and their own, should be saved from the degradation which too often follows a single lapse from virtue. We must resolutely cast aside established theories, prejudices, and formulas about "setting a premium on immorality". In the middle of a national life-and-death struggle, even the most censorious—and especially those pious personages who exhort us to forgive the bestiality of our enemies—may surely look upon the frailty of our own men and women with an eye of sympathy and forgiveness undarkened by blame. Very many of the men whose children are about to be born have already amply redeemed their fault by giving their lives for their country and for us; and it will never be possible to bring home responsibility for their error to any who may ultimately survive the battle-field. But let it be frankly acknowledged that the women are no more blameworthy than the men. The strictest justice, then, demands for the women complete and whole-hearted forgiveness, sympathy, and assistance.

Mr. McNeill, after a few sympathetic words about the mothers, goes on:

What about the children, who will form an appreciable proportion of the next generation of Englishmen? Are they, the offspring of the heroes of the Marne, of Ypres, of

Neuve-Chapelle, to carry through life the stigma of shame for "irregular" birth? Are they, who on eugenic principles should be the most virile of our race, to be handicapped from the start by impoverishment both of physical constitution and of moral character, through the ignorance, prejudice, and injustice of their earliest environment?

A certain amount of charitable amateur effort is being made to meet the needs of the case, by ladies who have become aware of the facts. These ladies propose to start "schools for mothers," where the girls may learn how to care for their own health and that of their babies, and may also be helped to preserve their self-respect. This is the right spirit, and a move in the right direction. But it must fall far short of the requirements. What is wanted is for the religious leaders of the nation, in the first place, to come forward with an honest and courageous pronouncement that under existing circumstances the mothers of our soldiers' children are to be treated with no scorn or dishonour, and that the infants themselves should receive a loyal and unashamed welcome. In the second place, the Government should at once pass legislation drastically reforming—even if only as a temporary measure—the laws of bastardy. It also has to be considered how provision is to be made for the fatherless children, whose girl-mothers have no separation allowance, no separate homes of their own, and no means of support. If nothing is done, thousands of them will fall upon the rates. Better that they should be boldly adopted as the honourable children of the State, than that they should slink through life as the children of shame and the parish.

The Christian Commonwealth speaks out vigorously as to the National duty:

At such a crisis as this in the history of the Nation to treat any mother with harshness, or to leave her and her child in unsympathetic or unskilled hands, would be unpardonable folly and inexpiable crime. We hold it is our duty as a Nation to safeguard the home, marriage, and our young womanhood to the utmost of our powers, but, when all we can do fails, to give birth is not a crime; all mothers and all children are sacred.

"*All* mothers and *all* children." Will not the pressure of the War press upon the Nation its duty to all illegitimate children and not alone to these? The wastage of child-life is still terrible. Two-thirds of the children, Mr. Samuel said at Bradford the other day, die before or shortly after birth in some towns. War

makes child-life more precious, and the care begun in time of War from direful necessity will extend and will become habitual.

The problem once faced, cannot hereafter be ignored, and other aspects of the sex problem will be forced on the attention of Great Britain as they have never been before. The tremendous wastage of prospective fathers will be another fact to be dealt with. How are the depleted ranks of the masculine population to be refilled ?

Leaving aside the economic problems of State power over industry, its right to seize and control manufactures and food, leading directly into Socialism, consider the effect of the War on the condition of women. They have changed their whole position in the social order ; they have enrolled for National service at the request of the Government ; there are some Women Regiments, the excellence of whose drill is said to be remarkable ; they have shown very high powers of organisation and administration ; they are serving in many new trades, as motor drivers, van drivers, and the like. Mr. Massingham thinks they should be the re-shapers of politics, and it is certain that they have taken a position in public life from which they will never again be dislodged. They prepared themselves in their huge organisations for Labour and Suffrage, and have seized the opportunity created by the War.

So also with India ; by her soldiers, by her extraordinary generosity in money, by her strenuous support of the Empire, and the putting aside of her own wrongs, she has taken advantage of the War to show her value. She is being badly used in return : by the refusal of a Council to the United Provinces, and of a High Court

to Lahore; by the passing of a so-called Public Defence Act, which enables the Police to recklessly arrest by hundreds, and then release all but a few; by the feeble resolution on "Self-Government," if the word can be used in such connexion; by the rejection of her Volunteers; by all these the old bad policy is continued, and the emptiness of all the fine phrases is shown. But India is resolute to endure even these additional provocations. For she knows that her position will be enormously strengthened by the War. She too has seized the opportunity to show unexampled generosity and patience.

It cannot reasonably be maintained, as some are maintaining, that the War is the condemnation of western civilisation especially, for every civilisation known to history has had many wars. Ancient India was very often engaged in War, and mediæval India was continually fighting. Egypt, Persia, Assyria, Greece, Rome—what civilisation ever kept the peace? What is true is that this War is showing on a tremendous scale the failure of modern civilisation to do *better* than the older ones. All its humanitarianism, its talk about liberty, of the rights of peoples, of the comity of Nations, of education, of philanthropy—all leaves unaffected the tendency to savage outbreak of carnage and ruin. Science, the boasted benefactor, has added to War unimaginable horrors, new weapons, new forces of destruction, a power to slay multiplied a thousand-fold. Men of science appear as death-dealers, men's worst enemies; the splendid powers of the human brain, its skill in investigation, in discovery, in invention, are all consecrate to murder and torture on the hugest scale. We see on the battle-fields of Europe

the proof that knowledge unguided by conscience is a curse to humanity, a veritable tree of death. Rightly did a Master refuse to unveil Nature's hidden powers until the human conscience was more developed.

Let me say here, though it may raise much disapproval, that I do not find myself able to agree with those who themselves use science to destroy life, as far as they can, but blame the Germans when, with more knowledge, they go "one worse"—one cannot say "one better". The Hague Conventions say that certain things ought not to be used, and if States accept these Conventions they ought to abide by them. But when the British used lyddite shells against the Boers, they were very proud of their destructive effects and their intolerable green fumes. Why are poisonous gases morally worse than shrapnel, and trench mortars, and hand-grenades? Probably the first people who used gunpowder against bows and arrows were regarded as peculiarly brutal. But it is all brutal and abominable together, and War is essentially murder and torture.

The distinction between combatants and non-combatants is intelligible; the useless murder of fishermen and travellers by blowing up their boats and ships is abominable, having no bearing on the outcome of the War; the obligation to treat prisoners of War with decency, to care for the wounded, to respect the honour of women, the lives of the aged, the women, the children, this is all rational. These soften the horrors of War, and confine them to the actual fighters who go into the field of free choice or by compulsion, and in either case go with the intention of wounding and killing each other. Among these, the methods of

wounding and killing seem to be labelled as permissible or non-permissible by convention rather than on any intelligible principle—but this by the way.

To recognise all these facts is not to hope that War will continue to be a factor in Evolution, but only to recognise the part it has played in the past, and so to understand why War has been so constant a factor in Human Evolution. It renders it intelligible, and to me, I must admit, to understand a thing is to remove a painful mental strain. The unintelligible is the intolerable.

I submit then that in this world, God-emanated and God-sustained, and administered by the Hierarchy, War is a factor in evolution, and is intelligible as such; that it brings about a number of highly desirable results in a short time, and at a cost no greater than would be necessary, spread over a long time, to bring about the same results. That it quickens enormously the evolution of the individual as well as that of Nations, and evokes in apparently average men the most splendid qualities by the force of a great ideal.

When is War justifiable? At the present stage of evolution, not for trade or commercial gains, not for the taking of territory, not for the increase of power, not for the subjugation of another people. But it is justifiable in defence of the Country against invasion, in defence of National pledges by treaties and other engagements, in defence of a weak State oppressed or invaded by a strong one, to help a struggling Nationality to throw off a tyrannical yoke. Britain ought to have gone to War to defend Denmark, when Prussia robbed her of Schleswig-Holstein. She ought to have gone to War to help France after Sedan. In both cases great

wrongs were inflicted, and the commission of them with impunity sowed the seeds of which the present War is the harvest. She was right, eminently right, to draw the sword in defence of Belgium, and to help France against unprovoked invasion.

One result from this War should be, and will be, the formation of the United States of Europe, which might otherwise have been delayed for centuries. Civilised Nations should have outgrown the settlement of their disputes by wholesale murder, as they have outgrown such appeal to force between individual citizens; international law, supported by an international police, naval and military, should be substituted for War. The time is ripe for it, and this War has crystallised vague dreams into a definite Ideal.

And Brotherhood, where does that come in? First of all, being a fact in Nature, it ever exists, but the huge majority of mankind do not realise it. War beats into Humanity's wooden head the truth that when men behave in an unbrotherly fashion they ruin themselves and their countries, and weigh down their children for many generations with a heavy load of debt, cramping trade, burdening industry, exacting toll from every citizen. Laws of nature are generally discovered by the painful results which follow from disregarding them. So far, every civilisation has perished because based on actual, not verbal, denial of Brotherhood, and the present one is very near to a similar catastrophe. Man has evolved to a point where he is beginning to see that competition—and War is the apotheosis of competition—is wasteful, unnecessary, and brings many evils in its train. He is ready, or nearly ready, for co-operation, for the creation of a Social Order, instead

of an unsocial anarchical struggle. That is the next stage in Evolution, and the most evolved persons in each Nation are working for it consciously. For that all who realise Brotherhood should be working, each in his own way. A healthy vital realisation of Brotherhood sees the distant end and works for it; it does not mean that we help in the perpetuation of tyranny, injustice and wrong, by standing aside, when the ruffian assaults the child, when the strong strikes down the weak, when the tyrant crushes the helpless. It means that we actively labour for the good of humanity, for the improvement of human conditions, for the suppression of tyranny, cruelty, and evil of every kind, for these stand in the way of the realisation of Universal Brotherhood. The only service we can do to the cruel and the tyrant is to actively stop their cruelty and tyranny; they are heaping up misery for themselves, and it is brotherly to deprive them of the opportunity to continue their ignorant madness. Is it brotherly to allow a man to torture a child? Brotherly to allow a man to ill-use an animal? Brotherly to see a robber steal a child's food, or rob the aged of his purse. Brotherly to allow Nations to commit these crimes on a large scale? Away with such Brotherhood. It is the mask under which lurk the enemies of mankind, the hinderers of evolution. I say unto you, Resist evil, wherever you find it; let the only limit of your resistance be the limit of your strength. Resist tyranny, resist cruelty, resist oppression, and that wherever you find them. Protect the weak, defend the helpless, be a rallying point for those who suffer under wrong. By such action have men become perfected, and have

won their way into the Hierarchy which guides the world. By such action have men entered the Brotherhood of the Elder Brothers of our Race, and Their Brotherhood is good enough for me.

Annie Besant

HAMMER AND ANVIL

THE MAKERS OF REVOLUTIONS

By L. Haden Guest

(*Continued from page* 117.)

THERE is another fundamental question. What is it that causes the variations, the spontaneously presented differences of offspring from their parents which enable the fitter type to be chosen by selection. The ancestry of man, it would seem, stretches in one unbroken line back to primitive protoplasm. We may think of this primitive living matter as an amœba, but out of that primitive amœba have grown all the variations which, when selected, have produced man. In that amœba, therefore, all the complexity of man's form was latent.

What is the immense, the incalculable force penned up in that little blob of protoplasm which has enabled it to branch out into all the multitudinous forms of living things, to produce the great panoramic display of the sequence of creatures through the ages.

From the materialistic standpoint it just *is* so. It is the property of protoplasm to vary in this way. From the newer standpoint, it is in the study of the life behind the form that we shall find the explanation of the mystery. The life behind the forms of physical

matter (the life clothed in matter of a finer kind, for there is not only one kind of matter) presses upon that physical matter with an unceasing, a continuous force, moulding it to a greater and greater perfection in the power of expressing that life. This is true, not only of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, but of that which is called inanimate, also. For all matter is alive, the division between dead and living matter is a delusion. All forms of air, of rock, of ether, of protoplasm, do but serve to express something of the powers of the life pressing on it from behind. It is the life behind which presses the crystal into its shape, which moulds the leaf of the sensitive plant, which moulds the cell of the cerebral cortex of the genius. It is the gradual building of forms, more and more expressive of potentialities of the life behind, which is the purpose of evolution and it is the need for this building in response to the pressure of the life behind which is the cause of the occurrence of variations. Such, in merest outline, is the conception of spiritual evolution. To bring it nearer home we have to consider its direct bearing on man himself.

MAN, PHYSICAL AND SUPERPHYSICAL

Perhaps the simplest way to approach this matter is to ask ourselves what are the possible theories, or hypotheses, by which man's life here may be explained.

The first and most obvious explanation, is that of the purely materialist school, that man is a physical animal which is born and dies. Certain considerations of a general character, dealing with evolution as a whole (as indicated above) make this improbable. But quite apart from these, and whatever the explanation, man is

certainly not only a creature made of physical matter. Experiments in hypnotism show man to have reaches of consciousness, of memory, and of intellect, beyond his own every-day knowledge. Such reaches have been, and can be again unveiled. Other experiments in hypnotism show man to possess acute senses of seeing and hearing, before which distance almost seems to disappear, and the ordinary limits of vision are abolished. In the clear-seeing hypnotic state, objects at a distance of miles, and inside houses, can be perceived and described; and the inside of the body can be seen and described.

Again, there are the now well-known experiments in telepathy, or thought-transference, thought can be directly transferred from mind to mind across hundreds of miles. Then there is the evidence gained from spiritualistic investigation: objects can be made to move without the intermediary of living physical bodies, or without the application of force in any known way. More striking still, by making a code of signals for letters from such movements, intelligible messages from intelligences apart from physical bodies can be conveyed to us, intelligences living in physical bodies.

Anyone who will sufficiently study the records of these things will find for himself that, however much of doubt and scepticism may remain, it is at least sure that the purely materialist assumption no longer holds. Whatever he may be, man is something more than a structure of physical matter. There is something in a living man different from the sum of the physical substances that make up his fleshly tabernacle. Intelligent life can express itself through man's body, but can also express itself without the intermediary of a body. That

is to say, the real man must be sought for in some condition of existence not dependent for its continuity on a combination of physical elements. If the forces which express themselves in an intelligent human being exist in some condition apart from physical matter, then presumably, so do all forces. So that we are driven to seek for the root and origin of all the forces which move and control the physical world, outside that world, at least, as we now know it. The roots of the physical world are in something beyond the physical.

Evolution and Reincarnation

If man is not then purely physical, what is he? The most ordinary answer is that man is soul and body, the "soul" thought of vaguely and indistinctly, sometimes as connected with love and beauty and the greater things of life, sometimes as connected with the region of the ideas, sometimes as an indefinitely realised possession needing to be "saved". But the difficulties confronting this theory of existence are very many. For firstly, if men are souls, and have bodies, why the so tragic difference between the fates of different souls? If men's souls are born into bodies at birth, and leave their bodies at death, and afterwards experience some other worldly state of happiness or misery, of heaven or hell; then why the differences? And more and more urgently, what is the meaning of those great vistas of evolutionary conquest down which we may look towards the beginnings of our life? The soul, it would seem, has no place in the scheme of things.

A question one must ask, for instance, is—have animals a soul? If not, what is the difference, not at

all perceived from the evolutionary standpoint, between men and animals, that gives men-animals souls and monkey-animals none? Again, we know that men's bodies have evolved upwards from the animal kingdom. At what point in the evolution was soul given? Or if we compare, not species, but individuals, and think, not of the species, but of the individual fate, what is the why and the wherefore of the differences between individual lives?

A Concrete Question

Take two concrete examples: that of a mentally defective child, born in poverty, and that of a well-equipped child born in comfort. From the purely materialistic view you may rely on heredity to explain these things although, of course, they cannot be reconciled by individuals. But from the standpoint of the theory that holds that man is soul and body, what is the meaning and significance of the differences? Let us realise what it means. Into both the infants concerned is born a soul, presumably it is the same in both (we are not told in this theory of antenatal differences of souls), but from the instant of birth how different are the experiences. As the mentally defective child grows up, it is shut out of the great world of mental interests by lack of mind. Such a child cannot count accurately more than a few articles, cannot remember the day of the week, cannot remember the simplest instructions, is only capable of the most mechanical form of toil. The world of science, of art, of philosophy, the possibilities of culture, travel, and of expansion of mental life, all these are debarred absolutely. Not only that, but the simplest interests

are debarred, the debating society, the club, the ordinary school, the chapel or church, the workshop talks, the reading of politics in the papers, the participation through the press in the wider life of man, all this is debarred too. Life to the mentally defective is only the little prison in which his thoughts can walk the to-and-fro walk of bodily routine and the tiny barred window out of which he may catch a little view of the light and brightness outside. But not only is he thus handicapped; such unfortunates not only suffer from lack of mind, they are also dowered with well-developed feelings, passions and desires, sometimes diseased and distorted, sometimes atavistic, but they have not the normal power of control over these feelings and desires. A mentally defective child may be shaken with tempests of uncontrollable anger, with a lust of cruelty, with a devouring lust of sex. And the power of control is not there. With no mind to judge, with no power of control to check, the mentally defective child growing up into the adult is the slave of bodily caprice, of bodily inertia, of passion and of desire, and is dragged by them in the mud of our corporal life. If you go to look for the mentally defective man, you find him in the prison, the defective colony, the workhouse, the hospital, where you find the woman also, but you find her, too, in the lowest brothels.

The Tragedy of the Defective

Think of, realise this life-experience, mindless, tossed and beaten by moral and physical disasters, dragged in the mud of our life, and compare it with that other life we took as example, the well-circumstanced

normal life. The normal man, growing up, expands a mind which brings him into touch with all that the world presents of mind ; the philosophy, science, and art, sealed to the defective, are to him realms of interest and of delight; he, too, may be equipped with strong passions, feelings and desires, but they are held in check ; the normal life of such an one is not ruined by some tragic explosion of passion, but he uses the passions and desires for the building of life. And, superadded to the primitive emotions and feelings are a whole series, almost infinite in their gradations of delights, of nuances of appreciation and discrimination, of subtle shades and delicacies. Beyond these, too, lies the world of great ideals, of intellectual aspirations, of moral grandeur, the open road to a world of Spirit utterly out of reach of the unfortunate mentally defective in his poverty and limitation.

A Contrast of Lives

Think, then, of these two lives. Think of them at birth, the souls, it would appear, the same. And think of them at death—their experiences how different! The soul of the mentally defective stands, as it were, with a poor handful of miserable and painful experience culled in demoralisation, and in the mud and squalour of life, the other stands with a great armful of the beauty and the splendour of the world. The one knowing of the treasure of the mind, nothing ; the other well-stocked; the one knowing of beauty and of the grandeur of moral law, nothing; the other with many delightful memories and a realisation of moral heights and depths; the one with a painful, a humiliating record of actions and suffering; the other with a record

of useful, honourable work, of duty done by home, by town and country. And those two souls came equal out of God! What do they take back? Why this difference? And shall there be hell for the mentally defective, who never had a chance, and heaven for the well-born soul that has had his path made easy?

To contemplate the differences between two such soul-lives, to realise what these differences mean to the soul after death, in relation to the experience which it has gained, is to decide emphatically that no such simple explanation of the relation of body and soul is possible. For it explains nothing. It makes the mystery even more profound. For why the evolution we see everywhere in the physical world, if it only result in providing a bad body for one soul and a good body for another? And also, the evolutionary process we know is not linked in any way to this existence of soul. Such a theory of soul makes of it a meaningless intrusion into a divinely beautiful unfolding of life.

The Reincarnation of Soul

The reason for the weakness of this theory of soul and body is not far to seek. It is a conception which belongs to the period before the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution. Formerly it was held that man was a specially and separately created being, and endowed with soul. On this theory the whole world was an incomprehensible operation of the Will of God working according to laws (presumably) beyond our ken. And this theory of soul belongs to this era; if it were accepted, it could only be as an incomprehensible operation of the Will of God. There is no reason

which can be perceived by humanity which can either account for or justify the different soul existences of the mentally defective and the mentally well-equipped man. Such a soul theory is a terrible example of the idea of special creation. Consequently it has been dropped, the idea of evolution has triumphed, and triumphing, has brought with it the theory of materialism ; the soul has been allowed to fade away into vagueness, a mystery not understood.

But materialism is provedly untenable. What then of the soul? Compare our two cases. The mentally defective and the well-equipped man. What are their differences ? Differences in power and development. Both have mind, both have emotions, desires, both have a morality. But in the one, mind is in germ, and moral control is in germ. In the one, strong passions are unleashed; in the other, held in check. In the one "atavistic" emotions and feelings may be found —that is emotions or feelings or desires characteristic of very primitive men or animals—in the other these are not found. In a word, the differences are explicable as differences of growth, of development. From this standpoint we should say the soul of the mentally defective is at an early stage of its growth, the soul of the well-equipped man at a much later stage of growth. But if souls evolve and grow, what is the process of growth? The answer will be found by studying the world around.

The Method of Growth

Take any large elementary school as an example and study the children in it. You may find there a child

who is mentally defective, and another who is exceptionally intelligent and morally developed. Take them as the two extremes of the school and you will find you can range all other children between them. Next to the mentally defective, you will place a child who is very backward, then one a little less so, and up through a series until you reach the standard of average intelligence. Here there will be the great mass of children whom we will for the moment put all together in one group—and then an ascending series will lead you step by step up from the average to the highest child of all at the top. We have in this way constructed a kind of ladder of grades of development in the school. On the lowest rung of the ladder the mentally defective, on the highest rung of the ladder the brightest child of all. On the middle steps of the ladder are the great mass of children, but with certain great divisions among them, so as to give a certain group distinction. And if you take special characteristics of the mind, one by one, and special studies, all the children can be arranged in ascending and descending grades of intelligence and capacity.

The school we have taken for an example is but a picture in miniature of the world outside. Take the races of men from the lowest Australian Aborigines, or African Bushmen, to the highest Indian or Teutonic races. All the races of man stand in a ladder of development, one grade above another. Take the men of any nation and range them according to capacities and moralities, and all stand upon a ladder of development, from the lowest demoralised criminal to the highest saint or genius. All men are different, all are at different positions on the ladder of development. The

human forms we see, expressing every grade of difference, of development, are the rungs of the ladder up which men climb out of savagery into civilisation, out of mental deficiency into talent and genius.

THE WORLDS BEYOND DEATH

Soul and body are two things, the soul is Self clothed in matter finer than the physical, which comes to dwell in man's body, get experiences of life, and grow and develop by those experiences. After death, the soul leaves the body and digests the experiences of its life, for a longer or shorter period as they have been of greater or less importance. In the early stages of development—the savage and the mentally defective, for instance—the experiences are crude and soon assimilated. And when assimilated, the soul, modified by this assimilation, takes birth in another body, undergoes another life period, accumulating a new fund of experience. So, life after life, the soul lives and learns by experience, then in the interval between lives it digests this experience, weaves it into powers, capacities, methods of reponse to stimuli from without, and so gradually climbs upward, powers more and more realised, consciousness more and more expanding. The finer matter in which the soul has its existence apart from the physical body forms a region of the world only separated from us by its density. We are not ordinarily conscious of this matter, of this region of the world, although it is all about us, because we pay attention more readily to the comparatively massive sensations derived from physical matter. But this matter exists all round and about us, in it we live

after death and in it we live (although not knowing it) at all times, and in it and of it are made forms and movements—vibrations—by our feeling and thought life. In this theory of evolution by reincarnation there is no break with the animal world, no break in the chain of evolving beings, the soul of man is but a fragment of the life of the world, the disguise, as it were, of the life of the world, during one chapter, that of its human reincarnations.

Why do We not Remember?

Men often ask: If, then, we have had many lives, why do we not remember? Because for most men, the memory available in ordinary consciousness is the memory of the brain, and the brain you have now, never existed before, and at death passes into dust, its memories disintegrated. Memory continues in the fine superphysical matter which clothes the Self of Man and which we call soul, but only after a long period of evolution, only after a long series of reincarnations, can the soul so modify its body as to be able to impress upon its brain the memory it has of previous lives. But the memory which matters is present. For the memory which matters is shown in the differences of human faculty.

Physical heredity accounts for the inheritance of physical peculiarities, and so long as one confines attention to these and to broad divisions among species of animals or races of men, it may appear to account for all differences. But when the analysis is pushed to the individual cases the explanation by physical heredity becomes more and more difficult. It is known that

eye-colour, for instance, is inherited; it therefore may be stated that moral or mental characteristics are inherited, but it is only a statement and rests on the unprovable assumption that man is wholly material and his mental and moral characteristics are dependent on physical modifications of his body.

Whether or not musical talent is inherited, we know that musical genius is not, nor, in fact, is any outstanding moral trait, nor any outstanding mental quality. The genius produces children, but they are children of his body and not of his mind, for this, which is other than the body, is not handed on to them. To try and stretch the theory of heredity to cover the multitude of individual cases may well appear a hopeless task and is quite unnecessary. The theory of reincarnation is at once simpler, easier to apply and understand, and more comprehensive.

L. Haden Guest

(*To be concluded*)

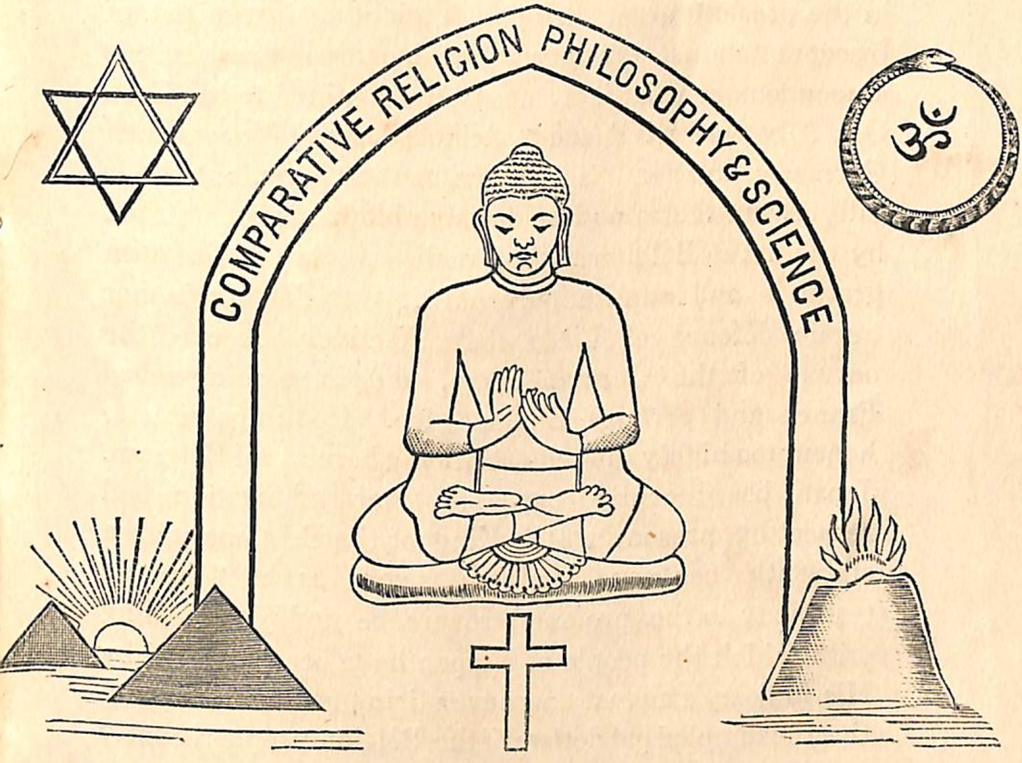
FROM THE LONG-AGO

STRETCHED beside you in the sand
    (Ungololo)
Of a burning, silent land,
    (Ungololo,)
Gaze I in your clear, brown eye,
Fearing naught in earth or sky
So my heart's great Chief be by—
    (Ungololo !)

What if from this dream we fade,
    (Ungololo ?)
I be man, and you be maid,
    (Ungololo ?)
. . . Ah ! . . . Where now ? . . . What restless town
This, where restless up and down
I am seeking eyes of brown ?
    (Ungololo.)
Till at last I touch a hand
Thrilled with some old life and land ;
Strength and sweetness glimpse and claim
By an unforgotten name,
    (Ungololo ! Ungololo !)

Comrade of the Spirit's road,
    (Ungololo !)
Share we each the other's load,
    (Ungololo.)
What if God should part us two ?
Not if each to each be true,
    (Ungololo ! Ungololo !)
Lives be many, lives be few,
One we came when Life was new,
One at last shall fade from view,
You in me, and I in you,
    (Ungololo ! Ungololo ! Ungololo !)

J. H. C.



"THE LAND OF MANY BLADES"

A STUDY OF THE SWORDS OF OLD JAPAN

By F. Hadland Davis

(Author of "Japan and the Great War," "The Mikado of the New Japan," "Myths and Legends of Japan," etc.)

JAPAN has taken a prominent position in the present War. The army and navy of the Mikado's Empire were largely responsible for the fall of Kiaochau and

the crushing of Prussian militarism in the Far East. Her success marks one of the most significant events in the present great struggle of right against might, of freedom against tyranny. But Japan's interest in this stupendous conflict is by no means confined to the East. Our Ally was privileged to strike a decisive blow against Germany in her leased territory in China, but she is fully aware that a no less decisive blow has been struck by the brave Belgians. She realises, as we realise with gratitude and admiration, that it was Belgium in her heroic defence of Liège that effectively checked the onrush of the German army, and in so doing saved France and perhaps England too. It is impossible to honour too highly the self-sacrificing heroism of Belgium. Japan has recently expressed her admiration and respect by presenting the King of the Belgians with a sixteenth century Japanese sword as a "humble testimony to the profound reverence and pious feeling with which the people of Nippon have been inspired by His Majesty's august and never tiring perseverance and the unexampled patriotism of the Belgian people recently manifested in defence of both humanity and civilisation under the severest calamity that may befall a nation". It was the most gracious and most happy gift the Japanese could present under the circumstances. It was a fitting tribute to a great hero whose deeds will be recorded upon the pages of history for all time. The sword holds a unique position in Japan, for it has been well described as the "soul of the samurai". With the Restoration of the Emperor in 1867 the picturesque samurai disappeared, and with him departed the last phase of an effete and useless feudalism; but his indomitable spirit still remains. In this great struggle

we have seen it rise to heights never attained before. In Old Japan the sword was too often lifted in petty feuds. To-day it has been raised in a righteous cause, not only in defence of Japanese interests, but in defence of all those nations that are arrayed against Germany and her allies. Japan's sword has struck and killed the dragon of tyranny in the East. It has added glory in so doing, and in the fall of Kiaochau ancient Bushido has won its greatest triumph. Japan's sword is a symbol of her people, and in her gift to the King of the Belgians she has given that hero-monarch the soul of the samurai.

In Japanese mythology we find many references to miraculous swords. Some kind of weapon is referred to in Japan's cosmogony story. We read that Izanagi and Izanami, the parents of the gods, "standing upon the floating bridge of Heaven, thrust down their glittering blade and probed the blue ocean. The drops from its point congealed and hardened and became an island. This eventually became a large country composed of eight islands, and amongst the many names of the country, they styled it too the 'Land of Many Blades'." Susa-no-O, the "Impetuous Male," had the good fortune to rescue a maiden named Mota Hime from a serpent which had eight heads and eight tails. When Susa-no-O slew this curious creature, he found inside a two-handled sword, a little over two feet long, and double-edged. This sword was called "the cloud resembling sword of Heaven". Later on when Prince Yamato Daké used the weapon for cutting down blazing grass, it was renamed "the grass mower". This sword, designed on both sides with figures of stars, together with the sacred mirror and rosary of

jewels, constitute the Imperial Regalia of Japan. In the temple of Atsuta, near Nagoya, the sword is still preserved and copies of the Sacred Treasures are stored in the Imperial Palace at Tokio. The sword symbolises courage, the mirror knowledge and purity, the jewels mercy.

We cannot, of course, rely upon these picturesque myths, but when we come to investigate the theories of antiquarians in regard to the origin of the Japanese sword, we find many conflicting statements. One authority states that "the swords of Japan are the highly perfected working out of a general Indo-Persian type". Other writers claim that in the seventh century Japanese swordsmiths made the katana, or long sword, simply by dividing the old two-edged Chinese weapon known as *ken*. This very superficial theory is not in accordance with archæological evidence, neither is there any connection between the Japanese sword and the Persian scimitar. In Japan's swords we can certainly trace the influence of China and Korea, or, in one word, Buḍḍhism, but the katana dated from prehistoric times. A primitive, double-edged sword, not unlike a large leaf in appearance, came to Japan with the early dolmen-builders. If this theory is correct, and it is based upon the best evidence, we may regard this weapon, in the opinion of Captain Brinkley, "as essentially the sword of the progenitors of a section of the present Japanese race".

The Japanese swordsmith was very far from being a common artisan. Even as far back as the twelfth century, the Emperor Go-Toba considered sword-making an occupation worthy of a sovereign, and that was also the belief of the swordsmith himself. His work

necessitated skill of a very high order. He could scarcely be employed in a more honourable task, and he was fully aware of the significance of his labour. The Japanese are essentially artists with all that craving for perfection that is so characteristic of the artistic temperament generally. The swordsmith made something more than a finely-wrought blade of steel. He was working for his country, for heroes only one degree removed from the gods themselves. In his hands rested in some measure the future victory or defeat in battle. It was his duty and his privilege to make a sword that should be the soul of steel, the soul of the samurai. He aimed at perfection with all the zeal of a true and conscientious workman. Before undertaking his task, he fasted for several days and prayed that the gods would bless his labour. He was of the excellent opinion that pure motives were just as essential as an alert brain and practised hand. His labour, rightly undertaken, was a kind of religious rite. He turned to his forge, after fasting and praying, radiant with joy, conscious that after due preparation, he was about to fashion the very symbol of his country, something finer, if less sacred, than the sword of the gods itself. A Shinto rope of straw and *gohei* were hung up in his forge in the belief that they would act as charms against evil spirits. When he had propitiated the elements, fire, water, wood, earth, and metal—for in his work he was about to make use of them all—he put on the elaborate robe of a Court noble, making this dignity practical by fastening back the large sleeves. Having observed these preliminaries he set to work. We need not describe the elaborate process in detail, the first strip of steel welded to a bar of iron, the use of clay, the hammering

and folding repeated many times, the tempering and grinding and polishing until the blade is ready for use. It was no easy task and perfection was seldom attained. In the eleventh century only four blades out of three thousand were regarded as of superlative quality, and not until the sixteenth century was there found in Honami Kosetsu an infallible judge of these matters. It is surprising to find, when we bear in mind the complexity of the work, that some of the old swordsmiths sang when the steel was beaten or heated in the furnace. The amiable Masamune chanted: "*Tenku, taihei, taihei*" ("Peace be on earth, peace"), while the bad-tempered Muramasa, who had failed to purify his heart, sang fiercely: "*Tenku tairan, tenku tairan*" ("Trouble in the world, trouble in the world"). Thoughts, good or evil, were said to influence the blade. The swords of Masamune brought victory to their owners, while those made by Muramasa brought misfortune, which may after all be only a picturesque story illustrating the effect of good and bad workmanship.

There were many superstitions associated with the Japanese sword of a more subtle kind than that exhibited by Excalibur. Eight is a mystical number in Japan, and it was believed that a sword of that country would bring to its owner one of eight things—either good fortune, revenue, wealth, virtue, reputation, sickness, or poverty. One Japanese writer of the seventeenth century attempted to correct such superstitious ideas by stating that the owner carved his own fortune, yet he admitted that no evil man could possess a fortunate sword. "If it were possible," he writes, "for a knave to procure wealth, dignity or renown by possessing a fine sword, the noble

weapon would become the mere tool of a malefactor." There is no doubt that the sword was often regarded as a talisman, and so great was the belief set upon it that when it was lost the owner was plunged into a mood of deep despondency. We have already referred to the sacred sword that formed a part of the Imperial Regalia. Next in importance were the *Hirugoza* ("Daily Companion"), the *Hateki* ("Foe-smiter"), and the *Shugo* ("Guardian") of the Emperor. Then came the "Beard-cutter" and "Knee-severer," the grim names of two Minamoto weapons, and "Little Crow" and "Out-Flasher" of the Taira. Many other celebrated blades were carefully and reverently preserved by great feudal chiefs.

Stories, historical and otherwise, abound in reference to the Japanese sword. A son of one Empress dreamed he stood on a mountain flourishing a spear eight times and dealing eight blows with a sword. The Princess Sawo was tempted to slay her lord the Emperor by stabbing him with a dagger while he slept, but her falling tears made the deed impossible Two gods thrust the hilts of their swords into the ground, and, apparently without any discomfort, sat cross-legged on the points. There is the story of a commander who, finding his army could advance no further, flung his sword into the sea, which immediately ebbed and permitted his men to cross on dry land. Still more diverting is the thrilling story of Benkei and a swordsmith, which is but the prelude to that lovable hero's escapades, when he captured nine hundred and ninty-nine swords from knights who either fought feebly in self-defence or else dropped their weapons and ran away. The story of the short sword is another

matter. It was never used in combat, but was the weapon with which a samurai committed hara-kiri when hopelessly defeated, or when for some reason his lord bade him take his life. A Japanese poet, writing of a woman, observes: "Her weapons are a smile and a little fan." They were not always so. History records many sad tales of women as well as men committing seppuku, and we in the West have never understood why such an end should have been called the "happy despatch," or why, until recently, the Japanese should have regarded self-immolation not with horror but with a kind of complacency.

A samurai carried at least two swords, which he called *dai-sho,* that is "a great and small". Encased in scabbards of lacquered wood they were not suspended from his girdle, but stuck into it and secured by cords of plaited silk. The average length of the long sword was three feet, including the hilt, but those carried by swashbucklers were sometimes seven feet in length. It will be observed that it required no little skill to draw out so large a weapon which was in a fixed position, and yet there were not a few who could do so in a sitting posture. The withdrawal of a sword from its scabbard was not the heated impulse of a moment. Such an act was gravely considered, for to expose the precious blade either in vanity or in no just cause was a dishonour to the weapon and stamped its owner as no true samurai. There were sixteen varieties of cut in Japanese swordsmanship, such as "four-sides cut," the "clearer," the "wheel stroke," the "thunder stroke," the "pear-splitter," and the "torso severer". The sword was wielded with consummate skill. A Chinese historian, while describing the Japanese invasion

of Korea in the sixteenth century, informs us that a samurai "brandished a five-foot blade with such rapidity that nothing could be seen except a white sheen of steel, the soldier himself being altogether invisible".

The sword has exercised a very great influence on the life of the Japanese nation. The very wearing of such a weapon was a distinction in itself which the peasant class could never hope to attain. It conferred certain rights and privileges, and the famous deeds associated with it were alike told by the professional story-teller and the mother to her little son. A really fine blade by a great master was beyond price. Honours were bestowed upon him who made it, and through long years of hammering and heating, tempering and grinding, a sword was fashioned that has never been surpassed or equalled elsewhere. Captain Brinkley writes:

> If the Japanese had never produced anything but this sword, they would still deserve to be credited with a remarkable faculty for detecting the subtle causes of practical effects, and translating them with delicate accuracy into obdurate material.

A jewel needs a setting, a picture a frame, and in course of time Japanese artists discovered that a wonderful and delicate beauty could be added to the strength of the sword by embellishing its furnishings with all manner of artistic designs. No mount was too small, too trivial, to artists who had carved miniature men and women out of the toggle of a tobacco pouch, figures that seemed to live, to be moved by joy or sorrow. On the various sword mounts they lavished a wealth of beauty with so much skill as to lead one to wonder if the work was in some way connected with

a veneration for the sword itself. Buḍḍhism was undoubtedly the dominant art influence in Japan, whether in fashioning a gigantic image of Amida Buḍḍha or a small piece of cloisonné with the sheen of a humming-bird's wing upon it, but militarism came second. It was possible to tell from the decorative mountings of a samurai's sword, happily called the "jewelry of the samurai," the standard reached in glyptic art, for the feudatory chiefs, like the Buḍḍhist priests, were a centre of art influence.

The tsuba, or sword-guard, affords the most pleasing example of the artist's work. Within a space of not more than three or four inches in diameter he was able to produce some remarkable effects with the use of gold, silver, red copper, and pigments. He was not simply content to apply metal or colour. He was able to cut the tsuba till it resembled some fairy-like kind of lace, or he could produce designs in high or low relief, and, again, he could, if he chose, obtain a granulated surface by way of background. On these metal guards, that seemed in his hands as plastic as wax, he could tell a tale of long ago, he could depict deities and men and women, mountains and seas, flowers and birds and beasts; there was nothing apparently he could not make live upon the metal. Faces of human beings actually reflected all the emotions of men and women—love, joy, horror, cunning, benignity, mirth were all there. The great artist was consistent in his work. If he depicted a savage dragon rising from a lake, the water was always crested with many waves, the whole conception suggesting tumult. If, on the other hand, the scene is that of moonlight, flying birds and lake, the water is either calm or stirred with little ripples. Harmony of

setting is aimed at and attained. Flower-rafts appear only on calm water surrounded by rocks as smooth as a woman's shoulder, they would never be shown on a stormy, wind-swept river with precipitous cliffs.

Not infrequently there is a verse on the back of the sword-guard and kozuka, a knife inserted in the scabbard of the wakizashi, or small sword, and on the kogai, or comb. On one kozuka, we see the rustic gate of a cottage half hidden by pine-trees and in the foreground the long grass of autumn. On the back are written these lines:

> One are our hearts, my wife's and mine
> Beyond the reach of withering years,
> Beyond the sound of falling tears,
> To skies spring sunshine always fills
> The music of our love notes thrills,
> Through the linked branches of the pine.

In sharp contrast with this scene and verse are the designs and words chiselled by Watanabe Hisamitsu on a kozuka and kogai. The former depicts Takao, the "lady of the green hall," apparelled in rich brocades. On the kogai the same fair charmer is seen, and with her the Saint Daruma. The backs are inscribed with the following lines:

> Buḍḍha sells doctrine. The expounder sells Buḍḍha. The priest sells the expounder..... Green is the willow; crimson the flower; many-coloured the ways of the world.

> A thousand nights, a thousand eves,
> The soft moon sails the lake above;
> No trace of her caresses leaves,
> In the cold depths, no ray of love.

It seems strange to us that so much beauty, so much human feeling, should be expended upon the furnishings of a sword. It seems, perhaps, a little inconsistent that such tender sentiments should be in any way associated

with a weapon intended for slaughter. It reminds us of Watts' picture, "Love and Death". A love of beauty radiates from that samurai's jewelry, and when we look at specimens in a dusty museum, we wonder if the artist was trying to hide the nakedness of the sword and its slaughter under the robe of love. We look forward to the time when we may sheathe our swords for ever, when these lines, behind a single chrysanthemum carved in relief, will be a tribute to Peace:

> Until the dew-flake,
> Beading this blossom's gold,
> Swells to a broad lake,
> Age after age untold
> Joy to joy manifold
> Add for thy sweet sake.

F. Hadland Davis

THE FUTURE DEVELOPMENT OF SOUTH INDIAN ARCHITECTURE

By E. M. Thomas, F. R. I. B. A.

Consulting Architect to the Government of Madras

YOUR association having honoured me, an architect, with an invitation to address you to-day, you will no doubt be expecting that I speak to you on the subject of Architecture. It is certainly one, I think, in which you are all, in some measure interested—your constant association with the buildings around you demands that you should be.

You have with you most beautiful ancient buildings which have been preserved as records of Architecture's brilliant past, not only in this Presidency but in many other parts of this great and wonderful country. A good many of you, I am sure, will have visited the sites of those buildings which grace the Cities in the North. Most of you will be familiar with the more important architectural works in Southern India. I might speak to you of these edifices, conceived in years gone by, touching lightly upon each period of the development in design and construction which culminated in the fairer monuments remaining with you to-day. A mind ramble within the realms of the past in Art (and to me more particularly, perhaps, the art of architecture,) is always interesting, always instructive, but much as

I might be tempted to speak to you of earlier days I feel I should not miss this opportunity of speaking to you of an entirely different period in your architecture—not less interesting I think, and to you as citizens of Madras, of the utmost importance. With your kind permission I propose to-day to leave the Past alone, alone in its serenity, and to endeavour to look into the future, the future of architecture, the architecture of this Presidency.

Now what is Architecture? A common definition is "art in building," and we may perhaps accept this provided we clearly understand that the word "building" in the sense used here implies something more than the mere piling up of stone upon stone.

Sir Henry Wotton, a well-known writer very aptly said: "Well building hath three conditions, Commodity, Firmness and Delight." Convenience and suitability of arrangement of plan, stability of the structure, beauty of design—and in all the finer buildings, both ancient and modern, one will I think find these conditions very largely if not wholly fulfilled.

Now before we consider the future we should know how architecture stands with us to-day in the Presidency, what class of work is being produced, and what influence such work is likely to have on that which is to follow. We must also know what provision is being made for the training of your architects of the future. The education of the architect is of the greatest importance and it will be of some interest to you, I think, if I first explain the training which an architect receives in other countries.

A young man having decided to enter the architectural profession, say in England, must of

course have first received a sound general education. He then passes into one of the Schools of Architecture which are admittedly conducted on most excellent lines and where he obtains a thorough training in the work which he will later on practise with distinction, or otherwise, according to his ability. The school curriculum has been arranged only after careful study and long experience and, at the present time, is all that can be desired for providing an effective training in all departments of architecture.

The course covers a period of about three years. The first year's course deals, in a general way, with the development and the history of architecture from the earliest times, and in addition to lectures and visits to ancient buildings, studio exercises in the various styles are worked out, the whole being under direct supervision, and organised to avoid any overlapping, yet leaving the student largely dependent on his own initiative and energy for the result achieved. Lectures are given on the various historical periods, the aim of these lectures being to acquaint the student with the growth and development of the architecture of past civilisations, demonstrating its origin from constructional necessities, climate and environment; and to show in each case that its eventual perfection and acquisition of style was due to the intellectual capacity and craftsmanship of its authors, no less than to their natural æsthetic instinct. Special attention is given to drawing various constructional details to a large scale, which are studied at first hand on buildings in course of erection. Visits to such buildings are made in connection with each subject. Observation papers are set after each construction visit, to encourage and test a student's ability

to take notes, and sketch from memory. The aim of the lectures is to inculcate the broad principle of construction necessitated by the nature of materials and the vagaries of climate—they familiarise the student with the manufacture and production of materials, so that he may recognise their qualities and therefore be better able to form an opinion on the use to which they may be put. The student is also enabled to study the principles of perspective and freehand drawing and is encouraged to sketch and measure up ancient buildings, excursions being made for this purpose. It is considered that by measuring and sketching good examples of old work, a student more quickly improves his draughtsmanship, learns to appreciate architecture, and to recognise style.

The work of the second and third year courses are so arranged as to link up the general course of the preceding year and provide for more advanced study of architectural history, construction and design. It is recognised that the subject of town-planning comes within the province of every architect and for this reason great attention is paid to the setting of the building and the laying out of its surroundings. During the time he is in the schools a student is able to study for the examinations in architecture promoted by the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Having finished his course at the schools he will then for preference enter the office of one of the more prominent practising architects where he gains further experience in designs, and of the manner in which they are produced, and possibly will later enter into practice on his own account or obtain employment in Government Service. The preliminary training of

those wishing to qualify as architects should, whether they intend to enter Government Service or to set up in private practice, be the same.

Now architecture in this Presidency has in recent times had a larger measure of official recognition than any other Province. You have had Government architects for the last fifty years at least. In addition to bringing out men from England who have held the position of Consulting Architect, Government is now granting to Indian subjects scholarships in architecture tenable in England or Bombay for a period of years, with the possibility of employment in the Archæological Department of India after the course of training has been completed—and I have no doubt Government will find room for some of the men so trained in the Architectural Departments of the different Provinces.

You will thus see that your Government has done something for architecture, but the something Government has done will solve the question, I think, to a limited extent only. Government's action in bringing out qualified men from England to act as Consulting Architects and to provide for the training of Indians by granting scholarships in architecture will no doubt solve the problem of what I may call "official architecture". But it will not, and I think it is quite right that it should not, interfere with the future development of designs of buildings erected by private enterprise. This I consider most intimately concerns you as citizens of Madras; it is for you to endeavour, as far as it lies in your power, to see to it that the architecture appertaining to your private buildings is kept at a high standard—and should you find the existing standard not high enough—then endeavour to raise it.

To enable you to form an opinion on the standard of your present day architecture, you have only to review the designs of your school buildings, your hostels, residences large and small, your shops, etc., and I think you must come to the conclusion that all is not as it should be—that there is room for improvement.

I have told you what training an architect in the West receives. Now let us see what training the men in your Presidency, who design your buildings, have had. This will give us an insight into what we may expect of them. There are a few, unfortunately very few indeed, who have practised here in architecture with distinction for some years, but in proportion to the work of the untrained, I regret to say that very few of their designs lighten the darkness of the architecture which we have in the Presidency to-day.

As Consulting Architect to Government, I am concerned principally with the designs for your school buildings and hostels. A great number of these come before me annually for investigation before Government sanctions a grant towards the erection of the buildings, and the architects, so-called, are, I presume, the same as those who design your other buildings, the cost of which is met entirely from private funds. Now the majority of the school designs are prepared by retired overseers, first-class draughtsmen, etc., and provided such designs promise, when carried out, to be structurally sound, Government for many good reasons does not, except in very bad cases, have much to say about their appearance. The majority of these designs are not of a high standard—the planning of the rooms is in most cases badly arranged and most extravagant in area, the exteriors being expressionless,

and, in many cases, merely offences against all the principles of architectural design and composition. One has only to glance at the drawings submitted for sanction to see at once that they have been prepared by individuals who lack refinement, yet these are the men who are responsible for the principal part of your architecture to-day. Now what can you expect from a man of the retired overseer class? The poor man has probably done good and long service in his particular department and it appears to me a pity that he should be encouraged to take up, in his old age, a subject of which he knows absolutely nothing. He just knows enough geometrical drawing to enable him to draw up a set of plans with moderate accuracy, and the design of the exterior is probably an attempt to copy the façade of a building on which he worked, but of which he has but a vague recollection. Occasionally one finds a more ambitious fellow who, with all the freshness of youth at sixty years of age, sets out to be original. It is only seldom, I am glad to say, that this happens, for such attempts lead only to most unfortunate results.

A design I have in mind was for a school building. In the plan the amount of useless space far exceeded that devoted to useful purposes. The external design of the lower story resembled Italian Renaissance, relieved here and there with severe Greek ornamentation; the upper floor was I believe intended to be in the Saracenic style, but really the detail more closely resembled German Gothic of the worst period. The tiled roof, of most playful outline, and probably copied from an English rural cottage design, was surmounted by a heavy cast iron railing of almost impossible proportions. A sort of architectural curry

8

composed of scraps from each style which, not blending well, left an exceptionally unpleasant flavour behind it. Yet that building has, I believe, been set up within your Presidency and will be left there for the inhabitants to digest.

The first question which some of you will ask is: "But why are such men employed to prepare the designs for buildings?" That is the question I myself used to ask, and the reply I received was: "There is no one else to do the work for us." Now this is not correct, there *are* other men—one or two—who are more capable of doing the work, but with so much going on, it is obviously impossible for these few to cope with the whole of the work in the Presidency, more's the pity! So it comes to this, that every one thinks they are making the best of a bad job by just accepting the situation and trusting to good fortune that some day it will be possible for them to obtain the help they require, and which will enable them to obtain more reputable designs. In the meantime the Presidency must continue to be flooded with such abortions in architecture as we see going up at the present time.

Now that is quite the wrong spirit. If matters are not as they should be, then it becomes necessary to inquire *why* they are not—and having got at the root of the matter, the proper course is to endeavour to find the best possible means of *improvement*—otherwise, as far as I can see, you will jog along for ever as you are doing now, and your architecture will have no chance whatever of proper development. If you think there is room for improvement, and I believe you will agree with me that there is, it is quite time that you looked into the matter—and that is what I think we might with

advantage do to-day. It will not be possible for us to go into the question in any great detail but I think we can cover sufficient ground to enable us to form a fairly definite opinion as to what steps are necessary to ensure our architecture of the future being raised up to such a standard as will at least justify its being graced with the name of architecture.

Now it is not I think a very difficult problem and can be fairly easily solved, provided you will recognise that the majority of the individuals now responsible for your designs are totally untrained, and therefore unfit, for the services they now perform in the name of architecture. You must recognise that some form of architectural education is necessary, that instead of leaving architecture to the tender mercies of the uncultured, it should be put on the high plane existing in other countries and therefore likely to attract those of superior education and taste, and those of good social standing, who have received their general education in one of your more important colleges.

A great many of these boys now enter the profession of engineering but very few, if any, of the better class boys ever dream of taking up architecture as a profession. The reason is not far to seek. There is no College of Architecture! So they all enter the College of Engineering instead, and architecture is left to look after itself, and very badly it has fared.

Now architecture is a constructive art and concerns every one of you in more ways than the art of painting and the other arts. For instance, if a painter paints a bad picture he offends no one, unless he finds some poor ignorant fool who will purchase his wares; in which case the picture, bad as it is, will be hung in the

purchaser's private apartments and therefore offends only those who may have the misfortune to be lured into them. But there is still the chance of the purchaser himself acquiring a better taste in art in which case he will experience no great difficulty in ridding himself of his former purchase, either by relegating it to the dust heap or by adopting some other effective means of disposing of it.

But with architecture it is different. Once a design has been prepared and carried out in a building, that building once set up, and especially if set up in an important street, remains on view for all to see for many years, perhaps a century. If it is a bad design it cannot be discarded as easily as the bad picture. Its retention is necessary, if only on account of the great amount spent on its construction, and therefore all those who are responsible for the erection of buildings are under a deep obligation to the public to see that what they set up will not be a blot on the architecture of their city.

It is unfortunate in every way that the majority of those who subscribe towards the erection of buildings are not capable of ascertaining beforehand, even approximately, what those buildings will look like when completed. But such is the case and it is therefore obvious that, as they have to place themselves so unreservedly in the hands of the architect, it would be to their advantage if they were able to obtain the assistance of one properly trained, one who could be relied on to give sound advice in all matters relating to building and design. A good many of the men whose advice you now accept, not only give you a design which is bad, but one which is in many cases unnecessarily extravagant

in cost. I have seen many designs for buildings on which a saving of anything from ten to twenty-five per cent could have been made if a capable architect had been employed.

So those who may intend to continue to employ the untrained man merely because his fees may be small need not think they save by consulting such men, for they don't save in the long run—they may save a small amount on fees, but I think I am right in saying that their building, notwithstanding the inferiority of the design, will cost them infinitely more than if they had obtained good advice. It is an established fact that a good architect will provide you with a plan which will give all the required accommodation in a more convenient and less expensive manner than can be done by a person who has had no training or experience in such matters. It is necessary that every one should recognise this fact, that they be made to understand that by consulting competent architects their buildings would be more beautiful and less expensive than those they obtain under present conditions.

Now there must be many of your boys who would make good architects and whose talents in that direction lie dormant. If facilities were granted for the study of architecture we should, in the course of a very few years, see a vast improvement in the standard of work produced in the Madras Presidency. Government has done their share in providing the means of carrying on *official* architecture—it now remains for all of you as citizens to take an intelligent interest in that side of the subject which concerns you most intimately, and, for those of you whose purses permit, to assist in some measure in inaugurating a School of Architecture where

a course of training somewhat similar to that in England can be carried out. I think it is preferable that such a school be started by you and not by Government, for the simple reason that if the school were controlled entirely by Government, boys who might enter as students would expect employment in Government Service after they had completed their course of training. What you require to do now is to educate some of your boys and show them the way to a very profitable form of private practice in architecture so that your private buildings of all classes may be improved. Such a school with a governing body of influential citizens, would then be recognised as the training centre of architecture in the Presidency. Certificates or medals could be given to those students who passed their final examination with distinction and to create added interest it would no doubt be possible to exhibit, say at the Fine Arts Exhibition, the work done by the students each year.

Now I wonder if there are any public-spirited gentlemen sufficiently interested in the welfare of the appearance of their city who would be prepared to assist in the promotion of such a school. Some of you, I know, give liberally in various ways, but the citizen who gives to the cause of architecture will benefit the community as a whole to an enormous extent and would deserve the highest praise. It would, I feel sure, be very gratifying to Government if such were the case and although I have no authority for saying so, Government would probably be prepared to recognise and assist the school to some extent if it were found necessary. Any way, the initial step should in my opinion be taken by you; it should be your endeavour to

promote a healthy general interest in architecture and to impress upon those intending to erect buildings the necessity of their having the designs prepared only by those who have received the required education.

There is, no doubt, a tendency for boys to endeavour to obtain employment in the Public Works Department as Engineers—such service has many attractions I admit. If a boy, having done his course, say, in the Engineering College, can obtain permanent employment in a Government department he has an assured position for life provided he behaves himself. His pay probably starts at Rs. 30 or Rs. 40, and by the time he reaches the retiring age he will possibly have risen to Rs. 250 per month.

But it has evidently not occurred to them what a fine field lies open to them in architecture—a very pleasant field, and one which would be very remunerative to well-trained men. On school buildings alone I estimate that fees to the extent of 1½ lakhs per annum can be earned, and after making the usual allowance for office expenses there would still remain a very ample margin to provide a means of livelihood for many architects who chose to set up in private practice. Apart from educational buildings, there are a vast number of buildings of other classes which are being erected in the Presidency. Would it not, therefore, be well worth while for those boys who have a natural taste for architecture to give up some time in their earlier life to the study of the subject and to make themselves proficient in the art? Or, suitable boys who have done their engineering course in the College of Engineering, could take the opportunity of devoting

themselves to a further course of training in architecture.

I will not suggest that all the boys entering the school would turn out to be good architects. Probably some of them would become only good draughtsmen, but such men are also badly needed and the pay which they would command would be, I think, much in excess of that received by the men who now do similar work. And assuming that some of these boys would be taken into Government Service, and that they had also received training in the Engineering College, such boys would be of infinitely more use to the Department than those with only a knowledge of engineering.

So you see that from every point of view such a school as I suggest is essential to the welfare of the architecture of your City and there is I think no doubt that both Government and the Municipalities would welcome it. As regards Government, they could insist on all the school designs which come up for a grant being prepared only by properly qualified men. At present it would not be feasible for them to take such a step. As regards the Municipalities, they would be able to take the same action with all the work which goes to them for approval and sanction. In time, the architectural work in the Presidency would be in the hands of trained architects and not, as it is at present, largely in the hands of incompetent draughtsmen. Your architecture would develop on the right lines and you could look to the future to give you a fairer city and finer towns than it will do under the less favourable conditions existing at the present day.

I will now leave the question for your consideration—it is one which I think needs a good deal of

thought—but I hope and trust that in the near future it may be found possible to form such a school as I have proposed and that your architecture of the future may benefit therefrom.

E. M. Thomas

THE WING OF SHIVA

Men! are ye fools or madmen that ye deem
These hours fit for feasts and senseless mirth,
Chatting of wars o'er wine-cups—when the earth
Begins once more with massacre to stream?

Can ye not feel?—Over Earth's heart there creep
A dread, a death-like chill—a shadow vast
Over her sunny plains is silent cast—
For Armageddon rises from its sleep!

Silence your laughter, fools, lest it be drowned
Ere long in roar of battle, anguished groans
Of dying—cries of children—widows' moans—
While universal carnage dyes the ground.

Is this a time to feast, and dance, and sing—
When all the world grows dark 'neath Shiva's Wing?

F. G. P.

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY

By Ernest Udny

I. The Relation between Theosophy and the Religions of the World

CHRISTIANITY, like all other religions, is part of the Wisdom of God—*Theosophia*—Theosophy. The only men in the world who are fully cognisant of the Ancient Wisdom—ancient because it is as eternal as God from Whom it flows—are those men who have finished their strictly human evolution through many lives lived in the world—many days passed in God's great school, this earth—and who, having reached the full consciousness of their own oneness with the Eternal and Supreme, in Whom we "live and move and have our being," long and work to hasten the time when their fellow-men shall attain the same glorious consciousness of the mysterious and glorious depths of their own inmost being—ever divine, though at present they know, and perhaps even suspect, it not. There is no difference whatever in origin and essence between those who have already attained and those who have not yet attained, for *all* life (aye even the so-called "lower" kingdoms—animal, vegetable, and mineral) comes from Him, and to Him it shall at

last return. At the same time there *is* a great difference, in that the Divine Men have completely unified or "at-oned" their Will with that of the Supreme, while the rest of humanity and the other kingdoms have not yet done so. The former know, while the latter do not yet know, the Divinity of their own inmost being. All weakness and sin are the result of ignorance, an ignorance which is in course of being changed into knowledge in God's great school, as fast as we ourselves will permit, for "the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" never forces its way, and we have it in our power to shut it out, although even such shutting gradually brings its own remedy, for it leads us into unwise courses of action, by which we bruise ourselves against "the Good Law" that brings to every man, in the course of successive lives, the exact results of his own behaviour towards the innumerable other "fragments of Divinity," whether for joy or pain, weal or woe.

The Divine Men who have attained "liberation" from birth and death, and have the right and power, if they so choose, to pass away altogether from the world into loftier states of being—higher "planes" of existence—remain here for the helping of their younger brothers of the human, animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and are employed by the Supreme as His Agents for their leading and guidance. Living and working as They do in the most perfect accord with Him and with each other, They constitute a Great Brotherhood, which is sometimes called "the Great White Lodge". They do not, however, live together so far as their physical bodies are concerned, for They *have* physical bodies, though it is only at certain

times in the world's history that They come before men into the ordinary publicity of the world. They live in various parts of the world, and yet They are in constant communication with one another on the higher planes, in which Their true life is centred, and where physical separation is no barrier to the freest interchange of ideas.

In this Brotherhood the work is divided, for convenience of administration, into different departments, one of which is devoted to the spiritual instruction and helping of the world; and at the head of that Department stands a very Great One (for there are differences in Wisdom and Power even among Those who have already filled Their hearts with Divine Love) and this One is called the World-Teacher, the Light of the World, Teacher of Angels and of Men. He acts as a kind of Prime Minister to the actual Head of the Hierarchy (the Great White Lodge) Who is sometimes referred to as "The One Initiator," because the Great Initiations which mark the stages of progress on the Path of Holiness are always conferred by His express authority and in His name. The World-Teacher acts also as a Minister of Religion to "the King". It is He who founds, either in person or through a deputy, a member of the Great Brotherhood specially appointed for the purpose, every religion that appears in the world. The Founder of a religion does not, of course, attempt to give to the world His own knowledge in its entirety, which would be an impossibility; but, having regard to the time, place and people for whom it is intended, He selects from the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom such as He sees to be most helpful in the particular circumstances.

It thus happens that while each religion has its own leading idea, upon which special stress is laid, certain important and fundamental truths appear in all; and it is possible, by means of appropriate quotations from the various Scriptures of the world, to prove that the same great truths are taught in each. In Mrs. Besant's most helpful *Universal Text-Book of Religion and Morals* these common teachings are tabulated as follows:

"The Unity of God—One Self-dependent Life, pervading all things and binding them all together in mutual relations and dependence.

"The Manifestation of God in a universe under Three Aspects.

"The Hierarchies of Spiritual Beings.

"Incarnation of Spirit.

"The two basic laws of Causation and of Sacrifice.

"The Three Worlds of Human Evolution.

"The Brotherhood of Man."

None of these truths is the exclusive property of any particular religion. They belong to what may be called Universal Religion, and abundant quotations are given from the Scriptures of all the great religions, Hinḍū, Zoroastrian, Hebrew, Christian, Muhammadan, and Sikh, to show that these teachings, which may be assumed to be fundamental, are indeed common to all. For any one who will carefully study it, this collection of varied statements, in each case of the same truth, is highly instructive, as they illuminate and confirm one another, in very much the same way as a collection of texts on any one subject from, say, the Christian Scriptures.

The teachings which have been given to the world by the Theosophical Society, founded in New York in 1875, and now having branches in nearly every country in the world, are drawn, equally with those of all religions, from the one Ancient Wisdom and, of course, include the fundamental truths mentioned above; but, as Theosophy is far more recent than even Muhammadanism, the youngest (except the Sikh) of the family of religions—in fact 1,400 years younger—the world was ripe for a much fuller and clearer presentation of the facts of nature in the broadest sense, including God and Man. The fact of reincarnation had been known and taught in the Hinḍū and Buḍḍhist religions for thousands of years, but without the slightest attempt to explain scientifically and in detail the method of rebirth, the nature of the subtler planes of existence, their relation to the physical, the subtle bodies in which the interval between births is passed, or the exact stages of the progress from one physical body to the next. So long as even the fact of reincarnation was withheld (and it seems to have been deliberately withheld by direction of the Founder of Christianity, the World-Teacher) from the western world, it would have been difficult, and even purposeless, to give scientific teaching about the subtle bodies and the (to *our* eyes) invisible inner worlds; but now reincarnation has been as deliberately restored.

We learn, for the first time in the West, that man is evolving spiritually by means of repeated births in the physical body, and that the law of cause and effect in the moral world, the sowing and reaping of good and evil, is carried out not entirely, or even chiefly, in one and the same body, but rather from life to life. Thus

much is in its broad outline easy to understand, and will probably be the common belief of all cultured people within a generation from the present time; but those who care to study may learn much more than this, for Theosophy contains much detailed and fascinating information as to God's plan of evolution, so far as it relates to man at his present stage. We may learn of the existence of worlds invisible to our physical senses, and of subtle vehicles which we possess even while living here in the world, and in which we shall continue to live after the loss of the physical body at death, and in which we shall pass the long interval between death and rebirth. The invisible worlds, and the life which man leads in them after death, are described for us in great detail. We learn, too, that the process or cycle of repeated births and deaths, however long it may last, is but a passing stage in evolution, the preparation for a glorious condition of superhuman Love and Wisdom, to which we shall all surely attain in the long run, because it is God's will that we should do so, but to which our own efforts assisted by the divine grace, which never forces its way, can alone conduct us; and that the process of attaining this far higher condition can be enormously quickened by those who are willing to make special efforts—to leave, in fact, the beaten high road which scales in many spirals the mountain of achievement, and to breast the ascent in its steepest but swiftest form, which is called the Path of Holiness, because it leads to that state fairly rapidly and in the course of a comparatively few lives. We learn of the Great Gateways, or Initiations, which mark first the entrance to that Path and then the various stages of achievement. And —perhaps most interesting of all for us at our present

stage—we learn the qualifications prescribed by the Head of the Hierarchy Himself, "the ONE INITIATOR," which must be developed by would-be entrants while still living the ordinary life in the world, ere they can pass the Gateway which stands at the entrance. Over that Gate is written the word "Service," for by service alone can we hope to enter the Path. The power which enables us to hasten our own evolution comes from our Elder Brethren (the Divine Men, who are for us the channels of divine grace) and is held in trust for the whole race, not for particular individuals. If, therefore, it is given in special abundance to a comparatively small number, that is not from any favouritism, but simply because those individuals are willing and have fitted themselves to take part in the Master's work, and because the force given to them will produce in this way a better result for the whole of humanity than it would in any other.

Theosophy not only tells us all this, of profound interest and importance for Christians as for all other men, but it also comes to us straight and fresh from the Divine Men who are the Guides and Guardians of our race; and this is a great advantage, for it is not yet overlaid by the materialising tendency, innate in the human mind, which inevitably obscures, as time goes on, every fresh presentation of divine truth. All religions gradually go down-hill with the lapse of time, though perhaps this is not an unmixed drawback, as the decadent stages may be, and doubtless are, utilised for the training of souls who would be unable to profit by the purer, more enlightened, forms of religion. The gradual decadence arises from the fact that the Founder and His immediate disciples are, of

course, much more highly evolved than those whom they come to teach, and, as the former gradually pass from among men, the sublime teachings are more and more misunderstood and materialised by men who are unfitted to sense the deeper meanings, and do not even suspect their existence, but adhere rigidly to the outer husk. Spiritual truths must from their very nature be expressed in symbolism, and in the Scriptures of the world advantage is taken of that fact in order to provide at the same time and in the same words teaching for different classes of souls—for those who cannot yet see beyond "the letter that killeth" as well as for others who, having eyes to perceive and ears to hear, can receive "the spirit which giveth life".

This process of the substitution of the letter for the spirit was to a large extent completed in the Christian Church as early as the 4th or 5th century of our era, when the orthodox but ignorant majority succeeded in expelling from it the few Gnostics (or Knowers), the Mystics of the early Church. From one point of view, Theosophy is but a revival, a rebirth, of Gnosticism; but, owing to the development of modern science, men are now capable of receiving much more definite information as to the existence and nature of those subtle invisible worlds which interpenetrate the physical, and as to the broad details of human evolution, the existence of Divine Guides and Teachers, and of a Path of Holiness—to be trodden in the world during a short series of lives taken in quick succession—which leads from our level to Theirs.

The most important difference between Theosophy and ordinary Christianity is the teaching of reincarnation—that all men, whether or not they may be aware

of the fact, are really undergoing a process of spiritual evolution, for which purpose they are born again and again into the world, each life being, as it were, but a single day of the immortal Spirit, passed in God's great school, the world, which is fitted to be a school of experience for men at all stages of growth from a savage to a Divine Man, a Liberated Soul.

All enlightened Christians are giving up the ghastly theory of eternal damnation, and the almost equally crude idea that the ultimate and eternal fate of every soul is settled at death. The fact is beginning to be recognised and admitted, that, apart from the loss of the physical body, no immediate change occurs at death, the man's character and knowledge being exactly the same afterwards as they were before, and that his spiritual education or evolution must therefore be carried on *somewhere*, though it is assumed, for no obvious reason, that this further evolution will be conducted on some other planet or in some other world. The reply to such a suggestion is clear. If, as seems obvious enough, we have not yet learned all that the physical plane has to teach us, is it not necessary that we should return (after our night's rest, first in purgatory and afterwards in heaven) to *a* physical planet, and, if so, why not to this one. If, as present-day orthodoxy *assumes,* for it is nowhere stated in their Scriptures, each soul is a new creation at birth, then perhaps it might not be an unreasonable speculation that the "dip-down," the descent to earth, was for a single occasion only; but such a speculation is negatived by the extraordinary difference in the conditions into which individuals are born—some amid virtue and refinement, others amid vice and squalor, some to happiness others to misery, some to luxury

others to want, some to care and love others to cruelty and ill-treatment. Is there no cause for all this? Are the Love and Wisdom of the Supreme at fault? "Shall a man be more just than his Maker?" On the other hand, with the keys of Reincarnation and Karma in our hands, all falls into its place. Once more we breathe again: "God's in His heaven, all's well with the world." If we have all lived before many times upon this earth, then it does not take much faith to believe that these differences, which before seemed so cruel and unjust, are but the working of the "Good Law," which brings to every man according to his deeds; and, though we try to sympathise to the utmost with all who are at present unhappy, we need not assume that they are sinners beyond other men, for we know that each life is but a single day at school, and if "to-day" (this life) brings tears, "to-morrow" (next life) may bring sunshine. Further, an unhappy life, wisely and patiently endured, brings wisdom. That is always the result of Karma cheerfully endured; and even a bad life, if there has been some good mixed with the bad, as there nearly always is, is surely followed, after the temporary condition of purgatory, by the highest bliss of which the soul is capable at its present stage of evolution. Its power to enjoy is limited only by the size of its own cup, and in any case the soul is blissfully unconscious of any limitation to its happiness.

If reincarnation in some physical world is necessary for our further evolution, why not on this earth, and what greater difficulty would there be in our being born here on the next occasion than there was this time? We do, in fact, see people evolving and learning at every possible stage on this earth; what difficulty is there in believing that these differences are

largely due to the number of lives that each has had in the human kingdom—the number of days passed in the great school? It would be hard to frame any other explanation; but this is not all, for those who have developed the power to see on other planes, even as we ourselves see in the physical world, tell us that reincarnation is no theory but an obvious fact, for they see the souls at all stages on the way up and down. And the contradictions which sometimes reach us, through spiritualistic mediums, from the departed carry no weight, for the souls who utter them are in no better position than we are ourselves to know at first hand whether reincarnation is a fact, inasmuch as they cannot see or sense the souls who have already passed on into the heaven-world, much less know what will happen to them when their bliss in heaven comes to an end.

For lack of a knowledge of reincarnation, Christians have assumed that each soul is a new creation at birth, but is this really a philosophical theory? There is indeed such a thing as creation. Theosophy itself teaches it most fully, but not a creation out of nothing. The ancient maxim *Ex nihilo nihil fit*—"Nothing is made out of nothing"—is certainly sound, and is in no way contradicted by Theosophical teaching about creation. The worlds and all that is in them, on all planes, physical and superphysical, up to the highest of the three Nirvāṇic planes recognised in Theosophy, *are* deliberately created by the Blessed Trinity and their hosts of Agents, but out of subtler matter still, which antedates and survives the period of existence of a solar system, almost infinite as that period may appear to our limited powers of conception. One may say that

the lower planes which are comparatively temporary are, as it were, "unrolled" from or out of higher planes still. But this is all in reference to the Form side—to matter, of however high or subtle an order. What can be said of the Life, except that it shares—that all the innumerable life-centres which come into manifestation in a solar system share—the eternity of their source, the One Life,—from which they proceed, in which, in spite of this apparent "proceeding," they ever continue to inhere, to "live and move and have their being," and to which they eventually return, when the Supreme Being of the system withdraws all to Himself, that God may once more "be all in all"—until in due course, and at however distant a period, the innumerable lives shall again stream forth, in appearence, from the bosom of the Father, to begin their new day upon the ceaseless and endless "Wheel of Life". In the beautiful words of Sir Edwin Arnold's *The Song Celestial* (a metrical translation of that great Hindū Scripture, the immortal *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* or *The Lord's Song*):

> Never the spirit was born, the spirit shall cease to be never.
> Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams.
> Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit for ever.
> Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems.

If, as Theosophy teaches, there is but One Life in existence, then must we all share the eternity of our origin, substance and final goal, and the great teaching of reincarnation shows us that death (as it appears to us) and immortality are in no way incompatible

or self-contradictory. To quote Sir Edwin Arnold again :

> Nay but as when one layeth
> His worn-out robes away
> And, taking new ones, sayeth,
> " These will I wear to-day,"
> So putteth by the spirit
> Lightly its garb of flesh
> And passeth to inherit
> A residence afresh.

This teaching about reincarnation is not expressly given, it is true, in the Christain Scriptures, or to be more precise, it is not insisted on, though it is more than implied in the Christ's saying about S. John the Baptist : " If ye will receive it, this is Elias which was for to come " (Matthew, xi, 11) and again, in reference to the man which was blind from his birth : " Neither has this man sinned nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him " (John, i, 9). This clearly shows that there is a possibility of a man's sinning before he is born, and it contradicts the current orthodox belief, that every soul is new-created at birth. It is, to say the least, perfectly consistent with, and strongly suggestive of, the idea of a previous birth or births.

On the other hand, the fact that these slight references to reincarnation are the only ones in the Christian Scriptures points to the probability of a statement which has been made, and which on other grounds is quite likely to be true, that, far from wishing to teach reincarnation, the Christ deliberately withdrew that teaching from the western world and from the religion which He founded, and that for the following reason. The central idea which He wished to give to the world was " Self-Sacrifice "—the note of true brotherhood—but for this the world was not yet ripe.

Before men could be built into a Brotherhood—before a Church could be formed, whose ordinary individual members (the rank and file, the ordinary communicants, and not merely the very exceptional saint) would be ready and willing to make practical sacrifice the leading note of their lives—before such a Church could be built, it was necessary to build the Brothers of whom it would be composed, and in His wisdom He saw that the best and quickest way of inducing men to make the necessary exertion for spiritual growth would be to withhold from them the knowledge that they had really many lives before them in which to evolve, and to leave them to conclude that their whole future depended upon the way in which the present life was led.

This was a strong measure and in one way nearly wrecked the civilisation for which the religion was intended—that of modern Europe—and probably contributed to bring about that long period of spiritual and intellectual gloom known as "the Dark Ages," when, outside the walls of convent and monastery, might was the only recognised right and violence reigned supreme. For, without a knowledge of reincarnation, it is impossible logically to make sense or justice of the world, or to recognise the Wisdom and Love of the Supreme. Men are obviously born into sets of conditions which are extraordinarily different from one another. Some are born into comfort and abundance, others into want and misery; some into vicious surroundings, others into virtue, true religion, and refinement. Some are so situated that it is difficult for them from infancy to do right, while for others it would appear to be almost equally difficult not to be pious and virtuous. Now if, as is popularly supposed, they are new souls

created at birth and having no past behind them, what justice, to say nothing of love, can there be in treating various souls so differently, and how can this be reconciled with the goodness of God? In such circumstances the reason must be laid aside and the ways of the Supreme be accepted on faith as "a mystery"—a solution which is very apt to breed unbelief and discontent in thinking people, who are unable to accept on authority beliefs that seem contrary to common sense.

But humanity had to grow and this was the quickest way. To use a Masonic metaphor, the stone was being rough-hewed in the quarry—a process which requires very different methods from those that are afterwards used for smoothing and polishing the same stones when they are to be placed in position in the Temple of Humanity. Chips fly about in the quarry during rough-hewing, and a humanity that is in process of being built into Brothers needs in the first instance strength rather than refinement, a motive for exertion rather than more advanced teaching which it would as yet be unable to grasp. The individual must be spurred to exertion by the motive of "saving his own soul". "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Matthew, viii, 36,7). It is by effort, by exertion of the will, that he must begin to realise the divinity of his own nature, and will thus become fit to be built, with his fellows, into a Brotherhood capable of understanding and practising the Divine Law of Self-Sacrifice. "All over the Masters' place is written the word 'Try'."

It is not an easy thing to "enter in at the strait gate," which of course refers neither to attainment of

heaven nor escape from hell, but simply to enter on the Path of Holiness. "Strive to enter in," says the Christ, "at the strait gate, for many, I say unto you, will strive to enter in and shall not be able" (Luke, xiii, 24). The passage certainly goes on to represent the Christ as saying that "the Master of the House" would address those who might fail "to enter in" as follows: "Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquiity. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth when ye shall see Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and all the prophets in *the kingdom of God*" (simply another phrase like "the strait gate" for the Path of Holiness or of Initiation) "and you yourselves thrust out". But it must be remembered that the Gospels do not profess to be authentic and verbatim accounts of the sayings and doings of the Christ. They are carefully described in the Bible itself as the Gospels *according to* S. Matthew, S. Mark, etc. The question in what spirit the Scriptures should be approached and studied will be considered later. For the present it is sufficient to note that the Christ is exhorting his hearers to strenuous endeavour. That was His immediate aim two thousand years ago—to develop strength in the individual souls, whom at His next Coming—the one now expected—he would build into a Brotherhood. He had first to "build the Brothers," and for that purpose He withdrew from the West all knowledge of reincarnation, although obscure traces of the teaching have been purposely left in the Scriptures, as in the statement about Elias and the story of the man that was born blind, in order to facilitate a restoration of the knowledge when the time should come.

Ernest Udny

(*To be concluded*)

THE ENEMY

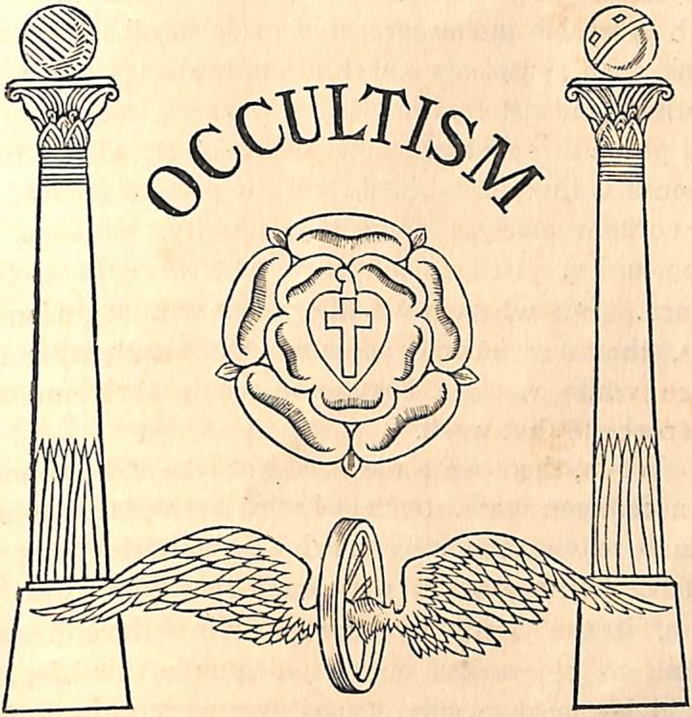
(From *The Smart Set*)

You shall not come between me and the light,
You shall not block the path my soul has set.
Though I must lift and bear you all the way,
Though I must seize and bind you to my side,
I'll wear you as the warrior wears his shield;
You shall not come between me and the light.

As, at the last, my brother you shall be,
We shall go on together till the end.
Though you may strike, and, striking, see me fall,
Though you escape me for a certain space,
I shall arise and overtake your feet,
For at the last my brother you shall be.

All men are greater than the deeds they do.
My love is greater than your utmost hate.
Though each may struggle in his separate cause,
Though we be blind to understand the fray,
We shall achieve our brotherhood at last,
For men are greater than the deeds men do.

LOUISE FLETCHER PARKINGTON



OCCULT GUIDANCE IN THEOSOPHICAL WORK

By C. Jinarajadasa, M.A. (Cantab.)

MANY E. S. members rightly enough recognise that the counsels of the Head of the E. S. with reference to T. S. affairs should be scrupulously followed; they not infrequently ask for "orders," without realising that there are times when that Head, by the very nature of the situation, cannot give any advice at all. Members are brought together in this incarnation into the T. S. to work for a common purpose; but they do

not now meet as strangers. They have lived in association for several lives, and have behind them kārmic links, both agreeable and disagreeable, made in all sorts of relations, such as parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, friends, and workers, in commercial and philanthropic and occult undertakings. The kārmic account is therefore mixed, and our present friends and co-workers owe us sympathy, charity, patience and opportunity, just as much as we owe them the same in return. But wherein we differ from ordinary people is this, that our kārmic adjustments to each other take place while we are busy in an occult work, and with reference to that work.

When, then, we come as co-workers and are united in a common work, items of karma between us as individuals reassert themselves, bringing both friendship and collaboration as well as strife and opposition. Furthermore, if the Lords of Karma required those items of karma to be worked out between us in this life, they would be worked out, even if we were not united as now in an occult work, in some other way, such as in business relations, through literary and other organisations we might be members of, and so on. The principal point to remember is that where kārmic adjustment is inevitable, the Lords of Karma bring out the greatest possible result in experience and capacity for the individuals affected ; and where this adjustment can be utilised to train the kārmic recipients for greater efficiency in occultism, the Lords naturally use that opportunity.

Those of us who are aspirants in the service of the Masters must therefore realise that continually personal karmas are put into operation, the relation of which to

the occult work is indirect; when strife and opposition arise, we must be careful to note how much a "principle" is at stake, and how much it is really a matter of the personal karmas of past lives. Here the path is "narrow as a razor's edge" for all of us who in this epoch are sent out to service; for we are bound by our highest duty to bring the greatest good as the result of our output of energy, and yet at the same time we cannot be utterly certain whether our particular ideas for bringing about that greatest good are the wisest and most efficient to meet the needs of the situation.

Now when strife arises, there is one fact that we must strenuously keep before our vision, and that is that the Masters are fully aware, even to the least little detail, of all that is happening, and that They are at the helm even of local affairs, and will see to it that Their will is done. There may be a little delay here or there, but Their will is irresistible, and whatsoever They have planned with reference to a particular country, that inevitably shall be done. We humble individuals must therefore remember that much as we can help to bring sooner to realisation Their plans, we *cannot* hinder that realisation, though there may be a little delay because of our opposition. And equally this fact holds good with reference to those others who are opposed to us; they too, however strong, cannot bring to ruin the Master's work, though they may seem to do so for the time. A striking instance of this was in 1906, when the Executive Committee of the American Section forced the late President-Founder to expel the present writer from the Theosophical Society, and the whole Section was for a time swung in a direction contrary

to the welfare of the great work. The Masters knew, and bided Their time; and when the karmas of the various individuals came to a new conjunction, They utilised those karmas to have the work re-established on Their foundation.

When the difficulties arise in a country, as to the better way of doing the work of the Masters, members must be careful to see that their kārmic debts and credits with reference to each other do not make them exaggerate the situation; there are occasions when they are apt to think that they must "save the situation," and that a principle is at stake, when in reality it is nothing of the sort, but is merely a minor matter of efficiency. But the difficulty is to know at the time that it is *not* a matter of principle. Is it possible to gain this necessary knowledge, at a crisis?

I think it is possible, if we do not forget what we are. First and foremost, we are fellow-servants of the Masters, and as one in our desire to do Their work, we are linked together in mystic ways. We help or hinder each other profoundly by all that we think of each other; the least lack of charity towards a fellow-worker, or the faintest tinge of hostility, reacts *on us*, and thenceforth we view all that the other does through a distorting medium. If we let our hostility be fed daily by our criticisms and dislikes, we slowly wrap ourselves in a refracting māyā, and "all we have the wit to see is a straight staff bent in a pool".

But we are still human, and likes and dislikes are yet part and parcel of our evolutionary equipment; nevertheless we must be daily purified from the glamour caused by our imperfections, if we are to do the Master's work well. Therefore it is that daily we should come to

Him in humility, "with a broken and contrite heart," stript of all our opinions, beliefs, convictions and principles, offering ourselves, in our integrity, that His will may be done. We are apt in our daily meditations to offer the Master less ourselves and more our possessions; we dwell more on what we mean to do in His name than on what we mean to be, as a mirror of His strength, grace, and love. There is many an aspirant, "who fancies he has removed his interest from self, but who has in reality only enlarged the limits of experience and desire, and transferred his interest to the things which concern his larger span of life". We are not so much the artist "who works for the love of his work," as individuals who are somewhat too self-conscious that we are serving the Masters, and convinced that our way must be right because our aspiration is, to ourselves, pure. To free ourselves from all these glamours we must train ourselves to renounce ourselves, when even in thought we approach the Master; we must be before Him pure in our nakedness of desirelessness, desiring nothing, hoping for nothing, flaming in joyous offering, happy as is a flower when the clouds disperse and the sun shines, knowing only this and rejoicing in it, that, "in the light of His holy Presence, all desire dies, but the desire to be like Him".

Furthermore we must remember that we are all as one family, and that what conduces to growth is more the sense of general well-being of all of the family, than the individual brilliance of any particular member. We must above all retain the feeling of home-life—that sense that we are affectionately ready to protect the weaker and share his burden, and that from the

members of our home we shall receive understanding and sympathy. There is no sacrifice of self that is not worth the making, to retain in our midst this sense of home, as we work for the Masters ; They would have us far more be little loving patient children doing less effective work *together*, than a few brilliant individuals forcing an unwilling band to do more efficient work. For in the latter case, the work done may seem more efficient, for the time ; but in the larger vision it is seen to be less so than the mediocre work of the united and loving many. To the *home* the Master comes joyfully ; to the wrangling mart, where the trafficking may even be His business, He comes not at all.

There is a further fact we workers must keep in mind, and that is that when our karma puts us into a particular post, it does not follow that the Masters want us in that post all the time. It is so easy to feel that we are indispensable, because we are the most efficient to be found ; but in this particular work of ours Egos are coming into it year by year, and we must be ready to hand over the work to others, to whom karma gives that privilege. Here too the path of action is hard to tread, for could we but know who is our heaven-sent successor we would joyfully give our work over to him ; nevertheless, while we lack the necessary revelation, we must do this much on our part, that we do not cling to our work as though no one else could do it so well.

Yet another essential thing we must not forget, in the midst of our rivalries, is not to attribute motives. This perhaps is the hardest thing of all, when our feelings are stirred up and we heartily disapprove of our opponent's actions ; it is as if that person were a troublesome question ever confronting us, unless we

explain what his motive is, and so explain him away and find a self-sufficient peace. It is our innate weakness that makes us search for motives in another's actions; we have not yet learned really to think without an admixture of feeling; for could we think as we should, that is impersonally, then we would know that "intelligence is impartial: no man is your enemy, no man is your friend. All alike are your teachers." Unfortunately at our present stage we want less to be learners than teachers; hence our propensity instantly to seize upon a motive in order to understand another's action. But it is the duty of the occultist to consider people and their actions impersonally, sorting out the facts from the hearsay, and, observing the facts and the facts only, not to attribute any motive but the best; and if he cannot attribute a kindly motive, then to take the action at its face value only, as one more item in a mystery awaiting solution. There is little doubt that if we were literally to put into practice what the Master K. H. has said, "Your thought about others must be true; you must not think about them what you do not *know*," the minds of many of us would be a blank most hours of the day; happily however for the aspirant, if he will make his mind blank in this fashion, thoughts worth the thinking will visit him more and more. Most of us view the deep realities of life as through a glass darkly, simply because we have not yet learnt the rudiments of real thinking; no aspirant in the service of the Master need ever hesitate as to what to think about the needs of His work, if in the past, specially about people, he has thought only what he knew about them. It is our injustice to them that reacts on us and clouds our vision in a crisis; let us but kill out the instinct in us of

attributing motives and we shall find that slowly our vision clears.

These then are some general thoughts as to our attitude to the work and to our co-workers. But while this is our spirit of work as E. S. members, we must see to it that the larger Theosophical Society is given its constitutional liberty of action. Every member of the Society has a right to control its destinies, whether he is in the E. S. or not; and we who are in the E. S. must specially see that the right to direct the affairs of the Society that an ordinary T. S. member has is not infringed by us because of our esoteric convictions. But while we give the T. S. member who is not in the E. S. his right, we ourselves can exercise a similar right, and we can exercise our esoteric convictions through the right we too possess as members of the Theosophical Society. The E. S., *as an organised body*, must not sway the deliberations of the Society; but as E. S. members, and as more clear-seeing than non-E. S. members, we must throw into those deliberations the full weight of authority that the Sectional or General Constitution allows. But in working in the outer organisations, we must adopt only such methods as are permitted or implied in the Constitutions. We must be law-abiding, in the truest sense of the term; but, within the law, we must use all the privileges that the law allows to fulfil our duty to what we believe to be the best welfare of the Society.

When, then, in a Section's affairs, for instance, difficulties arise, it is little use asking for orders from the Head of the E. S., *as Head*, to guide the affairs of the outer organisation. Were she to give such an order, she would infringe the neutrality as between

contending parties that she must preserve as President of the T. S.; at most, in Sectional crises, she might advise, but never order. And occasions arise when she cannot even advise.

These latter occasions are when the crisis involves no real principle at stake (however much that may seem to be the case to the individual litigants), but merely individual karmas are brought to a conjunction. In such cases, frankly, it little matters who wins the day, so far as the general results for the great work are concerned; for all the litigants are devoted to the work, and whoever gets the special opportunities of service may be relied upon to do his best. What is important to the welfare of the T. S., is not that a particular individual or party should win, but that in the competitions and strifes of all the parties they should have "played the game". There are certain rules of honourable conduct in competitions and elections, and we must not infringe a single one of them, even to "do God service". It little matters that we have lost the day, so long as we have "played the game"; if we really deserve the privilege of winning, the opportunity will still come, if we work to that end after our defeat. In the outer work, then, we can organise ourselves into parties and play the party game; but we must be ideal there in our methods, as if the Masters were watching—as They do—how we play.

Some of us who are dedicated to the work of the Masters are apt to forget that, far more important than the success of any particular piece of work given us to do, is the preservation by us of the feeling of friendliness for, and readiness to work again with, those who are our opponents. So long as we preserve this

fundamental key-note of our work, the Masters will guide our actions to success—if success is Their immediate necessity; if They but give us defeat—then, Their will be done. For in the present Theosophical organisation, we are but rehearsing the greater deeds of the future; ages hence lies our true work, and our present partnerships are not finalities in themselves, but merely modes of learning lessons of co-operation for future service. If therefore now we must be divided into this party and that, we must take care to carry on our party work so that our fundamental sense of brotherhood is not impaired. Our attitude must be that of true sportsmen, who are less intent on being the winners as being proven the better side at the game. It is the custom in English football matches between teams representing the great clubs for the defeated team—whether the home team or the visitors—to give at the end of the game three cheers for the winners; and the winners in graceful courtesy give three cheers in return for the losers. Much as during the game the competitive spirit has been at full blast, the players do not forget that it is a game as between gentlemen and not cads; and if the better side has won, there is no carping or belittling of their prowess, but only a determination to meet again "to play the game".

So must it be in our Theosophical disputes, where sometimes more feeling is generated than can be reasonably accounted for; if we are the losers, we must be ready, so far as lies in our ability, to co-operate with the winners to keep the work going, while we continue in our determination to work also for a reversal of the policies of the winners. Our sense of loyalty to

the work demands that we stand by our convictions; but we must at the same time recognise that more important than our convictions is the helping of men to know Theosophy. If while we stand by our convictions, we refuse co-operation in the larger work, and thereby one single individual loses his opportunity of knowing of Theosophy, we have distinctly *not* played the game, and have ill-served the work, for the welfare of which we have been quarrelling. Time enough to prove whose convictions are just, *after* we give the light of Theosophy to those in darkness who are seeking comfort and consolation.

A Theosophical worker who understands these principles of work scarce need ask for occult guidance with reference to his work for the Masters. He knows how They would have him work, and that more precious to Them than his success or failure is that his heart should be "clean utterly". He is therefore neither elated by success nor depressed by failure. Those of us who in the past have been full of doubt as to the better action, and had no occult guidance, but did our best in the spirit of the humble worker, can testify that when we laid at Their feet either our success or our failure, They smiled in benediction. For success or failure in Their work depends on our ability, on our karma, and on the play of the larger forces that affect humanity; but past success or failure, as we judge both, this is what we must deserve—to be greeted by Them, when we come with our offering:

> Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

C. Jinarajadasa

A PLAIN WOMAN

By Mai Locke

MARY TEMPLE was a very plain woman, and an exceptionally nice one. She was painfully conscious of the first, and blindly oblivious of the second. For nearly twenty long dull years she had worked for her living. The work had sometimes been very hard, it had always been dull and monotonous. She had been either a nursery governess to uninteresting children, or companion to some elderly relative—a post taken for a home, where she had been generally snubbed or patronised, or made to realise how physically unfit she was for hard work. She had lain awake many a night wondering in nervous dread what would become of her if she got ill, if she lost her post, and even, when she was considered too old and could not obtain another. Then her great good fortune had come.

Aunt Sarah had never seemed fond of her though she had made use of her for over six years. All the old lady's nearer relations had refused to share the gloomy house in the dull London Square and she would have died there alone, had not Mary nursed her faithfully through her last illness, not even getting a kind word, not a smile, at the end. After the funeral Mary found herself possessed of what seemed to her untold riches. Five hundred a year opened the door to

a world she had only dreamed of. Now she had the power to help, to give, for her own comforts never occurred to her as necessary to her happiness.

"I need never teach children any more: 'One, two, three; play it more slowly, try it again.' That is finished. I am free. I will hear the best music London can give me later. Dear Aunt Sarah, I wish you knew how happy I am. I expect you do know. I shall have time to write that melody that has been in my heart for years, that has perhaps burnt out the hungering starving soul of me. I shall get it published."

She remembered that Mark Goring had once said to her (while he had been teaching the elder sister of one of her many little pupils): "If you ever feel like writing any music, Miss Temple, let me know. You improvise so well, why not turn it to account? I may be able to help you." No man had ever taken any interest in her before. She remembered now how more than grateful she had felt to him, and how abruptly she had answered. "Thanks, but I have no time." Every hour in the poor little governess's day had its regular work, and at night she was too tired to write and too bitter to endure the constant reiteration of thoughts that banished sleep. Everything was changed. "I will write to Mr Goring, I will ask him to come and see me. I can take lessons from him, it will help me and I feel sure he needs more work than he gets in this cruel London." He had sent her seats occasionally for concerts; he knew she loved music and had little pleasure in life.

"Now it's my turn, I will be kind to him," thought Mary. "He is worth something so much better than

the everlasting grind of teaching. He only needs a chance to be heard, he plays so well."

She wrote a graceful little note asking him if he could spare time to give her a few lessons. She would like two lessons a week at a guinea a lesson. She knew he charged much less, so fixed her own fee.

The tall sad-looking man, whose white hair contrasted oddly with his clean-shaven boyish face, came Mondays and Thursdays regularly, for six weeks.

"I've found a friend whose interests blend with mine at last," she said to herself, as she tried a new way of doing her hair before her mirror one Monday morning. She decided black must suit her better, soft, good black, better far than the masculine shirt collar and tie of the Mary Temple of other days.

"I'm getting foolish in my old age," she said, colouring. She had been so accustomed to have people dependent on her that she thought she was quite old. One must have happiness to keep young—Mary had never known any. As she dressed this particular May morning, she faced the fact: "I love him. I will be all the help I can to him always. Will he let me?" He was waiting for her in the stiff prim drawing-room. He sprang up as she entered and took both her hands. Impulsively she broke an unbearable silence.

"You have inspired me, you make me long to work, to give the world something really good," she spoke at random to hide her nervousness.

"I understand," he said quietly, "I know, I know so well. I have brought you a little poem. A man I know wants it set to music for a song. I wonder if you could do anything with it?"

"Read it and tell me what you think of it"—she glanced through the first lines.

"When all my world is blind with sleep
And birds are silent in the trees
Around the house winds whispering creep
And rustle in the rising breeze,"

He smiled into her eyes.

"It makes me remember the nights I could not sleep just before Aunt Sarah died. Let me read the rest later. I think I can enter into the spirit of what your friend means if it is to express a restless aching longing."

There was a great tenderness in his eyes when they rested on her. He looked ill and tired. She noticed it, but did not worry him with questions. He lingered with her long after the cosy afternoon tea was finished. When he rose to leave, Mary said: "Let me play you this, my one and only composition." She played a soft sad air ending in a minor key.

"Just a simple haunting refrain, nothing much in it, but it would catch on," said the man to himself.

"Shall I write it down for you?" he said kindly. "Play it again and let me see what I can do about the business of publication."

"Is it good enough?"

"I think so."

"Thank you so much. Must you go?" He did not answer. Their long sympathetic silence had proved to Mary what good friends they were. They stood for some minutes without speaking.

"Will you come to-morrow?" said Mary at last.

"I don't know," he replied, "perhaps. Anyhow, I will write. Good-bye."

And he was gone.

After Mark Goring had left, Mary sat in the fast darkening sitting-room trying to think. Her brain seemed paralysed. She could only feel. And the feeling was something between agony and the purest joy.

He loved her, yet he had not told her so. If life could be ever like that. No words were wanted. She knew he loved her.

He did not come the usual day in the next week. He wired an excuse. Then he wrote her a long letter: business he could not explain to her for the moment would take him to Germany for some weeks; he would write again.

Each morning she looked for his letter. Each night before she slept she said: "It will come to-morrow." Eight weary weeks of waiting went slowly by. She had no address to write to and no letter came from Germany. A girl she had cared for very dearly, because she had been kind to her in those sad days of her working years, wrote from her home in India:

DEAREST MARY,

I am so glad you are comfy at last. Now you must come to stop at cold weather with me. Frank is away so much, I am often lonely and long for a real friend. Cable when you will come. Leave London and the winter fogs for a time. Come and cheer your old friend and chum,

MOLLIE

"I will wait for another week and then, if he does not write, I will go to Mollie for a few months; with her I shall drown this restless misery and longing. I can bear it no longer. It is making me ill. Why did I expect so much more than I deserve? I am old enough

to realise this world is not meant to be only a garden of pleasure."

The letter did not come and ten days later Mary sailed for India. To the casual observer she had changed but little in the three months which lay between her present independence and her former life of toil to keep a roof over her head. Outwardly she was the same serious, silent-looking woman; only the eyes of love and friendship would have detected the spirit of unrest which lay in the dark grey eyes; the lines of weariness about the mouth, and the few threads of silver beginning to streak the dark brown hair.

* * * * *

It was evening six months later. The damp heat of the rice fields and jungle that nearly surrounded Captain Desmond's bungalow, had been too much for Mary. She had taken malaria badly almost as soon as she had arrived, the fever fiend had seized her; run down and weak, she was an easy prey. She had been obliged to give herself up entirely to Mollie Desmond's careful nursing.

"You know darling," said Mrs. Desmond, "you are worrying. I have seen it all the time you have been here."

Mary made a faint gesture of assent, and smiled very sadly as Mollie settled her pillows more comfortably and placed a cool drink on the table by her side. The younger woman stroked her hair gently: "Tell me all about him?"

"How do you know there is a 'him'?"

"There is always a man to account for a woman looking as you look now, my Mary. You don't try to get well. You don't seem to care."

"I cannot tell you yet, Mollie. Some day, perhaps. Not now, I am tired."

Mollie tapped her little French shoe impatiently on the matting. Her pretty brows frowned angrily. "He must be a brute," she mused. "She is one of the best women in the world and she seems to be waiting for something that never comes. Her money could not bring her health. She had worn herself out for others too long and she does not get happiness either. Frank is certain she is fretting about some worthless fellow," and the bright little bride sighed. She had meant this visit to the East to do grand things for Mary Temple. The doctor sahib seemed so much interested in their visitor. He was a dear and so kind. It would be so suitable too. He had been a widower three years now. Mollie had fixed it all in her quick impulsive way. Her big jolly husband had pinched her cheek and laughed at her: "You may be able to manage old Wetherby, my child; he wants a wife and would never have time to find one unless you helped him; but Miss Temple has left her heart in good old England. She won't fall in with your plans."

That night Mary was worse. With wild frightened eyes, Mollie rushed to her husband on the verandah. "Go at once, she is much worse, she does not know me. I am frightened to take her temperature. Tell Dr. Wetherby we can put him up for the night, he must come. Call the bearer, tell the sais to saddle Firefly."

"All right, old girl. I'll catch him; even if he is at his everlasting bridge, he'll come."

For two days aud two nights the delirium lasted. Mary's temperature rose to over a hundred and five, she rambled continually of her song, "melody the wind sings

at night, Mark, the letter, why does not his letter come? Oh, why doesn't it come?" Her little secret was soon known to the doctor and Mollie, and they exchanged grave looks.

"There is a letter for her sent on by the caretaker of her house in London. It is certainly in a man's handwriting. When she is normal, will it hurt her to read it to her?" asked Mollie, sobs choking her as she discussed her friend aside with the doctor who shook his head.

"Nothing can make much difference now. Her heart is weak, she has no vitality left and she has not the strength to make the effort to live—I should think that woman has suffered in silence for years."

"You don't mean, you can't mean she is dying?"

"Hush! her temperature has dropped at last."

"Look, she is trying to speak."

"Did I hear you say a letter had come for me Mollie? Would you read it to me, dear? I have been dreaming. There are roses growing by the wayside, in England, but no lovers wander hand in hand—only lovely women with sad eyes. After all I am glad to go. . . Mollie, I am horribly weak." Her thin white fingers plucked the sheet: "Read it, dear, please."

Mollie fetched the long-looked-for letter, broke the seal and drew out the thin sheets of foreign note paper. She ran her eye down the first page—"Merciful Heaven! I can never tell her this"—for the letter ran:

DEAREST——

I could not write before. I felt I had treated you so badly. My only excuse is, I loved you. I loved you, so—I was a coward. I saw you cared for me, and never had the courage to tell you I was married. I was only a boy at the time—we had lived apart for years—she wrote to me for money because she was ill. Mary, I sold your song, I made money on it to save my wife's life. It would have been

easier to have let her die alone, but I felt you would have wished her to have the things that meant health to her. Forgive me, dear, and good-bye,

MARK

"My dear, I will read it to you. Can you hear?" There was a childish quiver in the sweet voice as Mollie turned towards the bed.

The Doctor had left them. "Read it, yes. It is too late for anything to matter much now, but it is my first love letter, and Mollie, it will be my last. Don't grieve, dear; I was never strong, I knew years ago there was something very wrong. It is better like this. Tell me he loved me, and wanted me for his wife—I have left him all I had, even my little song, 'The Wind Melody'."

Mollie's white fingers shook as she spread out the letter on her knee. "I can't see the writing. What does it matter? I can't break her heart," she thought, "and she shall be happy if it costs me a lie to give her joy—poor patient angel. I know how Frank wrote to me—the memory of his dear letters shall make the end easier for Mary, my best friend." With an effort she said aloud.

He writes:

Dearest, I love you, you knew I loved you.

A movement from the bed made her look up. A happy smile transfigured the thin plain face of Mary Temple. She looked almost beautiful. She raised herself slowly in the bed.

"He loved me, he was true, he would have come for me, at last. Finish it quickly dear. It will soon be dark and I am so tired."

Mollie went on softly:

> Your song sold, it realised quite a good sum. I managed all that for you. I shall bring the song and hear you say you love me and will be my wife. Mary you know all I cannot write. Three words are enough—"I love you".
>
> Till we meet,
>
> MARK

Mollie prayed silently for strength. She sat for a few seconds with closed eyes. Why had she done this thing? It was all a lie. If by a miracle Mary got well, would she forgive her? She must break the news of the letter later. Mary was brave, she would forgive, she would understand.

"Come with me, child," said Frank's voice close to her.

"Frank, I must tell her the truth."

"No need, darling, she knows everything. She is gone." Looking like a tired child asleep, the plain woman had died happier than she had lived.

Mai Locke

A FANTASY

By D. M. C.

THE breath of Nature lay like the cool fresh hands of my Beloved upon my brow. My heart was quiet with a tender melancholy as of the fallen leaf, with a stillness as of the tranquil river that glimmered through the thinning foliage as the sun through eyelashes that are half cast down. Light radiant above and below, yet without heat. Thus also my heart was. I closed my eyes and slept. Then, down the wide roadway of the river came dancing a sweet Spirit, a joyous Spirit, singing with the voice of clouds and winds, full of the light of many stars; and while he danced upon the ripples of the water, he sang thus :

A thousand voices are Nature's,
Drawn from the throat of the forest,
Breathed by a myriad creatures,
Woo'd from the heart of the river,
Caught from the brook that hides
Where the grasses stoop and quiver,
When the breeze their necks bestrides
And catches their manes in his fingers,
When the tired sad daylight lingers,
Or night in her moon-car rides.

Yet Nature's thousand voices
Are heard in my heart as one,
The world in me rejoices,
I echo the laugh of the sun ;

And the stars throw into the water,
Into the pool of my soul,
Ripples of running laughter.

Nature! I challenge with mirth
All the beings of earth.
Scan the earth with thine eye,
Delve in the depths of the sky,
Hast thou another as I
So glad of life immortal,
Nor ever yearned to die?
Is there a god or mortal,
On either side death's portal,
Who liveth so much as I?

Then I sprang to my feet and ran towards him. "Glad Spirit," I cried, "I take up thy challenge. Lend hither thy lute." My fingers paused upon the strings and it seemed the wild impulse of song rushed through my being, as though many nightingales troubled my heart with their plaint, and I could not be silent. Song leaped from my throat as the waterfall from the side of the wooded hill, and I sang:

Thou that bestridest the wind-wings wild,
Hast ridden the steed of a human heart?
Hast seen the deep midnight in human eyes,
Or torn Life's blossom and stem apart,
Or heard the stars laugh in the voice of a child,
Or the soul's thunders roll in dream-dark
    skies?

My heart went crashing with thunderous hoof
Down the ravines of the Sorrowful Way;
I clomb sad heights, and lived aloof,
Fearing the ardours of passionate day;
I wandered into the valley of Pain,
And heard a thousand tortured cries,
Hot anger swelled in every vein,
God was a Fiend with mocking eyes!

Then my heart leaped as the joyful spray
Leaps out of the ocean's sorrowing surf,
Like a strong-limbed steed with echoing neigh,
That senses the dewy slope of the turf,
It sensed the dew-beladen slope
Of the Freedom of Man, Freedom divine—
The world was strong with the mountains of
Hope,
Life was watered with rivers of wine!
Under the pall of woe an Angel slept—
Ah! Dare they sing of joy who have not wept?

Ay! God is Love—God hates, God lies,
Murders, tortures, imprisons, and murdered,
Tortured, imprisoned, utters cries;
God thirsts, and hungers. God is dead.
But God is Love and casts aside the pall,
Love rises from the tomb to conquer all.
Brave Spirit! Thou wast too valiantly
ungloved—
Durst thou to sing of joy—who hast not
loved?

The Spirit looked wonderingly at me and took back pensively his lute. "There are gods on earth," he said, "who sing a strange song. I understand not their song. Farewell." Then dancing with a fairy foot upon the brightest ripples, he sped again up the roadway of the river, carolling in his wild and joyous fashion; and I awoke.

D. M. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

To the Editor of "The Theosophist"

All the Theosophists who have read with gratefulness and joy the words of Mrs. Besant concerning the War, in the November Number of THE THEOSOPHIST, cannot but repel indignantly the words of rebuke used by Mr. Prentice in the March number of the same.

I don't know if Mr. Prentice is the obscure Theosophist he professes to have been for ten years; all I know is that, using the words he uses, comparing as he does with Judas Iscariot a white-haired lady who has been for years his spiritual teacher, Mr. Prentice proves to be a rather bad apprentice in matters of good taste, politeness and respect.

But leaving aside that not unimportant question of form, it is easy to see that Mr. Prentice errs completely in the substance of his objections.

Without any doubt, Theosophy must be in essence a pure spiritual teaching, which remains open, as well to the children of Rhineland as to any other nation. That point was not put in question in the article of Mrs. Besant alluded to. The all-important truth is that:

First, Germany having violated the neutrality of a country which she had promised to respect and defend, has thus violated at the same time a solemn pledge, a word of honour; Germany has then bleeded, plundered, ransacked poor Belgium, and at last has slandered it, in order to excuse her atrocities. In doing this, Germany has not only sinned against humanity, but, what is worse, has thus put in question all the principles, and caused many people to doubt in the reality of those abstractions which we Theosophists consider as most real—Right, Honour, Sense of Unity; and for that reason, should Germany

obtain by such forfeitures and such means the supremacy she aims at, her victory would be tantamount to the delaying for a century of all spiritual evolution. We have thus to do here, not only with the struggle of two groups of nations, but with the conflict of two conceptions of Life: Progression and Regression—with the antagonism of two principles: Supremacy based on Fear, against the Authority coming from Love.

Secondly, Mr. Prentice asks us to let the Guardians of Humanity bring the best results out of those most evil causes. But he does not know the French sentence: "*Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera*"; he forgets that by refusing to remain mere apathetic spectators, by being willing to take an active part in the great cosmic drama now a-playing, we can forward the realisation of the plans of those great Guardians.

Rightly then, indeed, has Mrs. Besant entreated all Theosophists to stand for Right against blind Might; justly does she wish for the crushing of German militarism which, after her own words, shall free the German people and usher in the reign of Peace.

Doing this, we comply with the teachings of impersonal fighting given to us by the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*. We have no hatred against Germany; we wish her to find herself again, to be again the Germany of Leibnitz, the Monadologist, of Boehme, the apostle of tolerance, of Kant, who wrote on the Eternal Peace.

And you, Mr. Prentice, who remember so well the Holy Scriptures in order to rebuke and condemn, do not forget another part of them, a sentence in S. Paul's First Epistle to the Romans:

"Who art thou, that judgest another man's servant?"

GASTON POLAK,

General Secretary of the T. S. in Belgium

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

If Mr. Prentice was "shocked and outraged" by the editorial observations on the War in the Watch-Tower Notes for November, we Australians have greater cause to be

shocked and outraged by his letter in your March issue, the tone of which is presumptuous and discourteous. That it does not reflect the feeling of members of the Australian Section, either as to the truth of his statements or his disloyalty to yourself as President of the Theosophical Society, is fully attested by the resolution of loyalty adopted by the Easter Convention of the Australian Section just concluded in Melbourne, reading as follows:

> The Australian Section of the Theosophical Society, in Convention assembled, very cordially conveys to its esteemed President this assurance of its implicit confidence and love, and its sincere prayer that the power and blessing of the Great Ones who guide our movement may long continue to manifest through her.

Without a dissentient the resolution was carried, the delegates standing to affirm their loyalty. New South Wales submitted the resolution; Victoria seconded: Queensland, in the words of the Brisbane President, was "solid to a man in its loyalty to Mrs. Besant": South Australia declared that "dissentient voices were only as bubbles on the stream of the strong tide of loyalty that flowed from Australia to the President of the Society": Western Australia and Tasmania were equally pronounced. So that all the States of the Australian Commonwealth voted solid for the resolution, even Mr. Prentice "as a delegate" affirming it, "whatever his private opinions might be". One lady who had heard Mrs. Besant speak in the Hall of Science, London, in Charles Bradlaugh's day, expressed the supremest admiration for Mrs. Besant, and her "disgust" with the letter, but beyond that the general feeling was one of positive declaration of confidence in the President of the T. S., rather than denunciation of any critic, thereby preserving the element of harmony in which the Congress had commenced.

Doubtless Mr. Prentice has given of his best, as he claims, to teach Theosophy. But when he protests that he is "loyal to the core," and in the next breath ushers yourself into an unholy trinity with the German Emperor and Judas Iscariot; when he admits the truth of your teaching that War is a factor in the evolution of the human race, and then accuses you of inflaming the passions and stirring up hatred, strife and anger; when he expresses his "infinite regret" that you should have "imperilled and belittled the T. S.," and dragged it into the "dust of conflict," to say nothing of his

absurd and insulting references to Limehouse and Billingsgate language—then it is time to launch a counter protest. Mr. Prentice's bombastic presumption of having to "provide for success of the arms of my people" appears hardly less falsely prophetic than the reproach that you should have betrayed the Son of Man.

Obviously Mr. Prentice's letter is misconceived. Admittedly he is entitled to his own point of view, though I sincerely trust he will change it. The common courtesy and amenities of life, however, demand that when a member of the T. S. addresses the President, who is a lady, he should be a gentleman, and secondly, that he should tell the truth.

Adelaide J. L. DAVIDGE

TO J. M. M. PRENTICE

When I read your very unseemly outburst in the March number of THE THEOSOPHIST, I could but wonder whether after your "ten years" of spreading the message of Theosophy you had not better turn your thoughts for another ten years to the study of your own character! Where is your charity?

You quote the sayings of the Christ and infer that our President (also the German Emperor) has like Judas Iscariot betrayed Him. Let me draw your attention to another saying of the Master's: *Judge not, that ye be not judged.* Who are you that you should judge a woman who by her life has shown her devotion to the ideal of Right as against Wrong, and has given that life to the helping of the world?

It is true that some of our President's opinions may not be ours, but are we to have no freedom of thought? We do not all agree even on questions of Right and Wrong. Many who read the November THEOSOPHIST may have considered what you term a message of "hatred and war" to have been a just condemnation of past events!

Why must *your* opinion be the right one?

Do not think that I am taking up the cudgels as a personal friend of Mrs. Besant's—no, I have but spoken to her once; I am standing up for the woman whose devotion to the good of mankind is beyond dispute.

You say her language was "but little removed from Billingsgate" and yet I consider it temperate compared with yours.

I am ashamed to think that anyone who has *spread the message of Theosophy not without some measure of success* should in ten years profit so little by its teachings.

E. C. COOKE-YARBOROUGH, F.T.S.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In recent numbers of THE THEOSOPHIST and *The Adyar Bulletin* there appear articles of prominence by the President of the Theosophical Society, flaying America in most intemperate language for remaining neutral during the present War that is in progress in Europe.

Now as a member of the Society, and a subscriber to and reader of the above papers, I should like to know whether these opinions voiced by the President in the official organs of the Society are to be understood as official utterances of the Theosophical Society, or simply as the opinions of an individual.

In other words, has the Theosophical Society definitely entered politics as part of the British War propaganda, and if so, by what warrant and under what clause of the Society's Constitution, and have the 4,000 or more American members of the Society been consulted?

Or is it that the British head of the Society is airing her disappointment that America declines to be made use of to pull any chestnuts out of the fire? In the latter case, while it may be disgruntling to the British temperament to have a war on one's hands and see another country free from war, still, the more dignified and sportsmanlike attitude would be to stop writhing and anathematizing and just "grin and bear it".

"Ye're makin' an awful poor appearance, Aadam."

MARY V. JONES

A QUESTION

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

Will you or any of your learned readers be pleased to enlighten me whether the Palni Hill—the abode of Shrī Subrahmaṇya (Sanaṭ Kumāra)—with its innumerable steps of the slow winding ascent, with eighteen stages and with many a bypath or short-cut to reach the gate of the Holy Temple, has any particular significance? Does it demonstrate the immeasurable distance through which the Soul has to pass gradually in its evolutionary ascent before it reaches the gate of the Outer Court of the Golden Temple where the Lord of the Universe shines with effulgent radiance?

I shall be much obliged if any one will kindly inform me whether my conjecture is correct, and, if not, to explain why the path to the Temple is constructed in flights of steps with eighteen stages.

Arukutty S. M.

REVIEWS

The Religious Philosophy of Rudolf Eucken, by the Rev. W. Stuart Macgowan, M.A., LL.D. (David Nutt, London. Price 2s. net.)

This little volume gives a brief, lucid exposition of Eucken's philosophy, so far as it deals with his views on religion. The author has been struck with the value of his teachings as an aid to a rational understanding of the Christian Religion which has suffered so much at the hands of unphilosophical, dogmatic exponents, and he hopes that Eucken's message "which is that of Christianity in the form of a philosophy" may carry conviction, "because it is not only a philosophy, but also a life".

The key-note of Chapter I is found in Eucken's sentence: "The future is with Christianity, only there will have to be a transformation of its dogmas." To him "dogma is not sacrosanct, for in form it is of man, and not necessarily of God at all. Revelation from God may be final in the sense that it is of *eternal value*, but human interpretation of Gospel teachings and Gospel facts can never be final. The religious observations and experiences of the past—the *then* relatively best expression of our approximation to the truth—must, with each successive age, perpetually be subject to modification in *form* at least, in order to express, though still of course relatively, the truth as apprehended by the consciousness of the latest modern man".

Chapter II deals with the necessity of having some knowledge of philosophy as part of the scientific theologian's equipment. "The main postulate of the Professor's philosophy is the essential unity of the spiritual life. Knowledge of God comes to us through our senses or means of communication with Him, not solely through the domains of the moral and religious. The Good, the True and the Beautiful are all ways

to God and the student of religious philosophy is only one of those who strive by *every* avenue of perception to realise something of the Divine Image."

Chapter III reviews very briefly some of Eucken's works. Chapter IV defines his relation to other philosophers. The author claims Eucken as a *Christian* philosopher, though the "Euckonian Temple of Idealism has stones and slates quarried from both past and present systems of thought ". As Eucken himself says: "Hence, even in the future no *new* Religion will be required; all that is necessary is further development (progressive evolution) within Christianity."

Chapter V closes this very clear and thoughtful booklet with a strong plea for a Religious Philosophy, "for a fusion of the intellectual and cosmic of philosophy with the ethical and personal of Religion. We need for our ancient Faith a restatement of its theology in terms of modern culture values. Here is where Eucken's religious philosophy comes to our assistance. It is positive and definite in the claims it makes for Religion in the wider sense. The culture values of the ages are not soulless, nor only *subjective*; they have a value in universality as well as in particularity".

We may differ from Eucken when he holds that "Christianity is the best (not the final) revelation of the truth as yet accorded to man," but if we take his philosophy as applying to religion in general we find ourselves in agreement with him.

Dr. Macgowan's attempt to familiarise readers with Eucken's religious philosophy will serve a useful purpose. The little book, well got up and printed, can be recommended alike to the clergy and to doubters and agnostics.

A. S.

Reason and Belief, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 1s. net.)

The fact that *Reason and Belief*, first published in 1910, has just gone through its sixth edition, is in itself a sufficient recommendation for this book which purposes to

demonstrate that "a profound substratum of truth underlies ancient doctrines, some of which are actually illustrated and illumined by the progress of science—in its widest sense".

The subject falls into three parts:

Part I deals "with the subject of incarnation in general; it recognises the strange interaction between spirit and matter which enables psychic processes to affect physical nature and leads on to a brief consideration of the momentous Christian doctrine—The Incarnation".

Pre-existence and survival after death, the freedom of the will, the Advent of Christ, the ideal of sacrifice and service, revelation and inspiration, are treated in admirable fashion, the author's conclusions being the result of a lifetime of scientific study.

Part II "furnishes hints and suggestions for the effective treating of the Old Testament in the light of the doctrine of Evolution".

Professor Lodge suggests that "the early parts of the Bible are better adapted to children than to adults, and have a better chance of being effectively understood by children. For in youth an organism passes in rapid and partial fashion through the stages of its ancestry—each individual rapidly retracing the history of its Race—hence whatever was suited to the childhood of the world may be appropriate to an individual child at a certain stage of development. We cannot expect a scientific account of the creation of the world at a time when science did not exist, yet Genesis is a representation of certain truths, that there was gradual development of life on the earth. In the Bible we have to look for progressive Revelation, always taking into account the conditions of the period at which the Bible stories were written".

Regarding the problem of evil the author remarks: "The very fact that the question is asked: Why was evil permitted to exist? is a sign of latent optimism. In a truly pessimistic Universe there would be no problem of evil, there would be a problem of good. If everything is as bad as it can be, how comes it that any happiness exists? We ask why is suffering permitted, and thereby imply that joy is the natural condition of life."

Part III "is of the nature of an Apologia and anticipatory reply to critics";. It grapples very effectively with the problem of insight, of intuition and the use of hypotheses without which science could never have reached its present development, and the volume closes with an appeal to Literature.

The book is interspersed with numerous quotations from writers and poets who have understood the problems dealt with and whose answers, which are not mere poetic fancies, lend charm and weight to it.

This latest edition is especially opportune at a time when the appalling loss of life caused by the great War will surely cause a reaction in favour of religion, will tend to make us think about the problems of life and death and the truths contained in religion, if rightly understood.

A. S.

The Romances of Amosis Ra, by Frederic Thurstan. (Francis Griffiths, London. Price 6s. net.)

The Romances are two: I. *The Coming of Amosis Ra,* II. *The Testing of Amosis Ra*; consisting respectively of three and four books, each of about six or seven chapters. The stories turn upon the divine origin and royal descent of Amosis. Having proved himself by every test to be of divine descent and in possession of divine powers, he is about to be made Pharoah of the double realm of Egypt, when his earthly parentage is suddenly brought to light. The old Priest of the Temple of Aten knows the parents of Amosis to have been of the blood of the Pharoahs by line direct, but he withholds the knowledge, for Amosis was sent as a messenger to Egypt in accordance with a promise given by the God Yah-veh at a secret conclave of initiates of the Temple, and he must therefore bide the time of Yah-veh. This is the last great test for Amosis and, yearning only to pursue his study of the Divine Wisdom, he renounces his earthly kingdom for the occult path.

The plot is an exceedingly good one and well worked out, but unfortunately the author has not the true art of story-telling. He writes more as a historian than a novelist. His

characters do not live ; in fact, it is only when one is well into the book that the strange galaxy of unfamiliar names begin to attach themselves to the respective individuals who bear them. There is little conversation—nothing to give one an intimate touch with the *personae dramatis*. Thus the reading is mostly dry and tedious, and far too long ; we would suggest the whole of the first romance, or the first chapters of each romance, being condensed into the form of an introductory chapter.

The book has one clever and artistic touch for those who can appreciate it, and that is the fine line of difference between values for the occultist, or student of Wisdom, and for the ordinary man of the world. The student of Wisdom may appreciate the consummation of the theme, but the ordinary reader will put down the tale with a feeling of disappointment that the hero in whom he has become interested failed to " win his case". The value of so good a theme, involving much careful research, has been effaced by the lengthiness of the tale and the failure to make it living.

D. M. C.

An Iron Will.

The Power of Personality.

The Hour of Opportunity.

By Orison Swett Marden. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price each 1s.)

The three handy volumes we have before us deal respectively with the three essential qualifications for wordly success : first, the will to achieve ; secondly, a winning personality, comprising cleanliness, good manners, sympathy and self-forgetfulness ; thirdly, the faculty for seizing an opportunity when it arises or, what is perhaps more important, being ever ready for the opportunity. Time must be caught by the forelock, and when the hour of opportunity has flown past there is no winning it back again. The last-named volume is entertaining as well as instructive, giving many litttle exemplary

anecdotes, whilst *The Power of Personality* gives interesting sidelights on the value of character in transacting business. These practical hints have their roots in spiritual truths, and well is it if we learn these elementary lessons while transacting the business of our everyday life.

D. C.

BOOK NOTICES

The Great Peace, by James Leith MacBeth Bain. (Theosophical Publishing Society. London.) In the midst of strife and war, this small booklet breathes its message of peace and love, and takes its share in the present struggle by sending thoughts of love and brotherhood to Germany, a valuable part needed to be played by as many as possible in the thought-world. Therefore we hope many will read it and be inspired to do likewise. *The Dream of Dreams, and Other Short Stories*, by P. R. Krishnaswami. (The Kanara Press, Madras. Price Re. 1.) This is a set of simple tales of Indian life, told with a naive and charming sincerity. They give one an insight into the everyday life of the young Indian student.

SUPPLEMENT TO

THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th April to 10th May, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mrs. J. T. W. Marshall, Philadelphia, for 1915, £1	15	0	0
Mr. Lawrence A. Achong, Trinidad, for 1915, £1 ...	15	0	0
General Secretary, T. S. in Norway, for 1914-5, £12. 0s. 10d.	180	10	0
Mr. M. Maunk, Hong-Kong, for 1915	15	0	0
Presidential Agent, Spain, for 1914, £20. 2s. 6d. ...	300	0	9
Mr. C. H. Van der Leeuw, for 1913-4-5, £3 ...	44	11	9

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Major Rooke, for Garden account, £5	74	12	7
Rs.	645	3	1

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Treasurer, T. S.

Adyar, 10th May, 1915

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th April to 10th May, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. D. Srinivasa Iyangar, Asst. Commissioner, Chickmagalur	25	0	0
Mrs. A. Forsyth, Brisbane, £2	29	14	0
Miss Wend, Mansfield, £1	15	0	0
Donations under Rs. 5	2	0	0
Rs.	71	14	0

A. SCHWARZ,

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

Adyar, 10th May, 1915

NEW LODGES

Location		Name of Lodge		Date of issue of the Charter
Lima, Peru, S. America	...	Karma Lodge, T. S.	...	26-10-1914
Santos, Brazil ,,	...	Albor ,, ,,	...	23-12-1914
Sirajganj, Patna, India	...	Sirajganj ,, ,,	...	8-3-1915
Noakhali, India	...	Noakhali ,, ,,	...	16-4-1915
Tundla, ,,	...	Anand ,, ,,	...	16-4-1915
Cambay, ,,	...	Cambay ,, ,,	...	16-4-1915

Adyar, J. R. ARIA,

21st April, 1915. *Recording Secretary, T. S.*

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THERE is no break as yet in the dark cloud of War that lowers over Europe, lit up only with flashes that herald the bursting shells. From every side comes the grim news of unparalleled slaughter, and the ablest scientific brains in each country are dedicated to the one ghastly work of wrenching from Nature new ways of killing her children. Science, hailed forty years ago as man's greatest benefactor, has become his bitterest enemy, devising methods of torture ever more excruciating, ways of slaying ever further reaching, and causing agony more long drawn out. Science is the modern Ṭapas, and it forces Nature to obedience; as Rāvaṇa won boons from Mahāḍeva enabling him to triumph and to rule, so does grim intellect compel all natural forces to work at its command horrors undreamed-of in more ignorant days.

*
* *

And what is the lesson that Humanity is to learn from this welter of horror and of death? Surely that Intellect unillumined by Love must ultimately bring our race to naught. Many years ago it was that a Master warned the modern world that knowledge had outstripped conscience, and was undirected by morality. To those clear eyes, wise and compassionate, there was nothing admirable in the spectacle of turning knowledge to the service of competition, and of stimulating the brain while the heart was unfed. For human happiness and human misery lie in the right and wrong use of the emotions, and intellect will work as readily for the spreading of misery as for the spreading of joy. Knowledge and Love should walk hand-in-hand in evolution, for knowledge without love has no compass for its guiding, and love without knowledge may become a destroying torrent instead of a fertilising stream. Hence is Wisdom—the blending into one of Love and Knowledge—the highest achievement of the man who stands on the threshold of Immortality.

***

The next step forward of the human race sets its foot on the path which ends in the Temple of Wisdom; and He who is Wisdom Incarnate shall lead the children of men into that path of peace and joy. How in those coming days which shall dawn as the clouds of War are scattered, shall we look back upon the terrors of these nights of sorrow, those days when the Dead shall be the Reborn, and the world shall have burst out into more splendid life, as the vine-stock cut back by the sharp pruning-knife of the gardener bears its splendid weight of purple fruit. The measure of her present grief shall

be the measure of her future joy, and brimming over as is the cup of her woe to-day shall be the over-flowing chalice of her bliss to-morrow. Crucified is she in her anguish upon Calvary, but splendid shall be the morn of her resurrection.

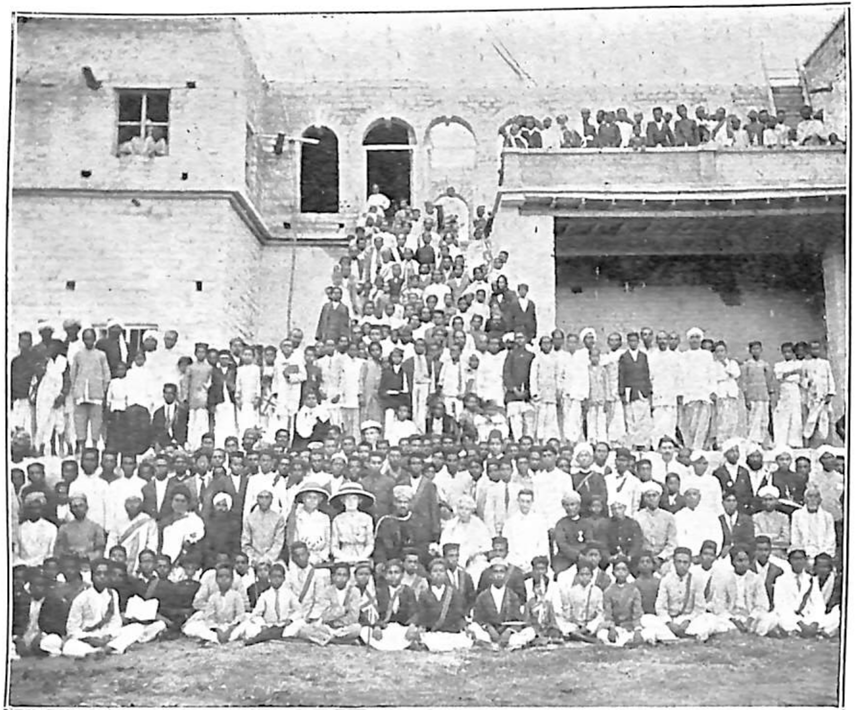
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Alas for those, who in the present horror of great darkness that has fallen upon the world, cannot pierce it with the eye of either knowledge or intuition, and thus realise "the far-off heritage of tears". If, as the old Hiṇḍū taught, "the universe exists for the sake of the Self"—the Spirit—is the womb in which is maturing the mighty Man-Child who is the Self made manifest, God in human form, then all the slaughter of gallant lives in the splendour of their strong young manhood, all the life-agony of bounding youth confined in mutilated form, all the maimed bodies, armless, legless, eyeless, who have offered up all physical joy on the altar of the Country, and who come back from the altar mutilated but smiling, ruined in body but radiant in Spirit, knowing that highest and holiest sacrifice of ungrudging, nay joyful, renunciation of all that makes physical life a delight—then all these are seen as the shortening of evolution, the climbing straight up the mountain-side to the perfection of Divine Manhood instead of limping upwards by the long winding road that turns round and round on its way to the summit. These men have done the work of a dozen lives in one, and have risen far up the mountain-side by one splendid leap. But if it be otherwise, if this one life be all, if there be no permanent element in man fed by the sacrifice of the temporary—the hidden Ḍeva, who grows by feeding on the mortal lives—if, as

a French materialist wrote, beauty and religion and morality are bye-products only of evolution, if patriotism and love and sacrifice are all heroic follies, then indeed is this War a tragedy, and the death of the noblest ensures the decadence of the Nation who bore them.

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* *

But if the other view be the true one, then will the sacrifice of these lift the whole Nation to a higher level of evolution, and set its face sunward. Britain and India, Australia and New Zealand, Canada and South Africa, France and Russia, Serbia and Italy, shall rise triumphant when this death-grapple is over, and shall lead the coming evolution of Humanity. It may be that the physical bodies of the children of these Nations may suffer somewhat from the early death of these trained young vigorous bodies, but that will be a passing loss, and may largely be made up by the training of the bodies of many who will come out of the War uninjured. Even under our eyes, the fruitage of a less awful sacrifice has been seen. The France of Napoleon III was decadent; he had poisoned her life-blood and prostituted her body. She passed through the agony of 1870, was defeated, drained of her treasure, shorn of part of her territory. It is said that that War has left its physical traces in the shortening of the stature of her manhood. It may be so, but how the Inner Life of France has grown! She was ever gallant, daring, courteous and chivalrous; now to these noble qualities she has added a patience, an endurance, a self-control, a discipline, that have set the world a-wondering. The anguish through which she passed in 1870 stopped her on the downward path that was



Madanapalle Theosophical College.

leading her to the tomb, and wrought out her redemption, marvellous and splendid. This is she "who was dead and is alive again, who was lost and is found". No other such miracle has been wrought for thousands of years.

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So we need not fear as we gaze on the battle-fields where noble lives are being poured out like water. It may be that there will be for a while some slight check in physical development, though I doubt it. For there has been evolving, as though in preparation for the holocaust and the renewing, an extraordinary vigour and robustness and stature and strength of Womanhood; all have noticed the change, though unwitting of its meaning. And these, be it remembered, are the Mothers of the coming race, with bodies finely developed and emotions raised and purified by anguish, and tempered by long drawn-out tension of anxiety for the best-beloved. These are they who have gone down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and have seen the beloved go out into the Light while they have turned back to the darkened earth, reft of its gladness. These, the Martyred in Life—so much harder a martyrdom than that of the Martyred in Death—these are the consecrated Mothers of the coming Nations, on whom rest the peace and the blessing of the Most High.

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Coming down from the heights of Pisgah, from which is seen stretching out fair and sunlit, the promised land, let us glance at some of the small events nearer home. Here is a picture taken at the back of the new Madanapalle College, where the big staircase, running

upwards, gave convenient standing room for some of the crowd of boys. On my right hand is the Principal, Mr. C. S. Trilokekar; and I wonder if English friends will recognise in the figure on my left Mr. Ernest Wood, known well as a lecturer in England before he came over here to do such good service to the Theosophical Society and to India alike. If I can obtain some good photographs of the Madanapalle buildings, our readers will be able to see how much he has done in this one place. On his left is the Head Master, Mr. Giri Rau, whose long and patient work under most discouraging circumstances laid the foundations on which the present prosperity has been built. The two ladies on the Principal's right, are Miss Noble, a graduate of S. Andrew's College, Scotland, who came to us from South Africa, and is now Professor of English at the College, and Miss Horne, a very experienced teacher from New Zealand, who is taking English composition for her work among the lads.

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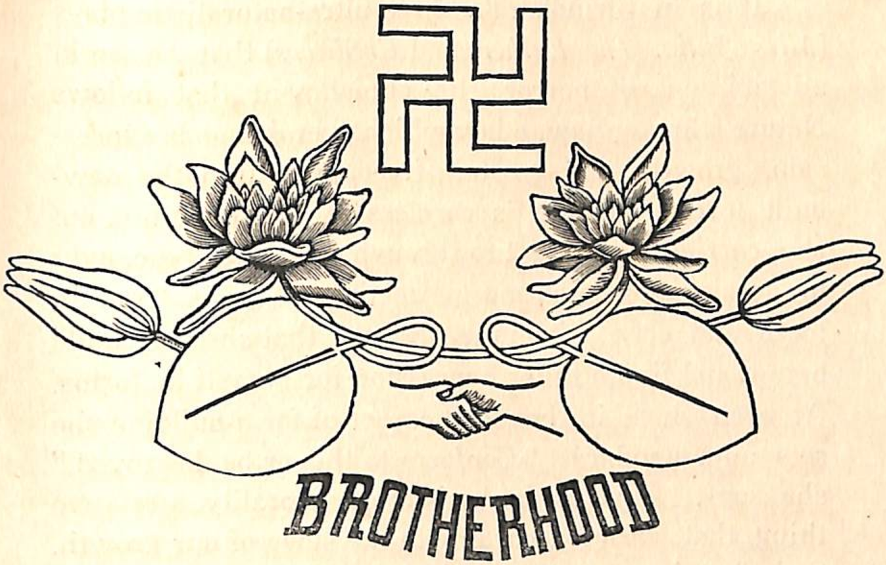
The general work in India, so far as Theosophy is concerned is going on well, and there is an ever-widening recognition of its value religiously and educationally. We have in the Society, of course, men of all shades of opinion, and we include many very orthodox Hinḍūs as well as many who shade off gradually into all intellectual forms of Free Thought; Social Reformers, Political Reformers are also with us. On these two last mentioned lines there are, of course, the widest differences of opinion, and, especially in India, the great lesson of tolerance is being strenuously taught to our members. If the T. S. can succeed

in forming a strong body of public opinion in favour of a real civic equality without regard to a man's religion; if it can persuade the public that no form of religion should give a civic advantage, and no form of religion should entail a civic penalty; then it would add another great service to its many services to India. A citizen should neither be rewarded nor be penalised because of his religious beliefs. Only thus can religion cease to be a cause of civic disturbance.

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We received, too late for this number, an interesting article from Mrs. Charles Kerr about Mr. C. W. Leadbeater and the Australian work. It will appear next month. She gives the most delightful account of his daily life and work, and of the extraordinary progress of the Theosophical Society in Australia under his inspiring and vitalising influence. In vain has a small and active band of conspirators in America, with offshoots in other countries, using all the well-known German methods of slander and bribery, circularised Australia, as they circularised India and other countries, against him. The Australian is a sturdy common-sense creature, with a strong and healthy contempt for all crawling underground methods, and he judges for himself. Christian missionaries in India made useful work here impossible for H. P. Blavatsky, so she left India and built up the Society in Europe; the same persecuting agency made useful work here impossible for C. W. Leadbeater, so he also has left India, and Australia has the inspiration of his presence, with surprising results. The same persecutors, headed this time by the Bishop of Madras, have tried the same plan with me, but I declined to go

because my work lies here, whereas the work of the other two was needed elsewhere. Here in India I stay; here is my earthly home, till I die. H. P. Blavatsky sent part of her ashes hither; C. W. Leadbeater will, perhaps, do the same; for me, all my ashes will stay here, for my past is Indian, as theirs was not to the same extent, and, in life and in death, I am consecrate to the Motherland.



ELEMENTAL FORCES IN STRINDBERG'S PLAYS

By Helen M. Stark

STRINDBERG, after Nietzsche, the greatest Dionysian spirit of the age, "found the hope, the promise, and even the joy of life in the powerful, cruel struggle of life": he attempted in his plays to vindicate the various lines of force which, emerging out of a whole life-time—or even, as in the case of Miss Julia, out of the family heredity—converge at the critical point in the play, and work according to their natures. Personified, these elemental forces would take rank with the Gods of the Greek tragedies, for the power and the design that lie behind evolution do intrude themselves upon the plans and schemes of men, and they are as implacable and as invincible as when recognised, deified and enthroned upon Mount Olympus.

It is in Strindberg's three ultra-naturalistic plays (*Miss Julia*, *The Father*, and *Creditors*) that we see in all its naked horror the punishment that follows Nature's broken law, a law which ever demands expression, growth, and greater freedom within the new-built forms. Nature is careless of the single life, but she carries her own life through type after type, ever to greater freedom and perfection. She is "red in tooth and claw," but she destroys that she may build better and find a fuller expression for herself in forms. At each stage in her long career of form-building she sets up a standard—"Conform to this or be destroyed," she says. This is the basis of our morality, a relative thing that varies according to the stage of our growth. Strindberg's recognition of these elemental forces is most apparent. "It is not enough to see what happens, we must know how it came to happen." Elsewhere he says: "The Naturalist has wiped out the idea of guilt; but he cannot wipe out the results of our actions—punishment, prison, or fear—for the simple reason that they still remain without regard for his verdict."

In the preface to *Miss Julia* Strindberg clearly states his theme. It is the tragedy of a woman who, disregarding the opportunities of birth in a fortunate class, fails even to meet the demands of decency in that class. Responding to her lowest hereditary possibilities, unbalanced, perverted, erotic, she accomplishes her own destruction. From the opening lines of the play we see symptoms of sex neurasthenia, of an over-ripe creative faculty, undisciplined, perhaps unrecognised. This, seeking an opportunity for expression, easily breaks the only restraint it has ever known, that of fear, and devastates her life. Miss Julia, failing to conform

to the law of her growth, turning back from the wholesome possibilities of transmuted passion that culture should bring, ends her career in a dishonoured death. Jean, up to the crucial point in the play, is her victim. She forces herself upon him, disregarding his hints as to impropriety, and even his very plain statements of what may be expected if she tempts him further.

This is a case almost, if not quite, unique in literature. It is clear that Jean will not suffer on account of this illicit connection, but his escape lies not, as usually in such affairs, in the greater freedom of men, but in Jean's own human status. He is a peasant, thrifty as a weed that grows in the mud; his environment is a befitting root-hold for the simpler human type. He is flowering into a fuller and more complex manhood, but he is too young a soul to be touched by degeneracy or perversion. Jean is on the way up. He knows this even as he knows that Miss Julia's real mistake lay in her descent to a class lower than her own. He says: "When upper class people demean themselves they become mean."

In *The Father*, it is the race-life acting through the mother that demands free expression and she does not scruple to grasp it even at a terrific cost. The father, who in the play is called merely "the Captain," is a material scientist who accepts the phenomena of a machine, the spectroscope, because he thinks he understands it, but rejects those of the human mind and soul because he has made no attempt to understand them. He is an egotist who is in addition an old-fashioned domestic tyrant, doling out the household money, demanding that a strict account be kept of it, and holding the fear of bankruptcy over the wife, yet, when

she asks about his own expenses, he replies: "That does not concern you."

There is much to indicate that the Captain has for years been developing paresis. He flies into rages, he suspects every one, he lives beneath the shadow of an evil premonition, he is losing his strength and his faith in himself. The successful, dominant egotist is the tyrant, the weak and unsuccessful one becomes the bitter and complaining pessimist. He describes himself as an unwanted child who came will-less into the world. His reminiscences of the early days of marriage betray the uxorious husband, a phase that is true to his type. First, he seeks to merge himself in the personality of the wife; later, devitalised, sated, he experiences the reaction which expresses itself as irritability and suspicion: he sees in the wife the cause of every failure. Men do not look upon women as natural enemies unless they, to quote from *Creditors*, "have been worshipping Venus a little too excessively".

But the real struggle, which has been going on for months when the play opens, is over the education of the daughter. In this matter the arrogance of the father is supreme. Discussing the child's education, Laura says:

Laura: "And the mother is to have no voice in the matter?"

Captain: "None whatever. She has sold her birthright by a legal transaction, and has surrendered her rights in return for the man's undertaking to take care of her and her children."

Laura: "Therefore she has no power over her child."

Captain: "No, none whatever."

He declares positively, defiantly: "I will do what I please with my own child," the natural and conclusive

reply of the race-mother being: "How do you know that she is your child?" The idea of fatherhood is of comparatively recent development in the race-consciousness. Man knew himself as a husband long before he knew himself as a father, and in primitive peoples the child took his descent from the maternal line. And ever in the last analysis, the rights, duties and privileges of a father can have no other basis than this, the mother's recognition and nomination of him as the father; whatever may be the legal, the conventional, the purely superficial arrangements of the age and country, it all comes back to this in essence. The honour and dignity of fatherhood is woman's to confer; the absolute seal of childbirth legitimacy is a mother's welcome; the unwanted child is Nature's bastard.

Laura lied to her husband, misled and deceived him, but the inevitable corollary of tyranny is deception; the bondswoman becomes the parasite; she who may not speak in the councils of her master becomes the trickster of the ante-chamber. Seek unduly to impose your thought and your will upon another, and in the degree of his strength, his ingenuity, and his subtlety will he frustrate your unlawful purpose. In reading this play it is well to remember that Strindberg, agreeing with Swedenborg, has said that there can be no true marriage between godless people. Strindberg adds: "In my plays I have written of the marriages of godless people."

Creditors is an investigation into the ways of a man with a maid, at least into two, and these surely the most harmful and unlawful of his ways. Strindberg's reputation as a relentless misogynist rests largely on this play, but it is an unsound foundation, since it is so

clear that Tekla, the woman of the play, is little more than a lay figure upon which in turn two men attempt to fit their masculine conceptions of what her relation to her husband and to the world should be. The one vital spark in Tekla is the commendable but rather feeble desire to live her own life. She is not a likable character, she seems to be cunning, selfish and vain, but tutelage such as produced her can achieve no other result. We know little of her as she really is. Our view of her is an indirect one, we see her as the two men see her, each blinded by his own prejudice in regard to woman. At Tekla's first marriage she "was a pretty little girl; a slate on which parents and governesses had made a few scrawls. . ." After marriage she is forced to deal with life in the only terms she knows, those taught her by her two husbands. Neither Gustav nor Adolph are personalities, they are types. They are "pure cultures" of a group of perfectly correlated mental and moral qualities; well constructed Frankensteins, psychologically correct, inhumanly horrible in their one-pointedness, in the logical completeness in which they develop each his own idiosyncracy.

Gustav is an extreme example of that brutal type of masculinity that sees in woman only an under-developed man. "Have you ever looked at a naked woman. . .," he says, "a youth with over-developed breasts . . . a child that has shot up to full height and then stopped growing in other respects. What can you expect of such a creature?" He it is who boasts of having erased the few parental scrawls, and, instead, written upon the soul of Tekla whatever inscription suited his own mind. Animated by the jealous desire to be

revenged upon the woman who had escaped him, a condition quite characteristic of this type of man, Gustav attempts to arouse Tekla by speaking of his approaching marriage: "I have purposely picked out a young girl whom I can educate to suit myself, for the woman is man's child, and if she is not, he becomes hers and the world turns topsy-turvy." A more primitive man of Gustav's type would have murdered Tekla, for it is the man who believes that a woman may be possessed, that she is a slave or chattel and may be stolen from him, or by him from another man, who in jealous rage has recourse to uxorcide. Instead of this Gustav works by fiendish cunning upon the weakness of Adolph until he destroys him. To Tekla he says: "It has been my secret hope that disaster might overtake you," and he admits that he has planned to trap and ruin Tekla. "You do all this merely because I have hurt your vanity?" Gustav says: "Don't call that *merely*! You had better not go around hurting other people's vanity. They have no more sensitive spot than that."

Gustav displays the tyranny of the strong, hard, selfish man. Adolph's tyranny is that of the weak and sensual man. He is the uxorious husband who first idealises the wife, and seeks in her a master; later, exhausted and devitalised, the victim of suspicion and fear, he would use his weakness to enslave the wife. The end of such a man is easy to forecast. He shall perish miserably, ignominiously, smothered beneath the fallen petals of love's red rose. Adolph becomes contemptible in his supine feebleness and gullibility as we watch Gustav, the casual acquaintance of a week, play his infamous game of cat and mouse with him. With the diabolic skill of a vivisector he enters

the heart and mind of Adolph and plants his poison there; he reveals, defines and vivifies every dormant suspicion that disease and impotency had planted there. In the end we see, as in others of Strindberg's plays and stories, that these two men have been destroyed by inharmonious marital relations, but this has not been accomplished by Tekla's action in a personal or human capacity. She had the wit to recognise the serious danger of the condition, certainly not the strength or wisdom to correct it. In their ignorance and perverted egotism, these men attempted to thwart a law of human growth, but their heads beat against their own breasts. They failed to see in woman the eternal, incorruptible dignity of the individual, and they dashed themselves to pieces against the rising tide of an elemental force.

Strindberg was no misogynist; he needed woman too ardently to have been that. His demand for the feminine complement was imperative. A self-sufficient man survives the disappointment of a tragic failure in marriage, woman is only an incident in his life; but Strindberg knowing by intuition the possibilities of a true marriage, and desiring passionately to enter into it, sought among women endlessly, measuring, weighing and judging relentlessly. "I chide woman because I love her so well," he said. Though these plays deal in the frankest manner with the facts of physical life, none who read them can doubt that they were written by the impelling force of a great idea, and not for the purposes of frivolous or prurient entertainment. They differ from the popular play of amorous escapade and half expressed indecency, as a cold mountain torrent differs from a fetid pool iridescent with the

phosphorescence of decay. Strindberg's plays do not present that play-time of passion, the dalliance hour of sex, but depict with an awful completeness the inferno of those who degrade and misuse its power. Strindberg is misunderstood by many—even sometimes by himself in uninspired moments—because all his work is so deeply coloured by his own personality. He formulated a law of human growth, and embodied it in a detail of personal history. We see in Strindberg a chapter in the history of the soul-development of a prophet. It is the stage in which the light of great genius is dimmed by rebellion, bitterness and ill-adjustment, but these are the first dark steps upon the path that leads to the mount of Wisdom, and the crown of Compassion.

Helen M. Stark

IDEALISM

By E. A. Wodehouse, M.A.

[An Address given at one of the Sunday morning meetings at the Theosophical Society's Headquarters in London. The Address was preceded by the reading of the first chapter of Mr. C. Jinarajadasa's little book, *In His Name*.]

I HAVE read you this morning a very beautiful piece of writing. But it is also one which, being highly pregnant with meaning, is somewhat difficult, perhaps, to understand at first hearing. I wish, therefore, in the few minutes at my disposal, to try to explain a little of what this chapter seems to me to mean.

You will remember that the little book from which it was taken is addressed to an aspirant for discipleship, and that this aspirant is spoken of as already occupying a kind of middle ground between the ordinary life of the world and that of the pledged servant of the Master; you will recollect, moreover, that the name given to this intermediate stage was that of "Idealism". The would-be disciple is already an "Idealist".

It is the meaning of these words, as they are presented in this chapter, that I wish to study this morning.

If we were asked which is the more real, what a thing *is*, or what we think about that thing, we should probably say the former. And ordinarily we should be

right. When we speak of the sun "rising" in the morning, for example, we need only be a little instructed to realise that this motion of the sun is only apparent, and that the real motion observed is that of the earth. Here our thought is less "real" than the fact of the case. But there is a certain type of thought which is more real than fact: and this type of thought we speak of as an "ideal".

What do we mean by the word "ideal" in this sense? A complete answer to this question would need many volumes; but I think that we shall be safe in saying that, in every use of the word "ideal," as representing a higher reality than that of fact, there is a certain great world-theory involved; the theory, namely, that what are called ideas are, in the order of creation, prior to, and so more real than, phenomena: in other words, that the creative impulse of God, which brought the worlds into being, passed, as it descended into matter, first through the plane of Ideas or Archetypes, and only afterwards reached this lower world of physical things. The theory would maintain, therefore, that all forms and objects in this latter world are merely imperfect copies, or embodiments, of those archetypal Ideas, or Ideals; and that, in this sense, the Ideal is literally more real than so-called facts.[1]

The person who perceives this superior reality is the "Idealist". And this is what was meant by that word, in the present chapter, when it was said: "For an Idealist, material forms exist only to body forth Ideas."

[1] The reader will, of course, recognise in this the famous Platonic theory of Ideas, the parent of all western Idealism. In the great controversy between the Nominalists and the Realists, which divided the thought of the Middle Ages, the Realists were those who maintained the view of the substantial reality of Ideas.

Idealism is thus, from this point of view, a truer form of thought; and it is in this sense that it may be thought of as an intermediate stage between the thought of the ordinary world and that of the real world of the Masters; for the Idealist is one who is beginning to see, through the outer form, the deeper truth and life of which the form is only an imperfect copy or representation. And the student will see that this is one way, at least, of expressing Viveka, the first of the specific qualifications for discipleship.

But the Idealist is the truer thinker in another, and very important, sense. For it will be seen that he is doing, in his thought, exactly what the evolutionary process itself is doing. He is not only going *back*, through the copy, to the original; he is also going *forward* to that which, in the course of time, is to be.

All evolution consists in the revealing of God's thought in and through matter. Thus, as a man evolves, more and more of the Ideal Man shows through him; more and more (as an Idealist would say) of the Idea, of which the outer man is the expression, finds embodiment and articulation in him.

To idealise, therefore, is to think along the lines of natural growth, to see the flower in the seed.

In the sense, then, that every moment in growth negates all moments that have gone before by the asserting of a fuller reality, the Idealist is here again the truer thinker. And it is, perhaps, particularly easy to see, from this point of view, why, in the judgment of the writer of this little book, Idealism stands as an intermediate stage between the life of the world and the life of the disciple.

The reason is that the disciple is the apprentice World-Helper; and the whole work of world-helping consists in smoothing the way for, and bringing nearer, that which each thing in nature is destined to become; in other words, in drawing the future of things into their present. We can see this readily in respect of every kind of self-improvement; for, clearly, all effort at a higher way of living and thinking is the affirmation of the truth of what we shall be against the inferior reality of what we are at the moment. We assert the future against the present. And so it is with the helping of the world also. The Idealist is, by virtue of his Idealism, the embryo World-Helper, simply because his mode of thought represents one of the essential pre-conditions of such helping. By passing out of the thought which builds upon the present to the thought which builds upon the future, he has already set himself on the side of Those whose whole purpose and function presupposes this changed outlook.

What, then, does he need in order to become the accredited World-Helper, to pass out of the intermediate stage which he occupies into the stage of actual discipleship?

This little book tells us.

Although, we are told, we must continually dream of the higher, yet "we must be true in our measurements of the lower". We must be Idealists, but we must base our Idealism on facts.

What does this mean?

The secret of it is, I think, contained in the thought of a few moments ago: That Idealism is, from one point of view, a thinking along the natural lines of growth.

We have to recognise that, although the ideal be a higher thing, in one sense, than the fact, yet that an ideal can only be approached *via* facts, and, further, that the two terms, if we examine them, are fluid, and melt readily the one into the other. Thus, that which to-day we look upon as a fact was yesterday an ideal. That which to-day we regard as an ideal will, we hope, to-morrow become a fact. The whole of History, indeed, consists in the melting of ideals into facts, and the careful thinker will have no difficulty in seeing, therefore, that—taking the evolutionary process as a whole—we can no more disregard the passing fact than we can disregard the ultimate ideal. The two are inseparable, and truth in thought will thus consist in seeing not merely the goal at the end of the journey, *but every step of the road which leads up to it.*

This is the higher stage of Idealism, which belongs to the world of discipleship and of the Masters.

The uninstructed Idealist, not yet ready for discipleship, will be tempted to see only the goal and to ignore the steps between; and so he becomes the impatient dreamer, the visionary, the sentimentalist, and fails to be of much practical use to the world. It is true, of course, that it is in many ways better to be a man of ideals and to disregard facts, than to be a man of facts only and to disregard ideals. But best of all it is to be both: to see the ideal, and to recognise it as the real, and yet to recognise, and allow for, every step on the way to it. That is the third stage, according to my reading of this chapter, which, in the opinion of the writer, brings the Idealist right into the real World-Service and makes him a disciple.

We shall see this more clearly if we try to think, for a moment, how necessary is this dual vision. Think how it would fare with us, for example, with all our imperfections, if those great Ones, to whom we look for help, were to see only the goal and not the necessary steps which lead to it! We cannot but assume that Their vision extends to heights of growth and unfolding far beyond anything that our loftiest imagination can reach; or that our highest "Ideals" are far below the level of Their "facts". Ill, therefore, would it fare with us if the long evolutionary process of the transmuting of ideals into facts—which is the evolutionary path before us—were not recognised by Them as necessary. The help we crave is that which will enable us to take the several steps as they come; we know full well that we cannot leap to the goal.

And it is Theirs, by virtue of Their office as World-Helpers, to accede to this demand: to give us the next truth that we need, to help us over the next difficulty, to wed the acceptance of our lower facts to the higher wisdom of Their ideals.

This, then, is the task of the true Idealist: to realise both facts and ideals, means and ends, at once. In the words of the writer: "The Disciple must live consciously in two worlds all the time."

It is his task, and it is also his burden; and it is perhaps because the burden is so heavy, that this stage is seen as a higher stage than the other. For it is easy to dream dreams of perfection. It is very difficult to follow out patiently, one by one, the steps by which perfection is to be attained.

Perhaps there is only one thing that can make such a dual vision easy, and that is love; for it is the peculiar

mark of love that imperfections do not chill it but rather inflame it. And, viewed in this way, the highest Idealism and the truest thought work out as vision informed by love. To think lovingly is to think truly. To love is to see the ideal through the fact. To combine the fact with the ideal is the practical work of love.

The disciple is thus the one who, while holding to the ideal, can love the actual. And this is the third stage, in which the two former are gathered up.

That to think lovingly is to think truly, is not a new doctrine. It is one which has always been taught. But I do not think that the basic, the *ultima ratio* of it, has often been more strikingly or more beautifully expressed than in the concluding words of the chapter that I have read.

Loving thought is true thought, because Love is the expression of Unity, and Unity is the final, the basic truth of all. The doctrine of an ultimate Unity has often been expressed as an abstract philosophical formula. The striking feature about the concluding words of this chapter is that they express the Unity not as a dead philosophical abstraction, but in terms which make it leap and vibrate with life:

"There is in the Cosmos but One Person, and we live but to discover Him.[1]

"He is yourself, for you are an expression of Him. But you cannot see Him as He is; His light would blind you and make you dumb. That is why for love of you He moderates His light, and looks at you through the faces of those you love; you love them for His

[1] I have always considered this sentence one of the most impressive single sentences with which I am acquainted.—E. A. W.

beauty in them. He helps you to discover the lovable in them that you may know of His love for you.

"More of Himself He shows in those castles you build in your ideal moods; more still of Himself He will show you in your Master. That is why as you grow in Idealism you shall always find your Master, for the Master it is who will guide you out of the unreal world into the real."

E. A. Wodehouse

ON A ROCK-BOUND COAST

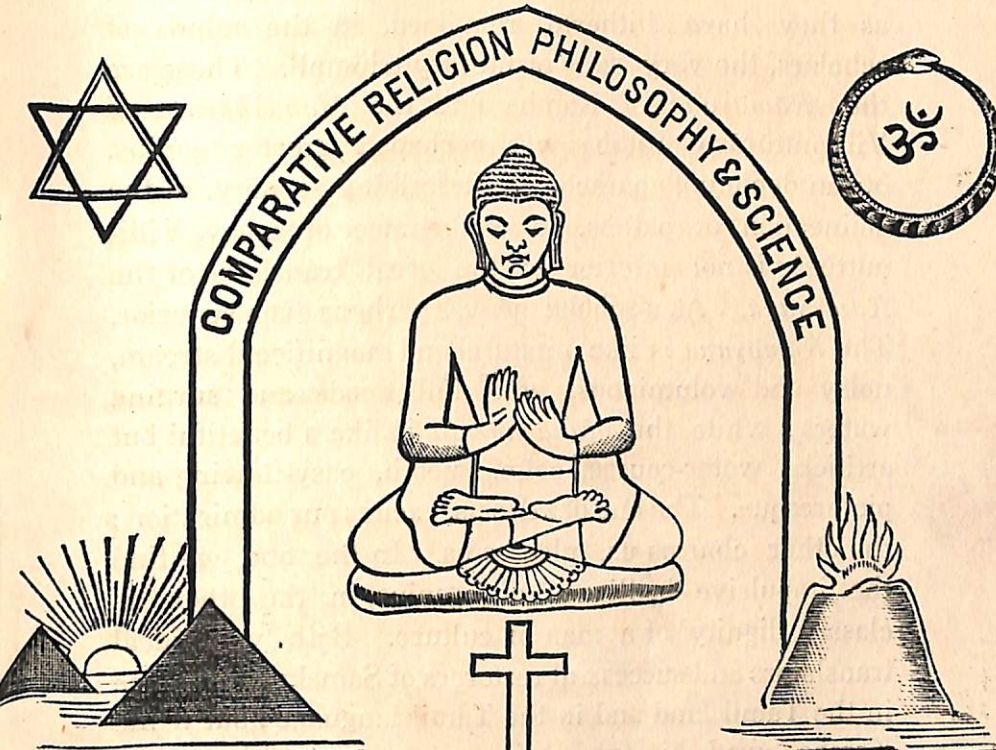
O wind-swept Silences!
In age-long rest
Ye seem to brood apart, inviolate,
The fretted life of man
Your passing guest
While of some guarded realm ye stand, the Gate.

O Majesties, rock-throned
In palaces
Builded by Time's lean myrmidons of years
That knew no resting-place;
Your solaces
Succour and save those whom Life's terror sears.

O Presences, revealed
Within the shrine
Of amethyst and lazuli and pearl
Lit by all Heaven's lamps,
Whose thurifers entwine
Gold chains of stars whereon night's censers twirl.

O Mighty Hands of God,
Artificer
Of sea-bound shores remote and desolate,
Man feels Your moulding too
And, if he err,
Knows YOU outstretched to clasp him soon or late.

E. M. G.



THE POET VILLIPUTTŪRĀR

By V. Rangachari, M.A.

IT will be acknowledged by every student of Tamil literary history that a good deal of attention was bestowed by the ancient and mediæval poets on the translation and popularising of the classical works of Samskrit in the Tamil land; and in almost every treatise the translation has been so skilful and so ingenious that it has ceased to be a mere translation, and risen to the

dignity of an original classic. But of the numerous examples of such achievements, two will always remain, as they have hitherto remained, in the minds of scholars, the very acme of literary triumph. These are the *Rāmāyaṇa* of Kamba and the *Mahābhārata* of Villiputtūrār. Kamba was perhaps a greater genius, but in depicting character, in describing scenery, in the delineation of pathos, in exuberance of fancy, Villiputtūrār is not inferior to the great translator of the *Rāmāyaṇa*. As a scholar he was perhaps even superior. The *Rāmāyaṇa* is like a natural and magnificent stream, noisy and voluminous, with full floods and surging waters; while the *Mahābhārata* is like a beautiful but artificial water-course, calm, smooth, easy-flowing and picturesque. The one dazzles us, excites our admiration; the other charms us, pleases us. In the one we find the impulsive brilliance of a genius, in the other the classic dignity of a man of culture. Both were ideal translators and successful restorers of Samskrit influence in the Tamil land and in the Tamil language; but while Kamba owed his extraordinary powers to his natural genius, Villiputtūrār seems to have acquired them by his application.

As in the case of the majority of Tamil worthies, we are unable to say when exactly Villiputtūrār lived; but a number of evidences, internal and external, enable us to arrive at an approximate estimation of his time. In my article on the Iraṭṭayar, I have pointed out how Villiputtūrār was their contemporary, on the one hand, and of Aruṇagirinātha on the other; and how, as the twin-poets lived in the time of Rājanārāyaṇa Sāmbava Rāya (1337-60) and Aruṇagirinātha in the time of Prauḍha Deva Rāya II (1422-49), all these writers should be

attributed to the period between 1350 and 1430; and I showed how this conclusion was confirmed by the fact that Kālamēhappulavar, who was a personal acquaintance of the Iraṭṭayar, had for his patron Tirumal Rāya, the son of Sāluva Goppa, the Viceroy of North Arcot, about 1430. It will be concluded from this that Villiputtūrār belonged approximately to the same period. He had, like the Iraṭṭayar, the Chief of Vakkapāhai for his patron, though curiously enough he does not mention them at all. He was, however, a rival and afterwards the admirer of Aruṇagirinātha; but he does not make any definite reference either to Sambandha Āṇḍān or to Kālamēhappulavar who, as we have seen from other sources, belonged to the same age. It is this almost complete absence of mutual references among these writers that makes the dates of their existence problems and themes of controversy. In the case of Villiputtūrār, particularly, we should be interested to know the details of his life; whether, for instance, he was younger—as he probably was—than the Iraṭṭayar and, if so, how much younger; whether he lived after the death of Aruṇagirinātha or not; whether he ever met Kālamēha at all; and so on. But the desire will probably remain eternally unrealised. The late Pandit Satakopa-Ramanujachariar says that one of the contemporary chiefs of Villiputtūrār was a certain Vīra-Pāṇḍya; but a reference to epigraphy shows that, between 1360 and 1500, there were a number of Vīra-Pāṇḍyas. Mr. Sewell points out,[1] from a Ramnāḍ inscription, that a Vīra-Pāṇḍya ruled about 1383. Dr. Caldwell[2] mentions two

[1] Sewell's *Antiquities*, i, 302. The inscription is in the Tiruttarakōsamaṅgai temple, 8 miles S. W. of Ramnad. It is dated S. 1305, *Rudhirōtkāri*.

[2] See his *Tinnevelly*. From two inscriptions at Shrī-Vaikuṇṭham in Tinnevelly and from *Mack. MSS*.

Vīra-Pāṇḍyas as having respectively ruled in 1437 and 1475-90, while Dr. Kielhorn mentions[1] a Vīra-Pāṇḍya Māravarman whose inscriptions are found at Teṅkāsi, Kālayār-Koil and Tiruvāḍi, who came to the throne, according to his calculation, between March and July, 1443, and ruled at least till 1457, and who was the contemporary of the celebrated Arikēsari Parākrama[2] (1422-65) of the Teṅkāsi dynasty. It is difficult to say which of these Vīra-Pāṇḍyas was the contemporary of the poet, though the sovereign that ruled about 1383 is the most probable person. It will now be clear that all that we can definitely say about the date of the poet is that, like his famous contemporaries, he lived between 1360 and 1450. A more exact demarcation is possible only with the discovery of further materials.

Villiputtūrār was a native of the Magadai Nāḍu or "the middle country" of tradition, practically identical with the northern part of the Trichinopoly and the southern part of South Arcot districts. His father was a Vaishṇava Brāhmaṇa of the name of Vīra Rāghava. Early in life, Villiputtūrār, it is said, established a name as an all-round scholar and a genuine poet, capable of singing all the five types of poetry with equal felicity. For some unknown reason he left, in course of time, his native village,[3] and settled at a place called Saniyūr in the same district. To his great grief, the eminent scholar saw very many unripe

[1] *Ep. Ind.* vii. See also *Indian Antiquary*, February 1914, p. 35, where I have summarised all the epigraphical discoveries regarding the Pāṇḍyan dynasty.

[2] *Ibid.*, 35-6.

[3] According to the *Tamil Ency.* he was born in this place. Still another version is that he was a native of Shrīvilliputtūr which, I think, is incorrect and based on a wrong interpretation of his name. Mr. Purnalingam Pillai says that Panayūr has also been said to be the poet's birthplace, but I am not aware of any such tradition.

scholars and giftless versifiers posing as great literary luminaries, and wandering unchallenged and in haughty insolence throughout the country. Inspired by the desire to exterminate this odious race and to purify literature, he undertook, on his own initiative, a severe, if not terrifying form of censorship. Going on a tour to different places, he used to engage scholars in controversy and punish the defeated by depriving them of an ear. In the course of this cruel pilgrimage he came to Conjiveram, where he met a Vaishṇava scholar of the name of Anantabhaṭṭa, and challenged him to a disputation. The two scholars then prepared themselves for a tough battle. Each of them held a sharp instrument attached to the other's ear so that the least hesitation on the part of one to explain the poetic utterance of the other might be promptly chastised by mutilation. In this attitude they tried each other. Anantabhaṭṭa was eventually defeated, and was about to be chastised in accordance with the agreement when, it is said, he cleverly pointed out to his victorious opponent that, in trying to cut off the *ear* of an Ananta, an earless being, he was making an impossible attempt. The astute scholar meant that Ananta (*i.e.*, the serpent) had no ear and that the attempt to cut off a thing which did not exist was a feat open to ridicule. Villiputtūrār, it is said, was satisfied by the timely pun, and chivalrously left the vanquished uninjured.

Villiputtūrār then came to Tiruvaṇṇāmalai, where he is said to have engaged the celebrated Aruṇagirinātha in similar controversy. This time, the proud and insolent scholar was about to be made the victim of his own vow. For, while Aruṇagirinātha composed a series of alliterative verses on Skandha and asked his

opponent to explain them the moment each of them was uttered, Villiputtūrār was puzzled in regard to the 55th verse and asked for it a second time. The astute Shaiva scholar pointed out that that was not a term of their mutual agreement; and Villiputtūrār, unable to answer, had to yield himself to punishment. But the noble generosity of the victor, we are informed, saved the shame of the victim and, we may add, the honour of the scholastic world in general. For he waived the right of taking away Villiputtūrār's ear on exacting a promise from him to the effect that he would assume the same attitude towards his vanquished opponents in future. Villiputtūrār, for his part, showed his gratitude and his reverence by staying to completely hear the poem and compose the commentary on it.

After his defeat at the hands of Aruṇagirinātha, Villiputtūrār went to the courts of various princes, and showed his scholarly skill, receiving ample riches in reward. With these he returned to Saniyūr and led there a calm and quiet life of ease and honour. While so engaged, the King of the Magadai Nāḍu, Varapati Āṭkoṇḍān,[1] who, as we have already seen, was a great patron of literature, approached Villiputtūrār with the request that he should give an enduring name to the country of their birth by translating the *Mahābhārata* into Tamil verse. A great scholar both in Tamil and in Samskrit, Villiputtūrār readily undertook the task, and completed it in a monumental poem of 6,000 stanzas. The most remarkable feature of this truly grand epic is the unusual extent to which the mixture of Samskrit and Tamil vocabulary has been

[1] The *Tam. Ency.* calls him the King of Vakkapāhai Nāḍu, and says that he belonged to the Koṅgu line, and that he was called Varapati Āṭkoṇḍān Chēran.

carried. In no other Tamil poet do we find such a large number of Tamilised Samskrit words. Not only in the number of such words but in the remarkable skill with which they have been transformed, amended, or altered, so as to suit Tamil grammar and Tamil harmony, Villiputtūrār has no rival. In the history of the languages of South India, of the relation between Samskrit and Tamil, therefore, he will always occupy a foremost place. He has proved in an unmistakable manner that the Samskritisation of Tamil is essentially for the good of the latter, that the holy tongue imparts to the other a dignity and a rhythm which it can otherwise hardly possess. As regards the poem itself, the unique merit of which has reaped the reward of immortality, it is enough to mention that it is not merely a translation, but a condensation, of the *Mahābhārata*. It is therefore a more proportionate, symmetrical and artistic production than the original, so much so that by itself it seems to be an original work. From one standpoint it is an amplification; for it is an expansion of the old classic, the *Mahābhārata* of Perundēvanār. From another standpoint it was itself a condensation, a condensation not of the Samskrit *Mahābhārata* alone, but from the 18th century onward of a more extensive and complete Tamil work by Nallā-Pillai[1] of Madalampēḍu.

A number of anecdotes are current in the country as to the immediate circumstances under which Villiputtūrār performed his work. One story is that while engaged in disputation with Aruṇagirinātha he, in his fanatical orthodoxy,[2] refused to see his opponent in

[1] I hope to give an account of this writer later on in THE THEOSOPHIST.

[2] Satagopa Ramanujachariar; *Tam. Ency.* does not mention it.

person as he was a Shaivite; that the latter in consequence cursed him to become blind; and that Villiputtūrār composed the *Mahābhārata* as a propitiatory offering to the Lord for the recovery of his sight. Another story is that, while coming from an extensive pilgrimage, he happened to go by way of Kālahasti;[1] that, reluctant to even look at the hill of Shiva, he avoided its sight by using his umbrella as the screen; that in consequence he was struck blind; and that, at the instance of Aruṇagirinātha, he sang this poem with the object of recovering his sight. A third story says that Villiputtūrār was a greedy miser who refused to give his brother his share of ancestral property; that the latter brought the fact before the King's notice; that the King, aware of the poet's weakness, made him compose the *Mahābhārata* with a view to teach him an indirect lesson, and that he gained his object; for when Villiputtūrār completed his work and was expounding that part of it which related to Duryōdhana's refusal to give a share to the Pāṇḍavas on the occasion of Shrī Krishṇa's embassy (Udyōga Parva), his brother came to the learned audience and taunted Villiputtūrār, in their presence, with his own behaviour. The poet had to save himself from disgrace by the observance of greater equity towards his brother. A fourth version says that Villiputtūrār and his brother were very great friends, that the well-directed efforts of the King to induce Villiputtūrār to come to his court and sing the *Mahābhārata* failed, and that he sent an old woman, as much advanced in diplomacy as in age, who managed to make herself a servant or member of the family,

[1] *Tam. Ency.* says that it took place in Tiruvaṇṇāmalai immediately after his defeat at the hands of Aruṇagirinātha.

cleverly set intrigue afoot, and caused a misunderstanding, through the women, between the brothers, as a result of which Villiputtūrār parted with his brother, and came to the court. The King, of course, then managed to gain his object. Still another version gives a commercial ground for the whole undertaking. It is to the effect that Villiputtūrār was a debtor to Varapati; that the latter agreed to receive, in place of money, a translation of the *Mahābhārata*, each stanza carrying a certain value; that Villiputtūrār composed the whole work, but finding the king miserly in his calculations, vindictively tore away the latter portion of his MS., saying that the remaining part would, even by a most vigorous calculation, more than cover the debt.

It is difficult to say how far these versions are true, and how far they are myths. The first two of them trace the necessity to write on the part of the poet to his alleged fanaticism, the third to his greed, the next to his domestic unhappiness, and the last to his poverty. Unfortunately we possess no materials regarding the life of the great poet which enable us to make a definite pronouncement about his religious prejudices or his worldly prospects, his spiritual ideals or his material resources. But from the fact that his name is always combined, in a manner of course not favourable, with Aruṇagirinātha's, and from the scrupulous toleration which pervades the poem, many are evidently inclined to believe in the earlier rigidity and the later toleration of the great scholar-poet. As regards the story of his domestic unhappiness, it is impossible to say anything definite; but it *seems* that the poet was not endowed with the virtues and merits requisite in the responsible head of

a joint family. Indeed, he seems to have loved his books better than his people, and sacrificed affection at the altar of scholarship. A curious and, many will think, an incredible story gives an insight into this aspect of his character, into the extreme censoriousness he displayed in literary matters at the expense of his own paternal affection. The story concerns his son Varadāchārya, the well-known Varandaruvār of Tamil literature, who wrote a preface of twenty-five verses to his father's classic work, which remains to-day one of the biographical materials of the poet. While Varadāchārya was a boy and learning under his father's tuition, he displayed so much originality and independence, it is said, that the father mistook it for impertinence, and asked him not to darken his doors again by his presence! The sensitive boy resorted to another less illustrious, but more tolerant, teacher, and under his guidance, rose to the distinction of a sound scholar. Later on, while Villiputtūrār was first rehearsing his poem before a learned audience for the stamp of public approval and the audience expressed dissatisfaction at his omission of a verse of prayer to Vināyaka Deva—the poet's orthodoxy had avoided Vināyaka and invoked the Lord's grace in a broad and unsectarian manner—Varadāchārya, who was present on the occasion, rescued his father from embarrassment by composing a verse on the spot, and saying, with excusable effrontery, that his father had already composed it, and that he had not mentioned it as, in his opinion, a verse of a more cosmopolitan spirit would suit better a mixed audience like the one before him! The poet, we may be sure, was ashamed of the way in which he was rescued, but his gratitude welcomed back again his long-lost son to his

home. The whole incident illustrates perhaps the grim seriousness of the scholar which defied every natural feeling. However it might be, I think we can hardly put much faith in the theory that Villiputtūrār was a debtor and that he composed the poem in lieu of discharging the debt. We can hardly believe that the King was a creditor to one of his subjects in the position of Villiputtūrār, nor can we believe that he was so very particular and miserly in his dealings. The story is perhaps an invention purporting to give a rational explanation for the incomplete nature of Villiputtūrār's work.

Nothing is known of the later life of Villiputtūrār. It is believed by some that he renounced the world, left the court of Varapati, and spent his days in devotion and meditation at Shrīraṅgam. But as such a retired and secluded life is assigned by others to the period previous to his distinguished career in the Koṅgu court, we are unable to say whether he renounced the world in the last days of his life; it is very probable that he did.

V. Rangachari

THE HOLY GHOST OR THE PARACLETE

By A. GOVINDACHARYA SVAMIN, C.E., M.R.A.S.

(*Concluded from* p. 486)

IT is thus that Jesus Christ's utterances, such as "I am in my Father," "I and my Father are one," have to be understood. So understood, it is possible to bring about a reconciliation between Trinitarianism and Unitarianism. In Hinḍūism, God is manifest in five ways, of which Anṭaryāmin or the Inner Guide, Avaṭāra or Incarnation, and Archā the worshipable Form, are three. The Inner Guide, Anṭaryāmin, has three forms; —one already indwelling in the soul, which corresponds to the idea of the Holy Ghost being the active Divine Principle in nature (Saṭṭāḍhāraka); the second the Holy Ghost re-entering the soul (Anupravesha) corresponding to such passages as *Acts*, ii, 1-4, "And suddenly there came a sound," etc., "and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost," etc.; and a third form, (*i.e.*, Anṭaryāmin) having a beatific presence of its own kind, and bursting before the mental gaze of the contemplating devotee—a Divine Epiphany, so to say. The Avaṭāra, or Incarnation, is a most essential and vital doctrine of Hinḍūism as well as of Christianity. Without it Hinḍūism is not Hinḍūism. The Avaṭāra is Spirit Incarnate, or the

Word become Flesh. Hence such passages as: "Nārāyaṇa took flesh as Rāma," and the eternal Word "Veḍa put on Rāmāyaṇa as its garb," *i.e.*, Rāma is the eternal principle of Holiness appearing as a Persona or Person; and the whole *Rāmāyaṇa* is the story of Sīṭā, Shrī, or Christ, *i.e.*, the story of how Grace operates on mankind to save it; how love can sacrifice and suffer. Without love there is no sacrifice. Sacrifice is by suffering. The key therefore of suffering is love, and the key of love is suffering. I shall revert to this later.

In the preceding paragraph the word "Nārāyaṇa" has occurred. It will be interesting to Christians to know that the etymological meaning of this word "Nārāyaṇa" is "He who rests on waters," Nārā, meaning water, corresponding with *Genesis*, i, 2, that "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters". "Waters" in the Veḍānṭa signifies the material stuff of creation—which is thus the plastic or passive stuff over which and in which Spirit, or the active principle, works, according to the Veḍic passage: "As the spider spins out of itself, so the Spirit brings forth the material out of itself." Hence the question: Whence came the materials of creation? and the Indian Sages answered:

> He, Spirit, created the waters [material stuff] out of Itself [out of its own substance], and placed Its seed therein. Until a resisting medium is improvised, no force can manifest.

In the second sense conveyed in these passages, the Greek notion of God is made manifest, to which, if the Latin or Roman notion of God, as evident in *Genesis*, i, 2, (quoted above), be joined, the whole sense etymologically imported by the word "Nārāyaṇa" is brought out, giving a sense for the Godhead as both

out of and in Nature. Hence the Upaniṣhaṭ passage: "Nārāyaṇa pervades all, both in and outside," *i.e.*, He is the full Divine Principle, intra- as well as extra-cosmically pervading. This Nārāyaṇa is thus the Cosmos-sustaining (*saṭṭāḍhāraka*) Principle with which is coupled Grace, which is Shrī, Christ—in other words, Love. Prajāpaṭi, or the Lord of Creation, acting by the medium of Vāch, or the Sacred Word, as occurring in the *Ṛgveḍa* conveys the same Shrī-Nārāyaṇa sense. Grace is thus an inalienable principle, property, or auspicious attribute, ever dwelling with the Divine Principle; it is also Divinity in the abstract manifested in the concrete, figuratively the "Word made flesh" (*John*, i, 14).

Viewed in another way, Divinity is made up of a Father and a Mother Principle, one yet twain. Shrī or Christ, is the Mother-Love sent into the world, for according to *John*, iii, 16, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son" to save it. "Bride" in the place of "Son" answers equally well. The Nārāyaṇa idea and the Bride-, Grace- or Love-idea are both evident in I. *John*, iv, 16: "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." The idea of Father and Son, and the latter begotten of the Father for the salvation of souls, is an ancient one. For example, *Mahābhāraṭa*, Uḍyoga-parva 48, tells us that the One Existence split Itself into two, Nārāyaṇa and Nara: and in Baḍarī-Nārāyaṇ, in the Himālayas Nārāyaṇa becomes the Teacher, and Naran the Disciple. The idea of sacrifice (or crucifixion) of the Son is evident from the Puruṣha-Sūkṭa hymn (*Ṛgveḍa*, x, 90).

The third way in which God manifests Himself to His devotees is through symbols or consecrated Images (Archā). The conception of God's Presence in Images will appeal to the intelligence of Christians, if they will ponder over the facts of consubstantiation and transubstantiation in their Scriptures. Consubstantiation means the union in one substance, *i.e.*, the substantial presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the bread and wine, in what is appropriately called the Eucharist, for Charis, as I have already shown, is Grace, or Shrī. And transubstantiation means conversion of one substance into another; hence the substantial change of the Eucharistic bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ. With regard to the Holy Images, both these theories are advanced in Hindū Scriptures. The Image, or symbol, is praṭīka, or the material base, in which the Spirit is present as consubstantiate, or the material of the Image itself is transformed into what may be called a spiritual substance as in transubstantiation. The Image is the kernel of the Church; it is a representation of it. As the Holy Ghost dwells in the Church, so does the Spirit dwell in the Image.

There are, above all these, three divine manifestations, or hypostates, as they are called, the medium, *Āchārya*, or the Saviour, of whom God makes use. This is the real Epiphany, inasmuch as the foregoing manifestations, which are of a theophanous character, are direct, whereas a vehicle is employed in the *Āchārya* form. In what way this is distinguished from the rest, and how efficiently and effectively the work of Salvation is effected by its means, is exhaustively treated in the spiritual work I have already mentioned, *viz.*, the *Shrī-Vāchana-Bhūṣhaṇa.*

Now the idea of Holy Ghost as Comforter has also its primal parallel in the Veḍānṭa system, in the expression, Hārḍa-purusha. (See *Brahma-Sūṭra*, IV, ii, 16.) Hārḍa is also Love-Grace corresponding with I. *John*, iv, 16, already quoted.

Now from the beginning when God's Breath was infused into man till that day when Christ says: "Ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you" (*John*, xiv, 20), we note the steady progress of the soul from its rudiments into a full-blown entity, divine-like, marking the course of evolution and its consummation. The universe is God's field (kṣheṭra) as the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* puts it; and God is the tiller (karṣhaka); and the harvest is His, *viz.*, the crop of souls saved. The reaping is the reaping of the fruit of evolution. All the processes of culture indicate the hand of Providence in various manifestations as set forth above—these processes partaking of both the remedial and redemptive character.

Whether God satisfies the Unitarian ideal or the Trinitarian ideal matters not, so long as the principle of Salvation, or Grace is admitted. This principle may be personified as Mother, Son, Bride, or as a Vine to the Husbandman (*John*, xv, 1)—that matters not. The recognition of this principle, in whatever outward garb it is vestured, is the important thing. According to I. *Corinthians*, i, 24, Christ is also the "power of God and the wisdom of God," *i.e.*, the Word, Vāk, Shrī, as already shown. (Also see *Proverbs* about "Wisdom".)

As to such a principle in existence in nature and its mediational character, Butler says in his *Analogy*[1]:

> We find all living creatures are brought into the world and their infancy is preserved by the instrumentality of

[1] See *Ṭaiṭṭirīya-Brāhmaṇa* quoted later on.

others, and every satisfaction of it, some way or other, is bestowed by the like means; so that the visible Government, which God exercises over the world is by the instrumentality and mediation of others. And how far His invisible Government be or be not so, it is impossible to determine at all by reason. There is then no sort of objection, from the light of nature, against the general notion of a mediator between God and man.

From the very dawn of Hinḍū religion, the fundamental idea of Hinḍūism has been sacrifice, which has taken ever so many forms. Shrī sacrificing herself, prompted by Mother-Love and Grace, as told in the *Rāmāyaṇa*, and Bhīṣhma's prolonged suffering or crucifixion upon the bed of arrows, as told in the *Mahābhāraṭa*, cannot have a better parallel than the tragic sacrifice of Christ on Calvary, both illustrating the principle of vicarious suffering and vicarious redemption—the function assigned to the Holy Ghost for all time to come. This Paracletic Principle also appears as Shraḍḍhā, or Faith, in man, personified as Shrī, the Mother of Kāma, or aspiration in man (Kāmavaṭsā, *Ṭāiṭṭirīya-Brāhmaṇa*, iii, 12-13).

As there is no finality of opinion in the respect of the nature of God, the nature of the soul, of immortality and after-death conditions, etc., so no final word can be said about the nature of mediation, which involves atonement, sacrifice, suffering, love. We can only rest our beliefs on probabilities. Bishop Butler has said that "probability is the guide of life".

As to the various garbs in which any principle may be vestured by different religions and languages, modalities and mannerisms, it is well to remember the passages:

1. All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.—II. *Timothy*, iii, 16.

2. God who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways.—*Acts*, xiv, 16.

3. It is far easier and far more amusing for shallow critics to point out what is absurd and ridiculous in the religion and philosophy of the ancient world than for the earnest student to discover truth and wisdom under strange disguises. —SCHOPENHAUER.

4. We laugh at the extraordinary costumes of a generation ago, just as the next generation will laugh at us for the absurd way in which by our style of dress, we disguise the natural grace and beauty of the human form divine . . . so too the forms and fashions of our faith. . . Yet, under all the idiosyncracies and peculiarities of creed and ritual, the essential elements of faith are the same.—C. J. STREET, M.A., in *The Underlying Varieties of Religion.*

The Holy Ghost is the Anupravesha of Hinḍūism. So speak the Scriptures:

Anena jīvan āṭmanānupravishya.

He is the Comforter (Hārḍa) and Generator of all Graces, as summed up in the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* :

Ḍaḍāmi buḍḍhiyogamṭam
Yena Māmupayānṭi ṭe

and He abides with us, wherever we may be, in hell, earth or heaven. It matters not whether this Principle, the Holy Ghost, is Itself God, or part of God, or an attribute of God, or an emanation from God direct, or a combined product of Father and Son, or a procession from the Father through the Son. What is of paramount importance for us is to know that the Holy Ghost abides in us, and that we have to realise it in its fulness and glory one of these days; and without fail, every soul is to be participant thereof. In the Holy Ghost, God "left not himself without witness". (*Acts*, xiv, 17.) As Dante sings in his *Paradiso*:

In Persons three eterne believe, and these
One essence I believe, so one and trine
They bear conjunction both with *sunt* and *est*.

And a passage from *Taiṭṭirīya-Brāhmaṇa*,[1] iii, 12, 3,1, coincides with these ideas—thus:

> Brahman, the Self-Existent is austerity. It is Son, Father, Mother. Austerity became first the sacrifice. God enjoys Godship by virtue of Shraddhā, [*i.e*, Shrī, or Christ, or Holy Ghost—the Vicar]. Shraddhā, the Divine Mother, is the basis (or the stability) of the Universe.

The Vedic Vāk, the Greek Logos (Lakṣhmī), and the "Word" of the Gospel of S. John, will give points of interesting comparisons to a student of religious philosophy.

The Logos, or the Word, becomes flesh, *i.e.*, becomes incarnate. In this connection the *Bṛhaḍā-raṇyaka-Upaniṣhaṭ*, VII, i, 1, is worth study, along with the fact in embryology of a chromosome splitting away from the cellular nucleus, and reproducing at the centrosomic centres, daughter cells, which are perfect editions of the parent cell—a full incarnation in religious language, of the prototypic original. It is also interesting to compare with the above Upaniṣhaḍic passage, Constantine's favouring the Homoousians, or those who held that Christ was of the same essence with the Father in the Nicene Council, A.D. 325.[2]

Apart from the question of deriving a Trinity from a Unity, or resolving back a Trinity into Unity, the question of a God co-operating with a Paraclete Principle in the work of salvation, is a Duality which is seen in full evidence in nature, in support of which Bishop Butler was cited, and we might now seek for its scientific support. Take chemistry. Every atom has been demonstrated as possessing polarities, *viz.*,

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[2] (See further on about Homoiousis).

positive and negative natures. In philosophical language these are the active and passive principles, elaborated in the Sāṅkhya system. They co-operate and produce all the phenomena. By means of electrolysis, sodium chloride (salt), the formula of which is NaCl can be decomposed into the elements Sodium and Chlorine. What happens is this. Sodium, or Na, is found to be composed of what are called radicals united to positive charges of electricity technically termed an-ions, and Chlorine, or Cl, composed of radicals united to negative charges of electricity technically termed kat-ions. This is called the process of ionisation, represented by dots and dashes, as shown in the formula :

$$NaCl = \dot{N}a + Cl'.$$

In Veḍānṭa, according to the *Ṭaiṭṭirīya-Upaniṣhaṭ* already cited, Puruṣha, Puruṣhoṭṭama or Nārāyaṇa, *i.e.*, God transcendental *cum* immanent represents the universal active principle, and Shrī the Paraclete, the passive principle. Popularly, or in religious language, the Unit Godhead is constituted of the Mother and Father principles or aspects. The expression " Blessed God " which is equivalent to Shrīman Nārāyaṇa, means that the predicate Shrī, or Blessed, indicating the blessedness of the Deity, constitutes the Paraclete Principle, coeval and co-ordinate with that Deity. The same idea is most prominently brought forward in the *Quran*, no chapter of which opens without invoking the Deity as the "All-Merciful ". The idea of the Son, Christ, being the Mirror of God the Father, is explained much more significantly by the expression Nara-Nārāyaṇa, already referred to. The Mother-Father Principle has also a most wonderful analogy in what are known as gametes

(*i.e.*, cells married together), *viz.*, the female sex-nucleus, the ovum, a cell which is passive, having a preponderance of anabolic or constructive character, and the male sex-nucleus the spermatozoon, which is active, having a preponderance of katabolic or disruptive character. Both rush together and compose the gametes. You frequently hear of marriages between Devas and Devīs celebrated in Hinḍū Temples. It is symbolic of the fundamental fact in nature, of the Paraclete working in union with God, the Universal Spirit.

In fine the Paraclete, or Purushakāra, Principle is the Principle of mediation pervading nature. In all its departments we are aware of metabolism, or transmutation of things from one state into another, like the cellular metamorphoses, or from one form of energy into another. Whether it is in the passing from one state into another, or from one form of energy into another, the transitional processes between, connote mediation; otherwise or without the mediatorial process, it is impossible to conceive how one state or one energy has passed into another. Hence mediation is an inevitable law in the universe, both physical and metaphysical. In the regions of the latter, the necessity of human language clothes this idea of mediation with all kinds of figurative and linguistic expressions, Shrī, Christ, Holy Ghost, Grace. For example the Persian Mithraic cult appeared in Rome as early as 67 B.C. This Mithra was the personification of mediation, through whom order in nature was maintained, and through whom victory was attained between the ultimate powers of good and evil. This is the Christ Principle of Christianity. In the economy

of nature, the female is preponderatingly anabolic, while the male is katabolic. The anabolic property is that of construction, and as such is the mother-function, which is mediatorial, and is the function ascribed in theology to the Paraclete, or Puruṣhakāra.[1]

Thus the dichotomy of passive and active principles working together is a universal law springing from God and percolating all nature which proceeds from Him. Were it not for this passive or anabolic factor, the cosmos would have no coherent principle, and without coherency it would crumble into chaos. In such a predicament there would be no talk about such topics as salvation, bliss, or the kingdom of God. The loom of God, therefore, consists of Himself, the Primary, as the warp, and the Paraclete, the Secondary, as the woof—from which, in rhythmic oscillations, are woven and spun forth countless spirit-forms each to fulfil its own unique destiny, by going forth as a fragment, and returning as a whole.

In all this process, is it a gladiatorial combat that is evinced, according to the Darwinian dicta of natural selection and the survival of the fittest—implying struggle and hate? In this verdict, we have had for some years

[1] Thomas Graham, the pioneer worker on the chemistry of the colloids says that (1) colloids and (2) crystalloids in juxtaposition produce all life processes; and the colloid is the dynamic state of matter, and the crystalloid its statical condition, where the connecting link between these lies is the mediatory principle. Taking another illustration from physiolgical psychology, there are two kinds of neurones or nerve cells, the sensory and the motor. Before the impressions received by the sensory are transmitted to the motor, there is a point of junction called a synapse, which is judged to be a psycho-physical substance. This mediatory layer answers to our Paraclete. Philosophically viewed, we have the real world and the ideal world; or the world of phenomena, and the world (so to say) of the noumenon. These are and must be linked, somewhere and somehow, though where the exact link is evades our knowledge. Wherever and however it is, what we are concerned with is that it is and must be. This connecting principle—a principle connecting the spiritual (or inner) and the material (or outer) existence—is the intermediate or mediatory principle, the Paraclete.

a glamour cast over us to make us forget that God is Love, and in that Love-aspect He is the Paraclete, the Mother, the Son, the Saviour ; and what is seemingly struggle is but a cloak hiding love, and what seems to be a struggle is but the sacrifice that all love demands. Only the mother who has borne the child in pain knows what mother-love is. In the Paraclete, the Mother, the Son, the Saviour, God sacrifices Himself, as described in the Puruṣha-Sūkṭa of the Veḍas (already cited) ; and if the sacrifice is willing and self-motived, what is it but Divine Love ? The motive power of struggle is love. If not, how would any struggle come about at all ? The beginning is love, the end is love, between them is what passes for struggle. The process of struggle is the process of growth, accelerated by the process of salvation, embodied in the Paraclete. The great apostle of evolution, Darwin, who strikes one at the threshold as a pessimist in view of his struggle-for-existence theory, has himself spoken—it is refreshing to know—optimistically in this wise :

> Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such slow progress [*i.e.*, evolution]. To those who fully admit the immortality of the human soul, the destruction of our world will not appear so dreadful.

Finally, nature is full of triplets, or trinities. Those who have studied Hegel are familiar with these relations. The mystery of the Trinity, *viz.*, God, and the Soul, and the Paraclete (or Vicarate) between, is enshrined in the holy symbol, AUM—consisting as it does of the three letters A, U, M, signifying these three entities. It is left to earnest students to pursue this study further in literature that is extant in Samskṛṭ

and Tamil. The great fact, however, intended to be proved in this paper may be summed up as follows:

> We cannot even conceive of God without attributing trinity to Him. An absolute unity would be non-existence. God, if thought of as real and active, involves an antithesis, which may be formulated as God [A] and world [M], or *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*, or in some other way. This antithesis implies already the trinity-conception. When we think of God not only as that which is eternal and immutable in existence [*i.e.*, Saṭ], but also as that which changes, grows and evolves [tyat], we cannot escape the result, and we must progress to a triune God-idea. The conception of a God-Man, of a Saviour, [U, or Shrī], of God revealed in evolution, brings but the antithesis of God-Father, and God-Son [or Bride], and the very conception of this relation [*i.e.*, Puruṣhakāra, or Paraclete] implies God the Spirit that proceeds from both.—PAUL CARUS. *Primer of Philosophy*, p. 101.

To the procrustean bed of metaphor characterising the conditions of our language on earth, we are compelled to shape our spiritual ideals. God is Love (*i.e.*, ānanḍa or rasa); and His Love can only be love when it sacrifices and suffers; and this aspect of love is of the paracletic nature. God's Love does not suffer God to remain alone in insular solitude. Hence the Veḍānṭic dictum: "Alone, He finds no joy." Hence He resolves: "I become many," or "I multiply Myself."

God as Absolute (Para) remains unconditioned. The aspect of Him as Love becomes the incarnational aspect (Vibhava, etc.). In this aspect He has sympathy with all human attributes; hence, of Rāma, one of the Divine Incarnations, it is the written in the *Rāmāyaṇa*: "God ·is more agonised with human suffering." A parallel idea is to be found in *Isaiah*, lxiii, 9: "In all their affliction he was afflicted." Either God is not Love; or, if Love, He must be immanent in His Cosmos and Creation, sharing with it all events, so that

thus He may save it incessantly and inevitably, so as to make it become similar to Himself, *i.e.*, Homoiousis, or Paramam-Sāmyam.

Symbology plays a great part in depicting these spiritual ideals. By necessity again of our concrete existence, we have to reduce all such ideals to procrustean dimensions. Taking God as the Father, He has a Bride, and the Bride is the Mother of the Son who proceeds from that duality or union (miṭhuna).[1] Love is symbolised as the Mother, as shown above. And it is conceived again in three sub-aspects as Shrī (celestial Spouse), Bhū (terrestrial) and Nīlā (one's own home, or heart). Shrī, in the exercise of her mediatorial function, appeals to her Husband or Bridegroom, God, thus: "Lord! is there a single creature who is sinless?" Bhū improves upon this by submitting to the Lord: "Be there sin, but where is thy forgiveness?" Nīlā reaches the climax by saying: "Lord! absorbed in thy Beauty, canst thou think of anything at all and sin the least?"[2]

The idea of God as the Husband and the soul as the Wife, or Spouse, of this Husband, is so familiar in Christianity, that Christians will readily grasp the character of Shrī, or the Paraclete, portrayed above as the Spouse; and the Spouse again considered in a threefold prismatic aspect symbolised as Shrī, Bhū and Nīlā, or the operation of Grace in the triune regions of the Cosmos, *i.e.*, the spiritual (Shrī), the material (Bhū) and the individual (Nīlā).

[1] *cf.* Hence the clause of the Athanasian Creed: "God, of the substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds: And Man of the substance of his Mother, born in the world." This is also symbolic of the soul related on the one hand to nature, and on the other to nature's God.

[2] Read my *Lives of Azhvars* (*Āṇḍāl*).

The keynote of the Council of Nicosa is that the Son is "of one substance (essence) with the Father". According to God viewed as transcendental (Para), as incarnational (Vibhaya), and immanential (Anṭaryāmin), which in Christian terminology correspond to Father, Son and Holy Ghost, respectively, the Nicene Creed is justified of its declaration and at the same time, it admits of being viewed as Trinitarian in about the same way as Shrī, Bhū and Nīlā, inasmuch as Father, the transcendental (Para) is the Primary of substance, whereas, Son, the incarnational (Vibhava) and Holy Ghost, the immanential (Anṭaryāmin), bear a derivative, character, though of the same substance. Thus can Unitarian and Trinitarian views be harmoniously reconciled.

The most ancient of scriptural records that humanity possesses, the *Ṛgveḍa*, voiced the principle of mediation or intercession, discernible in nature. It is enough for the present to call the reader's attention to the note made by Griffith under *Ṛgveḍa*, X, lxxi, 1, "Voice, or Speech, or Sacred Word".

In *John*, i, 18, it is written "the Son which is in the bosom of the Father". So does Shrī ever reside in the bosom of Viṣhṇu, the All-Pervading, and therefore Immanent, God.

A. Govindacharya Svamin

THE SPIRIT OF JAPANESE ART

By U. B. Nair

It has been well observed that the average cultivated European student or critic of Eastern Art, who seeks to appraise the æsthetic value of the vast, bewildering mass of unfamiliar material unfolded to his wondering gaze, finds himself thrown into a new world. With Graeco-Roman sculpture, the art of the Italian Renaissance and of early Greece, with Gothic architecture and Byzantine carvings, with the masterpieces of classic Christian art, and even perhaps with such decorative bric-à-brac as a few Chinese lacquers and porcelains, he is no doubt fairly *au fait*: but the strangeness and multiplicity of the wonders of Oriental art in all its phases puzzles and amazes him. Feeling and manual skill are the criteria of the highest productions of creative art. When the stone, metal, or pigment is completely reformed, so that it can never fail to convey unerringly the author's meaning to the simple onlooker, when the re-created material proclaims his message appealingly and entrancingly to all who have eyes to see, it is then that we call it a work of art. This can only be achieved with the aid of the Divine afflatus in the artist—"the ardour of the blood," as the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson happily phrased it. Subjected to this test, many a creation of

Eastern art—Japanese chirography and screen decorations, Chinese landscapes of the Sung period, the figure drawings on Persian pottery and illuminated work, the sculptures of India, Java and Ceylon, the ivories, bronzes and textiles of early Muslim craftsmen—comes under this category, and has to be accepted as a great and noble expression of human feeling.

Some of these, it may be objected to, are fantastic and unreal. But likeness to natural appearances, after all, is not to be taken as the main or only criterion of value. This is true even of early Italian or Gothic art, and especially has Oriental art to be regarded from this point of view. The fact that eastern artistic forms do not always conform to the European standard of representation, prevents their methods of expression being fully grasped by the amateur European observer. Thus the Japanese idea of perspective is altogether foreign to European art. The Japanese painter not only does not draw in perspective, but he also rejects light and shade as appertaining mainly to the sister art of sculpture. It should not be supposed that these peculiarities detract from his merit as an artist by tending in any very great degree to diminish his expression, or deviate from the visual appearance of the scene he pictures. This is because Japanese art is, in reality, far more visual than the art of the West—a statement which may appear paradoxical at first thought. Prior to the fifteenth century, when Europe discovered the laws of perspective, European artists were even more vague in this respect than Japanese artists. The discovery explains that it is possible for the actual retinal image to be reproduced much more faithfully in a typical modern European picture than, let us say, in a

thirteenth century masterpiece by Keion, wherein he delineates, with consummate realism, the turbulent vehemence of the armed crowds in the civil war which gave birth to Japan's new feudalism.

Mr. Roger E. Fry, the well-known art-critic and joint-editor of the *Burlington Magazine*, considers Japanese art as more perceptual, less conceptual. In it, he thinks, "the actual vision of appearances is clearer, more precise, more rapid, and above all, less distorted by intellectual preoccupations". Art, however impressionist, cannot be purely perceptual : it is bound to be—it may be to a very limited extent—decorative and conceptual at the same time. Writes Mr. Fry:

> The graphic arts would seem to result from a compromise and fusion of three elements, one the desire to symbolise concepts, one the desire to make records of appearances, and finally, modifying and controlling these, the love of order and variety, the decorative instinct. In different races and at different periods the harmony of these elements results from their fusion in different proportions. Even with the utmost determination to do so, the artist cannot altogether suppress any of these elements of design.

Japanese art, again, is more perceptual than European. And its recognition of the visual whole enables the narrative artist to display his actors spread out on the ground in their familiar aspect. In European narrative composition, on the other hand, many of the imaginative effects of the story due to space relations is sacrificed to the perversity with which the main actors are made to hide inconspicuously in the background.

> The Japanese had a natural instinct for noting the general relations of objects in space, and, though he never developed this instinct in our scientific manner, he never went as far from visual appearance as the early artists of Europe. No doubt he imagined himself to see his figures from

a height, and not, as we do, on the level of an ordinary spectator; but here he was guided by a sound instinct, for the normal low perspective horizon which we Europeans adopt is singularly unsuited to the purpose of narrative design, as any one who has tried to compose a scene with many figures will have found.

In other words, the artists of the Far East succeeded in obtaining purity, unity, and completeness of expression, but at the expense of a loss of intensity and depth. And although in giving pictorial expression to their thoughts they made no use of light and shade, their method of rendering certain broad effects of lighted and shaded atmosphere—of mist, of night, and of twilight—has been the envy and admiration of modern Europe.

Now, Japan is typical of the whole art philosophy of the Orient. She is still a museum of Asiatic civilisation, and yet more than a museum. It has been, according to the late Mr. Kakasu Okakura, "the William Morris of Japan," the sole privilege of his native Nippon to realise the unity-in-complexity of eastern art ideals like no other Asiatic nation. She mirrors to-day the whole of Asiatic consciousness, and remains the real repository of the trust of Asiatic thought and culture. But what is it, it may be asked, that accounts for the artistic taste inborn in the son of the gay Land of the Chrysanthemum? The peculiar beauty of her natural scenery, her singular geographical configuration, the witchery of her climate—qualities which have cast her art in its own distinctive mould.

The waters of the waving ricefields, the variegated contour of the archipelago, so conducive to individuality, the constant play of its soft tinted seasons, the shimmer of its silver air, the verdure of its cascaded hills, and the voice of the ocean echoing about its pine-girt shores—of all these was born that tender simplicity, that romantic purity, which so tempers

the soul of Japanese art, differentiating it at once from the leaning to monotonous breadth of the Chinese, and from the tendency to overburdened richness of Indian art.

The subtle and ingenious author of *The Ideals of the East with special reference to the Art of Japan*, above quoted, has argued in that brilliant work that the historic wealth of Asiatic culture can be consecutively studied through the treasured specimen of Japan, and Japan alone. The Imperial collection, the Shinto temples, and the opened dolmens, reveal the subtle curves of Hang workmanship. The temples of Nara, on the other hand, are rich in representation of Tang culture, and of classic Indian art, then in its hey-day of splendour. The treasure-stores of the daimyos abound in works of art belonging to the Sung and Mongol dynasties. But as in India, so somewhat in Japan, "the scorching drought of modern vulgarity is parching the throat of life and art". But the rock of Japan's race-pride and organic union has stood firm throughout the ages. She was not swept off by the mighty billows that surged upon her from India and China. The national genius has never been overwhelmed. Imitation has never taken the place of a free creativeness. Yet even Japan, such as she is, finds herself perplexed with the great mass of western thought and western ideals. This was the clarion note sounded twelve years ago by Mr. Okakura: and this is the message conveyed in the newest of new books on the subject by Mr. Yone Noguchi, a Japanese poet and artist now resident in London, issued by John Murray (who published Mr. Okakura's *Ideals of the East*) as a volume in "The Wisdom of the East" series, under the title which forms the heading of this article.

That last great master of the Kano School, Gaho Hashimoto, Hogai Kano, another great modern artist, and Okakura, according to Mr. Noguchi, were the "true life-restorers of Japanese art". The history of this remarkable trio is the history of the renaissance of art in Nippon in recent times. Their efforts were directed to a strong re-nationalising of art on national lines in the great Island Empire in the Far East, in opposition to that pseudo-Europeanising tendency that has for the last half-century been so fashionable throughout Asia. Mr. Okakura was a member of the Imperial Art Commission sent out by Japan at the dawn of this century to study the art history and movements of Europe and the United States. He only found his appreciation of Asiatic art deepened and intensified by his travels, and he always looked askance at the waves of so-called Europeanism that, following political changes, so often beat on the Imperial Art School at Tokyo, of which he was sometime director. Mr. Okakura soon resigned, and six months later, thirty-nine of the strongest young artists in Japan grouped themselves about him, and they opened the Nippon Bijitsu, or Hall of Fine Arts, at Yanaka, in the suburbs of Tokyo. In this Institute, which was a sort of Japanese Merton Abbey, were carried on various decorative arts, such as lacquer and metal work, bronze casting and porcelain, not to speak of painting and sculpture. While entertaining a deep sympathy for and possessing a thorough understanding of all that is best in the contemporary art movements of the West, the members aimed withal at conserving and extending their national inspiration. But, as Mr. Noguchi tells us, the Institute had soon to be closed:

When the Tokyo School of Art was founded (22nd year of Meiji) Gaho was first made warden of the school, and then its director. And he was appointed professor when his investigation bureau happened to close up. However, he voluntarily resigned his professorship when Mr. Okakura, then the president of the school, was obliged to resign his office. Gaho took the principal's chair of the Nippon Bijitsu when Okakura established it afterwards; but this school soon became a story of the past.

Japanese art, according to Mr. Noguchi, has again been cast down from its high pedestal. The invasion of western art spelt the end of real old indigenous art. It "laughed at the indecision of æsthetic judgment and uncertainty of realism of Japanese art". The present Japanese art is, therefore, a lost art: its only lesson for us is that of its sad failure. Unlike the old art of idealistic exaltation, it explains nothing but the general condition of life. It has been driven bag and baggage out of its stronghold of subjectivity, and at too great a cost, for its gain in the objectivity of the West is trifling indeed. A visit to any art exhibition in Japan to-day will show how the minds of present day artists have become unsettled by the western influence which they reluctantly accepted; how under the mingled tempest of Oriental and Occidental, they have lost unity and simplicity, poetry and atmosphere.

When I say [writes Mr. Noguchi] that I received almost no impression from the annual Government Exhibition of Japanese Art in the last five or six years, I have a sort of same feeling with the tired month of May when the season, in fact, having no strength left from the last glory of bloom (what a glorious old Japanese art!), still vainly attempts to look ambitious. Although it may sound unsympathetic, I must declare that the present Japanese art, speaking of it as a whole, with no reference to separate works or individual artists, suffers from nervous debility. Now, is it not the exact condition of the Japanese life at present? Here it is the art following after the life of modern Japan, vain, shallow, imitative, and thoughtless, which makes us pessimistic; the

best possible course such an art can follow in the time of its nervous debility might be that of imitation.

At the same time, Mr. Noguchi is convinced that the influence of western art on modern Japan has not been all evil. The Japanese works of western art, he admits, are sometimes beautiful, although they are more often marred by effort and pretence. Nature imitates art, said Oscar Wilde. Is not the nature of Japan, asks Mr. Noguchi, imitating the poor work of the western method? Western art, he thinks, may however help to rouse Japan from her present stagnation in feeling and thought. It has powerfully tended to bring the difference in element home to the Japanese mind. It has opened their eyes to the mysteries of perspective and of the accurate perception of colours. And above all, it has served as a useful protest against the Japanese art of the old school. The prospect of western art becoming popular in Japan, however, is very remote. "It may be far away yet, but such an art, if a combination of the east and west, is bound to come," writes Mr. Noguchi.

From speculation as regards the evolution of a "Western Art Japonised," let us now turn to the splendours of classical Japanese art, and seek some sort of general understanding of its general movements and conceptions and the development of its various schools. The bulk of Mr. Noguchi's little volume of 114 pages is devoted to giving his readers a foretaste of the idealism of its different epochs, to helping them realise the humanity and love of the old Japanese masters, and evoking in them a vague and mysterious appreciation of the beauty and significance of their work. Mr. Noguchi lays

special stress on what must be a most surprising fact to most people, namely, the definitely religious origin of Japanese painting, and he describes how it shows a passionate and disinterested contemplation of nature, and adumbrates, with power and precision, the strangest and most mystical intimations of spiritual existence. This is the outstanding feature of the Ashikaga period (1335-1573). This period corresponds with that of the Renaissance in Europe, and is based on a conscious revival of classical Chinese models. Sesshu and Sesson, whose work can be seen to-day in the new wing of the British Museum, are the best representatives of the period. They sat, in Mr. Noguchi's words, "before the inextinguishable lamp of faith, and sought their salvation by the road of silence". Their studies were in the Buddhist temple, luminous with the symbols of all beauty of nature and heaven.

> And their artistic work was a sort of prayer-making, to satisfy their own imagination, not a thing to show to a critic whose attempt at arguing and denying is only a nuisance in the world of higher art; they drew pictures to create absolute beauty and grandeur, that made their own human world look almost trifling, and directly joined themselves with eternity. Art for them was not a question of mere reality in expression, but the question of Faith. Therefore they never troubled their minds with the matter of subjects or the size of the canvas; indeed, the mere reality of the external world had ceased to be a standard for them, who lived in the temple studios.

The branch of Japanese art most admired in the West is the alluring one which has made style in expressive decoration its own. Koyetsu and Korin were the leaders of this school. Of the former, Mr. Noguchi writes with unrestrained admiration. He was the prince of Japanese calligraphers; and on one of his much-admired hangings—designed, no doubt, for some famous tea-master of four centuries ago, who was wont to bury

himself in a little abode of fancy with a boiling tea-kettle beside him—were inscribed the lines:

> Where's cherry-blossom?
> The trace of the garden's spring breeze is seen no more.
> I will point, if I am asked,
> To my fancy snow upon the ground.

"What a yearning of poetic soul!" exclaims Mr. Noguchi, who moralises:

> Praised be the touch of your newly awakened soul which can turn the fallen petals to the beauty of snow: there is nothing that will deny the yearning of your poetic soul. It is not superstition to say that the poet's life is worthier than any other . . . . But I am thankful for Koyetsu to-day. How to reach my own poetry seems clearly defined in my thought; it will be by the twilight road of imagination born out of reality and the senses—the road of idealism baptised by the pain of death.

Koyetsu's was a remarkable personality. He realised the age of artistic heroism that cares not for the future, for money or fame. His touch breathed a real art into anything from a porcelain bowl to the design on a lacquer box. Mr. Noguchi relates the following characteristic story of him:

> Once he was asked by Sambiakuin Konoye, a high nobleman of the Kyoto Court, the question who was the best penman of the day; it is said he replied, after a slight hesitation: "Well, then, the second best would be you, my Lord; and Shokado would be the third best." The somewhat disappointed calligraphist of high rank in the Court pressed Koyetsu: "Speak out, who is the first? There is nothing of 'well, then' about it." Koyetsu replied: "This humble self is that first."

Utamaro, Hiroshige, Kyosai and Busho Haro are some of the other representative masters, whose art Mr. Noguchi discusses with such fine appreciation. Those who have looked at the reproductions in Mr. Laurence Binyon's *Painting in the Far East* will be familiar with the power and originality of Matabei, the originator of the Ukiyoye School of designers, famous

for their marvellous ingenuity in colour printing. But Mr. Noguchi, who devotes two chapters to their work and has much to say of Shunsho Katsukawa, Yoshitoshi Tsukioka and other artists of this School, curiously enough dismisses Matabei, that great master of genre, in a few words! He does not indeed regard him, but Moronobu, as the founder of Ukiyoye art! and this, albeit the fact that in him, in the opinion of Fry, Binyon and others, the purely national art of Japan rises to a height only equalled by Kleion. Nor of the latter's name even does Mr. Noguchi make mention, although he is justly enthusiastic over Sotatsu, Kleion's contemporary and a great master of flower design.

Mr. Noguchi, as we have said, is a poet; and he sees in Utmaro's ladies, "whether with no soul or myriad souls (certainly ladies, be they courtesans or geishas, who never bartered their own songs and beauty away), the rich-soft passionate odour of rare old roses". They appear to him more subtle than Rosetti's Lilith, the women drawn by lines, or by the absence of lines, with such eyes as only opened to see love. Them he describes in verse, thus:

> Too common to say she is the beauty of line,
> However, the line old, spiritualised into odour,
> (The odour soared into an everlasting ghost from life
> and death,)
> As a gossamer, the handiwork of a dream,
> 'Tis left free as it flaps:
> The lady of Utmaro's art is the beauty of zephyr flow.
> I say again, the line with the breath of love,
> Enwrapping my heart to be a happy prey:
> Sensuous? To some so she may appear,
> But her sensuousness divinised into the word of love.

Of Utmaro's art itself, he indulges in the following conceit:

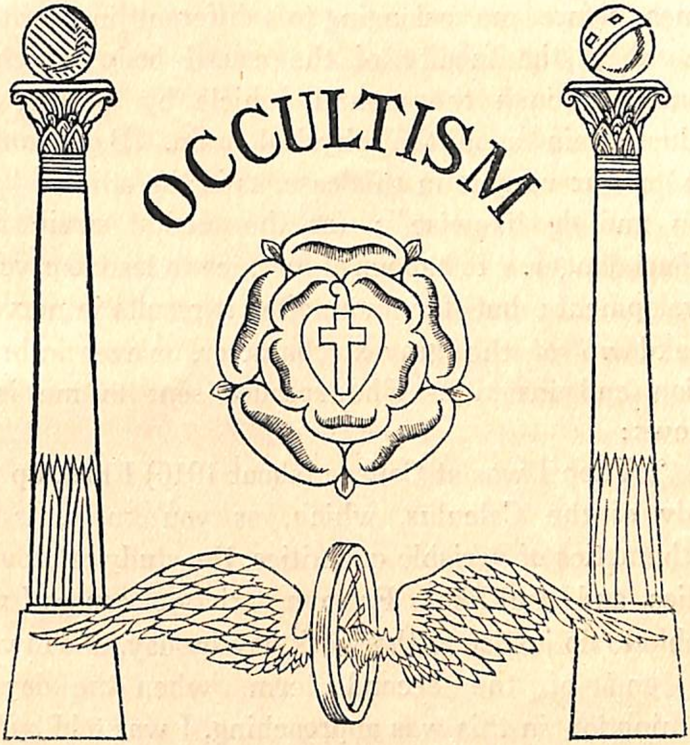
She is an art (let me call her so)
Hung, as a web, in the air of perfume,
Soft yet vivid, she sways in music :
(But what sadness in her saturation of life !)
Her music lives in intensity of a moment and then dies ;
To her, suggestion is her life.
She is the moth-light playing on reality's dusk,
Soon to die as a savage prey of the moment ;
She is a creation of surprise (let me say so)
Dancing gold on the wire of impulse.

The Japanese spirit of art aimed at poetry and atmosphere, not mere style and purpose. And it holds a great inner lesson for us moderns. We will let Mr. Noguchi proclaim it in his own words :

> To look at some of the modern work is too trying, mainly from the fact that it lacks, to use the word of Zen Buddhism, the meaning of silence ; it seems to me that some modern artists work only to tax people's minds. In Nature we find peacefulness and silence ; we derive from it a feeling of comfort and restfulness ; and again from it we receive vigour and life. I think so great art should be. Many modern artists cannot place themselves in unison with their art ; in one word, they do not know how to follow the law or *michi*, that Mother Nature gladly evolves.

And the ultimate lesson of Oriental art for all humanity is contained in the two words "prayer and silence" : or as Mr. Noguchi beautifully expressss it : "There is nothing more petty, even vulgar, in the grey world of art and poetry, than to have a too close attachment to life and physical luxuries ; if our Orientalism may not tell you anything much, I think it will teach you at least to soar out of your trivialism." We heartily echo the same cry.

U. B. Nair



AN INSTANCE OF PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT

By C. W. LEADBEATER

PSYCHIC development of all kinds is wonderfully quickened just now by the great inrush of spiritual force which is preparing the world for the Coming of its Teacher; and naturally the opportunities for such development offer themselves most readily to those who put themselves directly in the way of that mighty current of force by working in connection with the expected Advent. I gave recently an instance of

the abnormally rapid unfoldment of the buḍḍhic faculty by means of the power of love; now another case comes before me belonging to a different line, for this time it is the faculty of the causal body which is aroused through the mental vehicle by putting an undue strain upon the physical brain. But I cannot say to our readers in this case, as in the other: "Go thou and do likewise"; for the mental strain is a serious danger. It happened for once to lead to psychic development; but far more often it results in nervous breakdown of the gravest character, or even in brain lesion and insanity. The account sent to me is as follows:

"When I was at College (about 1910) I took up the study of the Calculus, which, as you know, is the mathematics of variable quantities, the study of moving bodies and the like. From a variety of causes I was unable to do justice to the work day by day, and toward the end of the second term, when the day of examination in this was approaching, I was told by the lecturer that my work had been so unsatisfactory that unless I performed some miracle in the forthcoming examination he could not recommend me for a pass in the subject. I fully realised that he was quite right, and set about finding out how I could possibly score a high grade in the examination in order to offset the bad work during the year. I soon found that it would be impossible in the few days left to me really to understand the ground covered, and that the only hope would lie in memorising the formulæ and applying them in a mechanical fashion to problems given in the examination. I therefore set to work, first to understand the definitions used in the textbooks, and second to

learn by rote all the important formulæ. I worked very hard, far into the night, neglected other subjects, in which I felt sure of myself in any case, and resorted to all sorts of devices to gain time and keep awake. Bit by bit I covered all the important ground, but only by memorising, sometimes even visualising the *appearance* of a page or paragraph. The day of the examination I was utterly weary physically, but extraordinarily vivid mentally. I duly appeared, applied my crammed-up facts to the examination, and, as I subsequently found, wrote a paper with only one small mistake in arithmetical computation, or something like that. This was the unexpected performance that the lecturer demanded, and he duly gave me a pass.

"Now the point of this episode comes in the sequel. I found in a few days, as usual in such cases, that all the material which I had stuffed into my head was a rapidly-vanishing jumble; but as it disappeared, and as I resumed my physical norm (chiefly by long hours of sleep), I discovered that I had actually done something, either damage or benefit, to my mental machinery, and that my ability to picture things in my mind was tremendously enlarged. I now found that if I turned my mind upon something I had seen or experienced even years before, the image returned to me, not in the ordinary vague way, but with the most extraordinary clarity in detail, with accompanying attributes of all sorts. For instance, if I was recalling a scene in a wood, I could actually *smell* the damp earth or the burning fire! This amused me very much, as it was quite possible to get back into the past in momentary flashes of the utmost brilliancy.

After a time, however, the power of commanding this strange faculty wore off, and I had to be content with spontaneous outbursts which arose now and then through association. By the sight of a colour or some passing odour this latent power would suddenly put me into another time and place. Fortunately I could always banish the mental image, even though I could not call it up.

"Well, after a time this gradually wore away into a lesser degree of brilliancy, and I was only occasionally edified by this annihilation of time and space.

"But now, just lately, there has been a return, in a new phase, of the old thing. I have had to learn, during the last year or so, the Government regulations of a business which I am carrying on. This had to be accomplished quickly, and I find that with this effort there is a return of the result which followed the previous effort, and, it is pleasant to note, with two new aspects, first that I am much more able to command and sustain any image that arises, and second that I can *magnify* the scene to a certain extent. Thus, if the picture includes a wall in the distance I can occasionally magnify it until the crannies are visible. And, what astonished me exceedingly, if there is a perfume, say, of flowers present, the same microscopic power can be turned on! Now the result is not intensification of the perfume, as one might hastily conclude, but a *roughening* of it. I mean by this that instead of getting *thicker*, in the sense that a heavy oil is thicker than water, the smell loses it smoothness and becomes (if one could feel it) like woollen cloth, or a basin of sand. For some reason I cannot perform this same enlarging trick with sound. At present there is no sign of any diminution

of this curious phase of memory, but I have no doubt that it will fade away in large part, as I am too busy to undertake its cultivation."

What is happening in this case is obvious to anyone who has had experience in the use of the higher faculties. Instead of using his memory in the ordinary way, the student is coming into touch with the Records; and that means that he is to a certain extent employing the faculties of his causal body. We are far from certain as to the exact method of ordinary memory, for the subject has not yet been investigated; but it is clear that a vibration in the mental body is part of what occurs, and that the causal body is not in any way involved. In the reading of the Records it is precisely this latter sheath through which the work is done, and the mental body vibrates only in response to the activity of the causal. For that reason no satisfactory or reliable reading of the Records can be done without definite development of the vehicle of the ego.

From the description which our student gives it is clear that he was using his causal body in the glimpses of the past which he relates. It is also evident that that vehicle was aroused by the undue pressure put upon the mind by his reckless overwork. Most men would have ruined their health for life if they had pushed the strain as far as he did; he happens to be the one in a million who managed to do this thing and survive. The result is that his steady persistence in keeping up high mental undulations has stirred his causal body into activity, and thus endued him with a faculty different from any which he has before possessed.

So far it seems to waken only when he turns his thoughts to the past, and only in connection with scenes already familiar to him; but it is probable that he will soon find that he can extend its working in various ways. When a scene is clearly in mind it might be possible to move backwards or forwards from it, and so recover detailed memory of large sections of early life. Perhaps one could in this way push back recollection into childhood—back to birth itself, and even beyond; there have been those who in this manner have attained full knowledge of previous incarnations. Practice makes perfect; and it is encouraging that the power is much more under control now than formerly. The faculty of magnification is another conclusive proof that it is the causal body which is being used; this feature also might by degrees be largely increased, and when fully at the student's disposal might be used (for example) to undertake researches into occult chemistry.

The description of the "roughening" of the smell is most characteristic. The actual process of magnifying consists not in increasing the size of the object examined, but in lessening the psychic lens through which that object is seen. In ancient Scriptures it is said that the operator makes himself as small as he will, and so the organ of vision which he is using becomes commensurate with the microscopic size of that at which he looks. Consequently the tiny physical particles which call into action the sense of smell become separately appreciable, like the grains upon sand-paper, and so the sense of roughness is produced. It is a thing difficult to put into words, but any one who has used the higher faculty will at once recognise our student's attempt to express it.

He is much to be congratulated upon his result, though we certainly cannot recommend his method for imitation by others. Such development will come easily and naturally when, in the course of human evolution, the mind has grown more nearly to the limit of its capabilities; but at our present stage such pressure is distinctly dangerous. That even this partial unfoldment should have been safely achieved is a sign of the times—a sign of the strength of the spiritual outpouring which even now is flooding the world.

C. W. Leadbeater

AN ESOTERIC ORGANISATION IN INDIA: III[1]

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

I HAVE now to give a very brief description of the general course of discipline to be followed by those who become members of the Organisation, particularly during the early stages.

The first step a candidate has to take is the making of the promises and pledging himself to keep them, as shown in the Appendix to my last article. At the time this is done, the person admitting the candidate, may dispense with the taking of the hand. This is invariably the case when the candidate is a female. In such instances a Yogaḍaṇḍa is handed to the candidate to be held over his or her head touching it during the ceremony. After taking the pledge, he has daily to meditate on the meaning of six stately Samskṛṭ sentences which are communicated to him. These six make two sets. The first set involves meditation upon Āṭma, the Self, in Its threefold aspect; namely, as unembodied, or Nirupāḍhikam; as embodied, or Sopāḍhikam; and thirdly, as negating Its identity with all embodiments. This last aspect is the one expressed in the Mahāvākya of the *Aṭharvaṇa-Veḍa*, "Aham-Ēṭaṭ-Na,"

[1] Copies of this article and the previous one—No. II—may be obtained on application to Ramalinga Mudali, Beach House, Elliott's Road, Mylapore, Madras. The application should be accompanied by a remittance of As. 2, which includes postage.

I-This-Not, the most comprehensive of all Mahāvākyas. It is necessary to draw pointed attention to the real meaning of the term " Ēṭaṭ " in this Mahāvākya. Now the word " Aham " in it, of course, refers not to any individualised self, but to the source of all such selves, namely Paramāṭmā. Consequently " Ēṭaṭ " which stands in opposition to it should also be taken not as the definite vehicle of any individualised self, but to the root of all such vehicles. In short it means the " mūla " of all matter, *i.e.*, mūlaprakṛṭi in its most abstract sense. As " Aham " stands for the first of the three ultimate constituents of Para Brahman, represented in the Pramāṇa by " A," so does " Ēṭaṭ " stand for the second constituent, represented therein by " U ". It is the idea of something other than Himself posited by Paramāṭmā by way of hypothesis, as it were, and simultaneously negated by Him. No doubt it is not easy for us to understand how there can be an affirmation and a negation without the least interval of time between them. But such is the final teaching and, considering that this has reference not to the Vyvahāra but the Paramārṭha state, there is nothing unintelligible about it. And it has to be remembered that the self-realisation—Svarūpa-jñāna—of Paramāṭmā is utterly uninterrupted and eternal by reason of His omniscience. Of course it is different with reference to every other entity subject to the limitations of space and time. In this latter case the affirmation and negation must necessarily take place and do take place only in succession. Hence in all Samsāra the necessary order is Pravṛṭṭi (Path of Forthgoing) first and Nivṛṭṭi (Path of Return) next. Meditation under this first head is, as must be evident, entirely based upon the Praṇava, the highest symbol of

Para Brahman according to all the Hinḍū Scriptures. The syllable " A " stands in the first Samskṛṭ sentence for the Self, pure and simple. The syllable " U " stands in the second sentence for the Self in Its embodied state; and in the third sentence a syllable corresponding to " M " stands for the Self negating Its identity with all embodiments. The second set of three sentences prescribe meditation upon the Shakṭi aspect of Para-Brahman as Jñāna-Shakṭi, Ichchhā-Shakṭi and Kriyā-Shakṭi. There is a significant variation in the terminations of the sentences constituting the first set and those constituting the second. In the former the term is " Upāsē "—I sit near, I contemplate. In the second the phrase is " Sharaṇamaham prapaḍye "—I make surrender.

Meditation thus prescribed has to go on for a very considerable period before the next step is taken. Assuming the candidate is able to devote one hour a day for each of these six forms of meditation, he would not be ready for the next step until the expiry of three months. It is only after that he will be given the form of meditation special to him if he proves himself fit for it. For reasons due to the candidates themselves the giving of instruction as to the special form of meditation has had to be deferred in many cases for so considerable a period as one, two, or even three years. This special form will have to be added to the six already mentioned. Thenceforward the Anuṣhthāna will consist of what is called Yoga-Sanḍhyā and Yoga-Gāyaṭrī Japa, both of which must be performed daily before sunrise, it being open to the candidate to devote as much time as he can spare during the rest of the day, for meditation upon the seven items mentioned above. The Sanḍhyā and

Japa are ceremonials that will not take more than five minutes each.

The statement in my first article, as to twenty-four years constituting an entire course of training, requires a slight explanation. The minimum amount of time which every member is expected to devote to meditation in a single day is two hours and twenty-four minutes. That amount of meditation is taken as one day's full work. It is thus possible and open to any member to shorten the term of discipline by devoting to meditation more than the prescribed minimum.

Every member is required to keep a diary in which he should record instructions received by him and all other matters connected with the practice of Yoga Brahma-Viḍyā, including any phenomena which may occur within his experience.

Before proceeding to notice a few other points connected with the daily routine to be observed by a member, I wish to state the substance of an explanation given in the *Chanḍrikā* as to the term Rāja-Yoga—an explanation which is quite original. This explanation is put into the mouth of Hamsa Yogī, to whom I alluded in my last article. Next to Nārāyaṇa, Nara and Yoga Ḍevī, this Hamsa Yogī appears to be the most important character in the Assembly of Sages in Baḍarī. He is stated to be a special favourite of the Ḍevī and is in the habit of offering worship to her daily in the lotus tank and imbibing the nectar of Wisdom flowing from the Lotus on which she is seated. The name Hamsa indicates his real identity with Seboua, the gardener, in *The Idyll of the White Lotus*. In short, he stands for intuition and as, in the fable, the bird Hamsa separates the water from the milk, so this Yogī is ever able to

distinguish the false from the true in the immense quantity of dogma current in the world and likewise unearth the gold that lies buried in the ore of Esotericism. He himself in one place says that he is a manifestation of Viveka-Shakṭi, one of the five aspects of the Shakṭi of Yoga-Ḍevī, the names of the other four being: Aviveka (non-discriminating) Shakṭi, Samuchchiṭa (correlating) Shakṭi, Akhaṇda (pervasive) Shakṭi, and Svasvarūpa (innate) Shakṭi.[1]

Now as to his explanation of Rāja-Yoga, Hamsa Yogī says it was vouchsafed to him by the Ḍevī Herself, and that he would not have accepted it even from so great a source but for the high authority of Shruṭi by which it was supported. Hamsa Yogī points out that the manner in which the very important term in question is explained by Paṭañjali and others is more or less open to question. Putting it briefly, his own explanation is as follows: Astrologers mean by the term Rāja-Yoga, a state of affluence and power like that of a King. It is in a sense quite similar to this that the term in question is used in Shuḍḍha Ḍharma Maṇdalam. The object of the discipline prescribed by the Maṇdalam is to ensure to Āṭmā in the human body—the King in the city of nine gates—his inherent royal prerogatives. Normally in the present state of man's evolution that King is only so in name, being in fact a prisoner within his own city. The term Rāja-Yoga in the present case is peculiarly appropriate in letter as well as in spirit. For Rāja comes from a root which means to shine and Rāja-Yoga with reference to Āṭmā, the very nature of which

[1] The English equivalents are hardly adequate. The terms themselves are fully explained in the book.

is Light, is to remove the curtains which shut out and prevent that Light streaming forth in all directions. It is the securing of this royal state to Āṭmā in the body that the discipline of the Maṇdalam intends to accomplish. The attempt to free the Āṭmā from bondage by elaborate and tedious ceremonials, or by practices which involve the torture of the body, is like holding the coronation festival of a King who continues to be kept in confinement in his city. Whereas the method of the Maṇdalam is easy, pleasant and most effective. The excellence of the method consists first in combining meditation on the Āṭmā aspect of Para Brahman, with that on Its Shakṭi aspect. For the uniform teaching of all Shāsṭra from *Sāmaveḍa* downward is that the whole work of cosmic procession belongs to the latter aspect. For example, the opening stanza of *Saunḍarya-Lahari*, ascribed to Shaṅkara, puts this quaintly thus: "Without Shakṭi, Paramashiva Himself is not able to move even a tiny piece of straw." In another place Shakṭi is spoken of as the body of Shambhu. And the great Sages in the hymns to Her call her World-Mother, the boundless ocean of compassion, tenderness and love. And be it also noted, to meditate on the one hand on the nature of the Self, as indicated in the first set of sentences, and on the other hand to make at the same time surrender in thought to the Supreme Power, and to do this day after day throughout life is surely the most infallible way of developing oneself along the path of knowledge and that of devotion simultaneously. Right knowledge coupled with right desire and devotion necessarily lead to right activity. Hence the importance and value of the combination mentioned above.

The second very special feature of the system consists in the use of mystic syllables, or Bījākṣharas, in connection with meditation. They constitute, in the figurative language of Hamsa Yogī, the stalks on which the fruit of Brahm ripens for the Yogī to gather. Another simile of the Yogī in respect to them is that they are like the nipple in the mother's breast through which flows the milk needed for the sustenance of the child. Much detailed information is given about these syllables which, however, it is not possible for me to enter into here. Whether and how far these syllables are in the nature of those "Words of Power" which Initiates are said to receive at each of the four great Initiations, it is idle for me to speculate upon. But this much seems to be fairly certain: that the constant and prolonged use of the syllables during the daily meditation produces vibrations which powerfully affect the different Koshas, or vehicles, of the would-be Yogī. The cause of such vibrations and effects is discussed at length. The discussion is highly instructive and is illumined by apt quotations from Shruṭi. The gist of the discussion, in one aspect of it, may be stated thus. By reason of the very peculiar formation of the letter sounds of the Samskṛṭ alphabet, their mere utterance *ipso facto* acts upon the matter of one or other of the different planes of our world-system and produces certain definite atomic and molecular changes in such matter. This is the case whether the utterance is in the Parā, Pashyanṭī, Maḍhyamā or Vaikharī stage. The potency of the utterance is heightened when it is enforced by the will of the utterer and directed towards a particular object. It follows that such utterance equally affects the upādhis of the utterer,

which of course are composed of the matter of those planes. The potency of these letter sounds is but a manifestation of the Māṭṛkā-Shakṭi, one of the six great microcosmic powers.[1]

Now entering a little into detail, let me first take the nine vowel sounds of the alphabet. Their potency, as well as that of the thirty-three consonants, extends even to the Anupāḍaka, or Mahaṭ, plane, the second in our system. It is also on this plane that the Amsha of Ishvara, or the divine fragment which on the Āḍi, or the first plane, constitutes the unembodied human spirit, finds the rudimentary vehicle which is to serve as the basis for its future evolution in the fivefold universe, beginning with the ākāshic plane, the third. Of the vowels referred to, the utterance of the first serves as a channel for the expression of the embodied Spirit as an independent entity, or a Jīvāṭma. The utterance of the remaining eight vowels serves as a channel for the expression of certain of the attributes or powers of such Jīvāṭma.

Passing to the consonants, the effect of their utterance becomes patent only in the fivefold universe. Twenty-five of these consonants make up five groups. The five consonants constituting the first, or the *ka* group when uttered act upon the matter of the ākāshic plane. The five letters of the second, or the *cha* group act upon the matter the vāyu plane. The five letters of the third, or the *ta*, group act upon the matter of the agni plane. The five letters of the fourth, or the *ṭa* group act upon the matter of the ap plane and the five letters of the last, or the *pa* group act upon the matter of the pṛṭhivī

[1] For a brief description of these, see the late Mr. T. Subba Rao's paper on "The Twelve Signs of the Zodiac" in his *Esoteric Writings*, pp. 7-8.

plane. Again when one of the eight vowels is combined with one or other of the consonants in the five groups, such combination will serve as a channel for the manifestation of an avasṭhā, or state of consciousness, of the Jīva. This avasṭhā partakes of the character of Pravṛṭṭi. When, however, one of those vowels is combined with one or other of the remaining eight consonants in the alphabet, that combination will serve as a channel for the manifestation of an avasṭhā, or state of consciousness, partaking of Nivṛṭṭi character. It is these sixteen states of conciousness that are classified under the four main divisions of jāgraṭ, svapna, suṣhupṭi and ṭurīya, each such division being similarly subdivided. As for example jāgraṭ-jāgraṭ, jāgraṭ-svapna, jāgraṭ-suṣhupṭi and jagraṭ-ṭurīya, and so on. Apart from the said sixteen combinations there are innumerable other combinations of vowels and consonants which serve as channels for the manifestation of the action and reaction of spirit and matter upon each other during their long evolutionary journey in the fivefold universe.

Now this subject of the effect of utterances of the alphabet sounds and their combinations has for ages been investigated by Adepts, with the result that the Hierarchy is in possession of a body of knowledge of the very highest value to humanity. And the use of Bījākṣharas as a part of the course of training in the organisation is to enable those undergoing the training to avail themselves of such portion of that knowledge as will conduce to their progress in yoga. Putting it very generally, the main advantage that will ultimately attend the use of these syllables is the power to pass at will from vehicle to vehicle and consciously

to function in any one of them, and to work in the plane corresponding to the vehicle in which one is functioning for the time being. What more could we wish than to be able at pleasure to get away from the prison-house of this physical body, to come into direct contact with the Great Ones, who are ever busy in the higher worlds in carrying out the will of Ishvara, and to learn from Them the mighty truths which They hold in trust for all who wish to become the true servers of the human race. Those who have had such a communion even for a single moment will never more think of their own personal salvation or the experiencing of the bliss which awaits them who touch the buḍḍhic, or vāyu, plane and become capable of using their Ānanḍamaya-Kosha. The only prayer that will escape from their lips will be: "Make us Your humble servants. We seek nothing, we hope nothing, we ask nothing for the separated self."

Turning now to another advantage connected with the use of the syllables in question, it is that they form effective symbols to meditate upon. Of them all the most important is the "Om" sound. Next to it come the three letters which go to make up that sound. These four are symbols of Brahman Itself and consequently meditation with their aid is invaluable to him who is on the Path. For his great work on that path is, if I may be allowed such an expression, the disidentification of himself with those upāḍhis which he had been laboriously constructing for his use in gathering experience during the time he was treading the path of Pravṛṭṭi. And such work of disidentification is facilitated in every way by the fact that the system of meditation he has to follow compels him to keep his

thought ever fixed on the Self in the heart, the Self in all hearts and in all nature.

What has been so far said, of course, touches but the fringe of the interesting and important subject of mystic syllables. Leaving on one side their occult significance, it has been possible only to refer to two or three obvious matters connected with them. Nevertheless enough has surely been said to show that the eulogy of Hamsa Yogī of the use of them is not a mere flight of fancy but rests on a basis of truth and fact, which anyone inclined to do so may verify for himself by following the system of meditation so highly commended by the Yogī.

By way of confirming the sound character of the explanation given by him as to the meaning of Rāja-Yoga and summarised above, the Yogī draws pointed attention to the scriptural passages mentioned by Yoga-Ḍevī when She instructed him on the point. Those passages form part of the sixth chapter of the *Ṭaiṭṭirīya Upaniṣhaṭ*, which purports to contain the instruction imparted by a teacher to a pupil. The sentences relevant here are:

> Through it, the meditation on the Self in the heart, self-government, mental control, are acquired. Thence follow lordship of sight, hearing, speech and knowledge.

It remains now to notice only a few more important matters connected with the daily routine to be observed by the person under discipline. On waking he is told to feel that he hears the voice of a Teacher telling him to pray for the welfare of all the worlds, and it is through such welfare that the best can happen to himself. He sends up a prayer accordingly. Next he offers salutation to Yoga-Ḍevī and prays for illumination from Her with reference to whatever he

has to do during the whole day. Then he repeats the following five precepts which are called the Upaḍesha-pañchakam:

1. अभेदानन्दं सच्चित्रं परं ब्रह्म वेद सः ।
2. योऽव्ययात्मा समचित्तरङ्गः
3. देवीं कल्याणशक्तिं प्रपद्य सर्वं प्रविशति
4. अमृतोऽहं लोकेभ्यः सुखमेधताम् ।
5. ... ...

Undivided Bliss, Truth Its Form, Supreme Brahman.

He who thus knows, possessed of perfect understanding, with a mind which is the playground of equability, and devoted to the Ḍevī, the wondrous Power, enters all.

Immortal am I. May the worlds attain Bliss.

The disciple is then required to take a certain amount of exercise before his bath. And after ablutions he goes through the Sanḍhyā, etc., already mentioned. The reason for requiring their performance before sunrise is that the part of the day best adapted for such rites and meditation is between 2 a.m. and sunrise, when the influence of Sarasvaṭī-Shakṭi is predominant. Advice as to diet and recreation very similar to what is contained in the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* is found in this *Chanḍrikā* also. The faithful and honest performance of every duty connected with one's family, profession or business is commanded. The study of the Upanișhaṭs, *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* and some of the Purāṇas is recommended, care being taken by the student that he understands the esoteric teachings in them with the aid of explanations to be found in *Kāṇdarahasyam*, the treatise referred to in my last article.

Finally it may be observed that this work appears to be a fairly large treatise containing some forty

thousand shloka-measures. There seems to be no obstacle in the way of publication of this treatise, as one might expect on the ground that it is private and confidential and thus inaccessible to the general public. Nevertheless, there does not seem to be much chance of anyone undertaking the task. The circumstances of the Organisation preclude it in more than one way from undertaking the publication. Nor is it likely that private enterprise will be attracted to it in the immediate future. It is to be hoped, however, that this book will some day see the light, and contribute to elucidate many myths and statements in the Hinḍū sacred writings which now baffle all attempts to unravel them.

S. Subramania Iyer

WHAT IS DEATH?

By M. L. Hall

IN this time of widespread sorrow one of the subjects of chief interest to us, affecting so many of our lives most closely, is that of Death. For the way in which we regard Death may either bring or spare us untold suffering. Is it not worth while, then, to look into this subject very carefully, and to see if we cannot arrive at a more definite conclusion concerning it than is usually arrived at? For it is the unknown that man dreads; it is the uncertainty connected with Death that makes him fear it. It is not too much to say that if the *truth* about Death were known, it would be feared far less than many a thing that can happen to us in this life.

Now the Church, with all its splendid teachings about Death, leaves one fact out of account; and that is the very fact which would be of most comfort to us now, besides being one of the most real and evident in the life beyond the veil. It is that on "dying" we are not suddenly cut off from the earth and all we love on it; our affections, our thoughts, our aspirations are not transferred in a moment of time to a totally different sphere. When one comes to think of it, that never happens in Nature; or when a swift and apparently complete change does take place, there is always a strong tendency to react, after a time, back to the former

state. Now study of life reveals one truth beyond all others: the presence of all-pervading law. In no corner of the visible universe can one find a lawless condition of things prevailing. Think for a moment what it would mean if one could. All science, all industry, all inventions, all agriculture, would be rendered useless; the universe itself would be unstable. And further study of life, study of deeper, more hidden things, reveals another fact, equally undeniable, equally unchanging: the great truth "as above so below"—as in the phenomenal so in the unphenomenal worlds. What does that mean? Simply that we can know the invisible *by* the visible. If a law holds good to our senses—sight, touch, hearing—the same law holds good in a region beyond our senses. Otherwise it would not be a law.

Therefore, as no sudden stable change takes place in what we call "Nature," why should we expect it to take place at what we call "death"? Evolution misses no tiniest stage; the smallest link in form cannot be withdrawn without rendering the goal which is being laboured for unattainable; so with the Spirit there can be no quick transition; each experience or state recalls the last, resembles the last, while preparing for the next. The intermediate world, or paradise, is not separated from this world by a great gulf; just as the mammals are not separated from the reptiles in the history of the globe. The intermediate world is all around us, touching us; had we but the eyes to see it, and the ears to hear its sounds. Those we call "dead" are with us still.

Could we really believe this, how much it would do for us! Instead of mourning over the shattering

of the form which enclosed him we loved, we would know that the Spirit, the real man, was still near us, indeed in closer communion than was possible before. For form always limits and fetters. The more form is cast aside, the freer is the Spirit within. The destruction of the body is like opening the doors of a prison.

Why should we sorrow, then, for our dead? For they are happier than when they lived in the visible world; they would not return to the body again if they could. One thing, however, troubles them—our grief for them. For they do not watch us dispassionately from the skies; they stand beside us, speak to us, try to cheer us. The link of love which bound them to us when on earth is not broken; they cannot be perfectly happy while we are in sorrow. Love, the strongest force there is and the most eternal, keeps them at our side vainly endeavouring to console us. Should we cease to grieve, they would be free to explore the wonderful world in which they find themselves, with delights and marvels surpassing any on earth. How can they seek delights when they see our tears?

And there is nothing sad about death, nothing to make one grieve. If this be true under ordinary circumstances, much more is it so when death is met in a noble manner. Again we learn from the visible universe: a certain cause produces a certain result. It is an immutable law. Alter the cause in the slightest degree, and the result will be altered in proportion. All our actions, as well as all our thoughts and feelings, are causes producing their definite results. There is no causeless thing in existence. All that happens to us had its beginnning, or birth, in some action, or feeling, or thought of ours. Therefore the more nobly we act and

feel and think the better will be the results for us. Death in a noble cause produces very high results for the one who " dies ". Very few things, to put it baldly, are so remunerative; for it is one of the greatest sacrifices there are; and the greater the sacrifice the higher the reward. Is not to be killed in battle, then, to be regarded as a priceless opportunity rather than as a tragedy?

But the good results do not react only on those who give their earthly life. Sacrifice in any form brings blessing, and those who have—apparently to them—parted with their dear ones in their country's need, share in the great reward. As they experienced the pain of parting together so will they share its resultant happiness. Their mutual self-forgetfulness has formed a bond uniting them, as side by side they climb upwards through the ages. For this one short life of ours is but the tiniest day in the glorious evolution that awaits us, the glory and the strength of which are built on love in sacrifice.

M. L. Hall

THE YOUNG SOUL

A man lay sleeping by a woman to whom he was bound
for life,
Suddenly he awoke and remembered the day
And the past days in their ugliness.
And he looked into the void of the days to be.
He said: "How can I love her, for her soul is hideous?
Whatever love I have can only be for her body, and
is no avail to her or to me."
Like vampires his thoughts destroyed him, and drank away
his joy in life.
They were black and glutted with his heart's blood, they
fed upon him and were gorged.
Many, many nights he suffered this.
But then, one night, the moon shone, and it seemed that
on the bed,
The soul of the woman came, and sat between them.
It laughed very softly and mocked to itself
Tenderly, and with little sobs between.
"Why do you laugh?" asked the man, for he knew
this frail thing was the soul of his wife.
The ghostly one answered: "I am young,
I am weak, I am foolish, and have no great self,
And my true life is apart from me yet,
As the soul of a flower is apart from the flower.
I grope and am dazed.
But I laugh because you have said
That you cannot love her, this woman, my image.
You, the lover of forests, of oaks and of roses,
You who tend saplings, and do not despise them.
Yet the forests you plant you will never enjoy save in
visions,
Seen from another zone.
You do not go sighing along your rose garden in April,
Because your roses of June are not yet in blossom.
In May you have faith for July,
And to-day for to-morrow,
So be to this woman, for I, her soul, will grow as the oak
grows,

And you, in a future, will see me
As a tree that is strong, and a red rose that has blossomed,
When my time has unfolded, then I too shall be of the angels.
But now is only my March month.
You shall see my beauty, though I have long waiting before me.
But love me, and love her who is my wonderful image,
Fix your eyes on my morning
When I'll reach to the glory beyond and the wisdom above me."
Then the soul, like a mist, was no more,
And the moon, from the window,
Looked like milk in the skies.
The man turned and slept, but his morrows
Were deepened by love and by vision.

VIOLET CLIFTON

THE STREET OF THE GEISHA

By F. Hadland Davis

(Author of "The Coming of Jizo," "The Peony of Pao-Yu," "The Land of the Yellow Spring," "Myths and Legends of Japan," etc.)

TOZO, an old Buḍḍhist priest, lost in profound thought, had the misfortune to take a wrong turning and to find himself in the Street of the Geisha. When he had discovered his mistake he was for retracing his steps, but instead of doing so he chuckled to himself, and thought how great was the difference between the Street of the Geisha and the Noble Eightfold Path of the Buḍḍha.

It was a very narrow street, gay with flickering lanterns. Tozo gazed upon them with disapproval. On one he read, "*Kinoya: uchi O-Kata*" ("The House of Gold wherein O-Kata dwells"), and on another, *Niyotsuru*" ("The Stork Magnificently Existing").

"Ah!" exclaimed Tozo, "what lights for the moths of wickedness! How these dancing-girls minister to those things that are not seemly to contemplate. Muhammad knew what he was talking about when he

said: 'O assembly of women, give alms, although it be of your gold and silver ornaments; for verily ye are mostly of Hell on the Day of Resurrection!'"

A merry peal of laughter came from one of the houses, followed by the sound of girls talking rapidly together. "O fools of a moment's mirth," said Tozo hotly, "make you a pilgrimage to Ise, and pray that the Gods may show you the wisdom of silence and the folly of babbling tongues!"

Tozo moved on again, eager to tread a more respectable thoroughfare. The many-shaped lanterns danced in two long lines before him, but by fingering his beads and murmuring a fragment of a sūṭra, the old man was able to set aside all mundane matters. He was about to leave the Street of the Geisha when he met his friend Akira.

"You here!" exclaimed Akira. "Have you not called this street 'The Street of Don't Go Down'? Surely you should be in your temple, either fast asleep or in a doze over your devotions."

Tozo laughed. "My friend," said he, "it is better to find a priest who has strayed by accident into this deplorable street, than one who, like yourself, comes here for a set purpose. Akira, believe me, nearly all the tribulations of this world may justly be placed at a woman's door. When she beckons, when she calls, pay no heed to her importunities. As for the geisha, flee from her bright eyes and chattering tongue, from her little hand that for ever pours out wine, from her seductive dances, for such things are of the Evil One and lead to destruction. Be not moved by a snow-white arm that peeps from a big silk sleeve, nor by lips red as a poppy but pernicious as opium. Rather than

contemplate such things, study and master the Lotus of the Law, for it has been truly said of women—"

Akira touched the old man's hand. "Look," he said, "how dry the skin is. 'Tis ink rather than blood that runs beneath such parchment. You are an estimable priest, Tozo, but allow me to say that you do not show the toleration of your Master toward women. You are bitter and narrow where a woman is concerned, and all because, my dear friend, you have been dead but not buried for quite a long time. *Sayonara*, O pilgrim in the Street of the Geisha!"

"*Sayonara*," replied Tozo gravely. "When you have discovered the futility of human desire, and above all when you have had your heart crushed by a woman, come to me and I will show you the Way of Peace."

Akira stood for a moment watching the receding figure of the priest. He pitied the old man, but he did not know that Tozo pitied him and wept. "Well," said Akira gaily, "it is fortunate for this world that we are not all priests, otherwise there would be no Street of the Geisha."

Akira stopped outside a house where the lantern was shaped like the egg of some fabulous bird. He looked at the characters inscribed upon it, and read: "Flower-Bud of Ten Thousand Dreams." When he had perused the inscription several times, he pushed open the slide of a door that set a gong-bell ringing.

Nishimura, the teacher and mistress of the house, came forward. "Ah!" she exclaimed, recognising Akira, "be honourably pleased to enter my miserable dwelling. All the girls are out at present attending various festivities in the town."

"All are out?" murmured Akira dejectedly.

"That is to say all except Kohana." Nishimura laughed knowingly. "Can it be that you wish to see Kohana?"

"Nishimura," replied Akira, laughing, "be pleased to show me Kohana."

"So?" said Nishimura. "Many have called here for a similar purpose. Many have expressed the desire to marry Kohana, and all have offered to pay me liberally for the privilege, but Kohana only laughs. She finds life so funny. Oh! Kohana is a deep one!"

Nishimura invited Akira to follow her. She pressed back a sliding screen, bade him enter a small apartment, took a handful of coin with profuse thanks, and left him.

When Akira sat down the light from the andon was so dim that at first he fancied he was alone. In a moment or two, however, he discovered Kohana peeping at him from behind her fan. She was dressed in a kimono the colour of a mountain dove, and the lovely grey background was relieved here and there with sprays of silk-worked cherry-blossom.

"Kohana," said Akira eagerly, "you see I could not keep away from you for long. Ever since I saw you in my father's house I have loved you."

Kohana laughed merrily. "I do not think I like your love-making very much. Baishu was here last night, and Baishu said quite a number of charming things to me. Let me see, what did he say? Oh yes! He said, 'Kohana'—and he made the word sound as if it were running water—'my heart was like a dark pool before I met you. Now it is like a lake made glad by the sun by day and by the shadow of the moon and stars when the night comes.' Was that not a pretty speech?"

"I do not care for it," said Akira moodily.

"Would you not like to hear what my other suitors said?"

"No," replied Akira.

"Now you're cross, Akira, just because you think I have as many lovers as Kimiko, or the Lady Kaguya herself! I see two ugly lines on your forehead. Shall I sing? Shall I dance? Shall I make tea for you?"

"No, Kohana."

"No, Kohana," replied the dancing-girl in an exact imitation of his tone. "What shall I do for your entertainment? Come, Akira, you are dull company to-night. I have been sitting here all the evening ever so lonely, and now your visit makes me still more miserable. Be honourably pleased to let that strong mouth break into a smile. There, there, it comes now! Quite a nice smile, too. Thank you, Akira."

"You make it so hard for me to speak," said Akira with a tremor in his voice. "You are a sweet bright-winged butterfly for ever sipping the honey of the the world's flowers—"

"Akira, how splendid! Did you really get that out of your own head?"

"There is just one flower in that big garden," went on Akira, "that keeps on looking out for you, keeps on wanting you. There is just one flower, Kohana, that would possess you always, that never wants you to go away to other flowers any more. Do you understand?"

"Perhaps," said Kohana evasively. She took up a beautiful ornamented mirror and from a lacquered box withdrew various toilet articles. She added a shade more colour to her lips, a touch of powder to her

little chin. Then she looked for a long time into the mirror.

"Akira," she said, a little wistfully, "the wings of your butterfly will not always be beautiful. They will became faded, torn, old—Oh yes, they will! You do not know the vanity of that butterfly, my poor Akira. The honey of admiration must come from many flowers yet."

"And then?" said Akira, leaning forward and looking eagerly into her face.

"Oh! do not count on afterwards, my dear friend. When the butterfly can no longer fly from flower to flower, it will just settle down on the dusty road and never wake up again."

"Is such a sad end worth while?"

"Yes, because the getting there is so splendid!"

"Kohana, I cannot live without you. I want you to become my wife. I will go on waiting for you to come to me."

"My poor Akira, I see you suffer. I like you better than others who have sought my hand. Please do not forget that I am a dancing-girl, and although many of us marry, I shall never do so. Let it be good-bye. I shall not change my mind."

Akira looked at her tenderly. "We are not always wise when we love," he said simply, "for love has flood-gates that, when once open, sweep reason aside. I cannot say good-bye, give up hope yet. I must come again and again."

"It will be a sword in your heart, Akira, this coming. Oh! go away and try to forget!"

Akira took the hand that peeped out of the grey and pink sleeve. He caressed it for a moment, then

suddenly he rubbed the fingers against his cheek and went out of the room without a word.

For many weeks Akira came to see Kohana. He found her, as he had always found her, sweet, coquettish, but firm in her resolve. There was a hint of deeper and truer things beneath the merry laughter and her apparently artless but well-studied pleasantries. He wanted the woman, and she always gave him the geisha.

One night Kohana said to her lover: "Akira, if you love me, go away and bury your love in some lovers' cemetery by the sea. It is not only useless for you to continue your wooing, but it is becoming really painful to me. Your pale worn face, your eyes that have seen so many sleepless nights, come between me and the sunshine. You are making grey days for me, and how can a butterfly be happy when the sky is clouded and the wind of sorrow is cold? I fly in the Street of the Geisha. I shall always fly there, Akira, always."

There were tears in Kohana's eyes. Akira had never seen tears in her eyes before, and he was deeply moved. "Because you wish it," he said gently, "I shall go away and never return again. I shall bury the lonely dream which you cannot dream too, you who are called 'The Flower-Bud of Ten Thousand Dreams'. I go, Kohana, without a shade of bitterness in my heart. May the Gods be good to you always, and may you never know, as I know, what *mono no aware wo shiru* ('the Ah-ness of things') means."

Once more Akira pressed back a silk sleeve and very slowly caressed Kohana's arm. "Shut your eyes," he whispered. "It would never do for a joyous butterfly to look upon anything that is sad."

Kohana closed her eyes. When she opened them again she found that Akira had gone. "It is better so," she said, looking into her mirror, "and yet—" tears filled her eyes again. The pretty reflection in the mirror became blurred. She flung the dainty disc aside and leant forward with her forehead pressed against her extended hands. The grey and pink sleeves rested on the matting. A butterfly was fluttering near the flower of sorrow, and finding in those red petals the flower of love.

In the meantime Akira walked slowly down the Street of the Geisha and entered the temple where Tozo lived.

"Well," said the old priest, looking closely at his friend, "have you come to call me a fool, to tell me that the Street of the Geisha is the best street in all the world, the one place where love is and rare enchantment?"

"No," replied Akira wearily, "I have come to find the Way of Peace. Help me to find it, friend."

If Tozo could be sarcastic, he could also be gentle and sympathetic. He uttered never a word of reproach. "Do not fear," said he, "the wound in your heart will heal. By the most blessed teaching of the Lord Buḍḍha you shall indeed find peace. Blot out for ever the Street of the Geisha and set aside all the snares and delusions of this world, thus shall you destroy the power of Karma and finally attain Nirvāṇa."

In due time Akira, having successfully passed through his noviciate, became a Buḍḍhist priest, and taking upon himself all the solemn vows of his calling, entered a temple at Kamakura. He was regarded as a zealous teacher, a faithful friend to the poor, and most

especially was he gentle to all those whose sorrow was the sorrow of unrequited love.

Akira had found peace at last, and the Street of the Geisha became to him as a shadowy street in a half-remembered dream. He loved the great towering figure of the Daibutsu, and whenever he passed that way he looked with joy and gratitude upon that serene face. To Akira it was not a gigantic image of bronze, but it seemed to him, especially in the early morning and in the twilight of evening, that the Lord Buḍḍha himself was sitting there. Often he would prostrate himself before that figure and imagine that he was floating up into the Paradise of Incense, or down below the shining waves of the sea into the Paradise of Perfect Happiness. It was always when his spiritual joy was at its height that he prayed most ardently for a quiet, sure strength, that would be proof against the most subtle temptations of the world.

Once, before the figure of Amida-Buḍḍha, he saw a boy wantonly try to kill a bird. The creature's wing was bruised. He picked it up and held it gently in his hand. "Seek not to destroy life," said Akira to the boy, "for all life is sacred to the Lord Buḍḍha." And Akira went away, nursed the bird for a day or two, and, when it had recovered, set it free with no little joy in his heart. It sped on through a burnished sky of gold, settled on a *torii*, and began to sing.

One day in the spring, when Akira was sitting in the outer court of the temple, watching children play about him, he was surprised to see a woman advance toward him, her face hidden behind a thick veil.

"Akira!" said the woman softly.

"*Anata*?" ("Thou?") replied the priest. He recognised the voice of Kohana, and the sound of that voice had lost none of its sweetness.

"Why do you come?" said Akira presently.

"Because," replied Kohana, withdrawing the veil, "from the moment you left me I learnt that love had come into my heart. I tried to stifle it. I went on living in the Street of the Geisha, thinking that the diversions of my calling would in time check my passion. But my love grew greater every day until at last I obtained leave of absence and resolved to come and find you. Only when I reached Kamakura did I learn that you had become a priest. Perhaps, having made that discovery, I ought to have gone back, but I did not go back. I, a poor little butterfly, flutter at your heart in vain now."

"In vain now," murmured Akira. "O Kohana, you have come too late. I have given all to the Lord Buḍḍha, and there is nothing left for you. Return, little one, not to the Street of the Geisha, but somewhere where you may lead a more useful life."

Kohana resented these words. She could not realise that the man who sat so calmly before her was a priest and no longer her lover. It was hard to believe that hands that had once caressed her were now pressed together like the hands of a sacred image.

"Akira," she said, "then you do not remember the old days?"

"'Tis as a dream," replied the priest, drawing in his breath quickly. "Be pleased to leave me."

"Not yet," said Kohana, "not yet. O how pitifully have we changed places! Must I beg one sweet

human word from you? O Akira, tell me, is there no love in your heart for me now?"

"I cannot answer. Be pleased to go away."

"I must have your answer," persisted Kohana.

"You shall have my answer," said Akira in a strange plaintive voice. "To-night you shall have it. Do you remember that when my love gave you pain and not joy I went away and promised never to return?"

"Yes, I remember. I drove you away."

"No, you did not drive me away. It was enough that you wanted me to go. Kohana, if you love me as I loved you then, be pleased not to come back for my answer."

Kohana looked steadily at the priest. Because she was hungry for love and because it was not like the love of Akira, she said: "I do not know what you mean. I shall come back to-night for your answer."

"You will know then," replied Akira firmly, "you will know then," and such an expression of agony and appeal came into his face as he uttered these words that Kohana withdrew. "He is thinking," she said softly, "how my heart will ache when he tells me that he loves me not. Oh! he's a good cold man!"

Shortly before midnight Kohana came again to the temple. She found Akira sitting in the moonlit courtyard with a strange smile on his face.

"Veil yourself," he said in a tense whisper. "We will make a short journey together. Come, give me your hand."

"Your hand is trembling," said Kohana, as they walked rapidly away from the temple.

The priest did not reply. He looked wistfully up at the Daibutsu in passing and noticed once again the serene smile on that face. When Akira whispered, "Forgive," too softly for Kohana to hear him, it seemed that the smile grew more tender, more full of boundless mercy. They left Amida-Buḍḍha sitting in the moonlight, the moonlight that shone upon the dusty road and on the great clouds of cherry-blossom.

When they reached a small *torii*, near Enoshima, Akira told Kohana that here she should have his answer. "Go," he said, "and sit down by that pine tree. Still veil your face, and I beg that you will also close your eyes."

When Kohana had obeyed, Akira collected a number of stones and made a small tower of them under the *torii*. Then he threw a rope over one of the cross-beams of the gateway, made a noose at the other end and slipped it round his neck. For a moment he stood with the rope fairly taut. Then looking toward Kohana, he kicked away some of the stones. A wind, full of the petals of cherry-blossom, suddenly sprang up, and swayed the body of the dead priest to and fro while the sea made music on the shore.

"May I look now?" said Kohana. "Please, speak to me. I do not understand all these mysteries. Akira?"

There was no reply except the great song of the sea and the rush of the wind playing with countless pink and white petals.

For five minutes Kohana waited with a beating heart. Then she withdrew the veil and opened her eyes. She rushed forward with a cry of horror and sank beneath the swaying figure.

"Oh! your answer," she cried, "your answer! I did not think it would be like that, but I understand!"

Kohana, unable to remove the body, hastened back to Kamakura, and when she had made known the dreadful news, she prostrated herself before the Daibutsu. "O Lord Buḍḍha," she cried, with a ring of triumph in her voice, "Akira is mine and not yours now! He shall be mine for many existences, mine for ever!"

But when Kohana looked into the face of Amida-Buḍḍha, she saw that on his breast rested the shining soul of Akira.

F. Hadland Davis

CORRESPONDENCE

BROTHERHOOD *OR* WAR?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In the "Watch-Tower" of the June THEOSOPHIST you invite discussion of your article entitled "Brotherhood and War"; so, where angels fear to tread, I, a fool, rush in. My task is simplified by the frank admission on p. 208—"War is essentially murder and torture". It is quite refreshing to find some one who recognises that German military science is only "one worse" than that hitherto accepted by the national conscience as civilised warfare. Once more I agree with the philosophical statement on p. 199—"that War is an evil, and that the problem of its existence is part of the problem of evil"; certainly, it is a very big part. But if, as is reasonable to believe, "evil is ignorance," and "ignorance is to be gradually gotten rid of by knowledge," then why go to the pains of perpetuating ignorance by dwelling on the advantages to be derived from evil?

We should not require to be reminded that the universal principle of compensation secures that pain ultimately drives its victims to seek a remedy, and that even the present carnage may bring hopeful reactions; what we do require to be told is how to replace the current ignorance by knowledge, and, if this is done at all, it will not be done by the preachers and writers who alone can be found to extol the moral value of War, its spiritual uplift, and all the other attractive phrases that have succeeded the cruder glamour of earlier days. The political argument that wars weld the nation together has ever been used by Governments fearful of the healthy instincts of the people and anxious to keep them

in ignorance; time alone will show in the present case how long the people remain welded together and how much nearer to the desirable condition of a Federation Europe will be brought by the international antagonism that is being stirred up by the press. The religious argument—that the torture or death of the body helps the soul—apparently still survives the excesses of the flagellants and the fakirs, but is denied by the very charter of the military Theosophists—the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*:

> Unintelligent, tormenting the aggregate elements forming the body, and *Me also,* seated in the inner body, know these demoniacal in their resolves.—xvii, 6.

We are told that, from the view-point of the Self, evolution is hastened; but, if the Self is beyond pain and grief, why this anxiety to save time? According to this view, evolution is more rapid in countries, such as the South American republics, that are continually at war, than in a country like the United States where War is at a minimum; and in this connection it is my fervent hope that the United States will continue to refuse to be goaded into bloodshed by the taunts of self-constituted judges of humanity. The injunction "Judge not" may have a wider application than is given to it in two of the letters in the June THEOSOPHIST.

Again, the claim is made on behalf of War that it has imported art into the countries it has devastated! but the same claim, when advanced on behalf of German culture, is not meeting with much recognition. The fact that nations which were but recently fighting against one another are now fighting as allies seems to me to show the artificiality of all such antagonisms, as well as their counter-alliances. If the peoples, who are the first to suffer, were told the truth about one another by their Governments, no rivalry in legitimate commerce could incite them to become parties to the crime of international murder. Tolstoy saw that the existing ignorance in which the peoples are kept by their Governments can be replaced by the knowledge that every man and woman is free to refuse to violate the elementary instincts of conscience whether in the name of plunder or culture, Empire or God. The cry of the gladiators in the Roman arena—"*Ave Caesar Imperator! Morituri te salutant!*"—may have been Cæsar's

idea of Brotherhood! it is not good enough for the men and women of to-morrow. Brotherhood may be a fact in the realm of Spirit, but, until it has been recognised and embodied in the regions of diversity, it cannot be said to be an accomplished fact.

Because I have not identified either War or Brotherhood with a particular nation, I shall probably be dubbed a "pro-German"—the current coin of patriotic argument. If the word "pro-German" means one who prefers the German military system to the British, I leave the word for the British conscriptionist party; but, if it means one who would like to see both "Berthas" and "Queen Elizabeths" returned to the eighth sphere, then I put in a claim to the title.

London W. D. S. BROWN, F.T.S.

BROTHERHOOD AND WAR

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

As you invite discussion on the subject of Brotherhood and War, I venture to send you some thoughts which seem to me to lead to a different conclusion from that of your article, while based on the four great Facts set forth in it.

I accept these Facts and I agree that "War is an evil, and the problem of its existence is part of the problem of the existence of evil". As you have taught us, the explanation of that problem is to be found in the conditions inseparable from manifestation in material forms—implying limitation and therefore imperfection. Going forth into manifestation separateness of conscious life ensues, because of the density of the forms through which the experiences necessary for the attainment of individuality, and ultimate mastery, must be obtained. The separated self thinks of himself as the centre of his universe, and the Fact—ever existing—of Brotherhood is for him non-existent for the time. Separateness in thought and feeling leads to selfishness, the idea of self-interest, and

all the evils which strife and greed bring in their train, till through the suffering caused by these evils the lesson is learned that the self cannot be served at the expense of his fellows. Selfishness is abjured and separateness transcended.

Every evil which we experience in a divinely ordered world, War among the rest, though brought on us by ignorant or wilful misuse of our power of choice and will, must serve our evolution, and at a stage of our development, be a means to a greater good than could have been possible without it. Is War, therefore, justifiable *for us*? It can only be justified while we do not know a better way—and our race has been in possession of the higher teaching for 2,500 years at least. To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. Sin comes when the separated self clings to its isolation and desire to maintain its self-centred life against the larger life, the dawning higher consciousness of its real unity with all selves in the One. Is it not this isolation, this unwillingness to trust and live in the wider consciousness of the Spirit that leads to international strife and culminates in War?

Ought War ever to be resorted to as a means of defence, in the light of the recognition of the One Life in all forms? Can War or violence ever really be a means of defence or help? It is a natural impulse to meet violence with violence, when we see those weaker than ourselves attacked, but are we not thereby failing to give the real help—should we not have learned ere this that yielding to that impulse is only prolonging the agony of the world? No doubt it is utilised to forward evolution when it comes, but that does not justify us in thinking War, preparing for War, engaging in War. The heroism, the self-sacrifice, the mutual helpfulness shown forth in War, are not the product of warfare, though War may afford special opportunities for their manifestation. War comes because we fail to realise Brotherhood, because we allow thoughts of enmity and distrust to accumulate till their interaction generates the cataclysm.

You have taught us that the forces of separative thought —distrust, hatred, enmity—can only be obliterated when they are met by, and transmuted into, forces of an opposite nature—confidence, love, goodwill. Can violence, overwhelming violence by violence, generate peace? Would it not simply

prove to the vanquished that he had not proved strong enough, that his preparations had not been sufficiently complete, and to the victor bring confirmation of the illusion that his prowess in the field proved the justice of his cause. Neither victor nor vanquished would learn from the struggle the futility of opposing force with force, and the cycle of accumulating distrust, preparation for War, and renewed strife would recommence. How many more wars must be fought before we learn that only by ceasing to think War, and therefore in love and trust ceasing to prepare for War, can we seek Peace and ensue it?

The Master is coming again and even warfare can be utilised to help in preparing the way of the Prince of Peace. The mutual exhaustion of the opposing forces may lead to the recognition that such struggles do not settle anything. Realising the misery and destruction, the suffering and privation they cause, it may be that the possibility of the acceptance of the principle of Brotherhood in action may emerge, as the foundation of a permanent Peace. To work for disarmament, by consent of the Powers concerned, as the basis of a Peace settlement is the most truly practical policy for our time. Even if that end cannot immediately be reached by agreement between the nations, may we not hope and pray and work that at least our country may rise to the height of its opportunity by deciding to put away for ever the thought of War, counting whatever loss might ensue as greatest gain? Have we not to learn the way of the Cross as communities, as well as individually, to realise that turning the other cheek, loving the enemy, giving blessing for cursing, losing the life in sacrifice, if need be, is the only way to international Brotherhood—that our race may become consciously true children of the One Father?

There is no religion higher than Truth—can there be any true religion, any really practical policy, lower than the highest truth we are able to glimpse and strive to follow?

JAMES A. ALLAN

Glasgow

REVIEWS

The Basis of Morality, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price 6d.)

The subject dealt with in this little volume is one which is of real and practical interest to the majority of thinking people. Only those whose sole aim in life is to work for and eat their bread and butter can feel indifferent to the great question of what makes right right and wrong wrong. Is it sufficient to follow our conscience, or must we seek justification for our actions in the teachings of the sages, the spiritual geniuses of the race? Should the student of the science of human relations calculate the relative utility of two courses of action before deciding on either? And if so what is his criterion of utility? What is the goal towards which he must direct his activity in order to make it "good"? All these questions are here discussed. Each of the five little essays is short, but in it the author lays bare the heart of the matter in the way so characteristic of her writings. The question is a complicated one and much vigorous discussion has raged round it from time to time through the ages. The ordinary reader finds himself bewildered in trying to follow the various arguments. But if the question interests him, let him read this little book. It will point out to him the main issues clearly and concisely, and give him a basis on which to build his further study and a guide to lead him through the tangled mazes of controversy.

A. de L.

War Articles and Notes, by Annie Besant. (Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 1s.)

This little volume contains a collection of extracts from various writings of Mrs. Besant, published during the first eight months of the War. These extracts have been taken from articles which have appeared in *New India, The Commonweal,* and several Theosophical journals; they have been grouped together under suitable headings, and present in turn the views of the author on the deeper issues raised by the War; Great Britain and the War; India; Germany; the Allies; America; and the Future. Mrs. Besant's views on the War are well known to our readers and, indeed, in the volume before us many quotations are made from THE THEOSOPHIST. Throughout all the book, from however many different sources the quotations have been gathered, the same main idea runs clear and defined: that the duty of the strong is to *protect* the weak, not to tread them down; that it is better to lose everything for "a scrap of paper" so that honour still remains. Germany stands as a retrograde force in the evolutionary progress of humanity, while the Allies represent the forward movement. The future lies before us, full of possibilities: "The old individualistic system is passing away and the Social State is beginning to glimmer through the smoke of the battle-fields." Indeed we feel that Europe may look forward, and exclaim with Browning: "The Future I may face, now I have proved the Past."

This little book should be very popular. It is well arranged, and gives many people an opportunity of reading the scattered opinions of the author, which they otherwise would not have had. As most of the passages are taken from Indian papers, it is especially useful for European readers.

T. L. C.

Contemplations. Being Studies in Christian Mysticism. By Walter Leslie Wilmshurst. (John M. Watkins, London. 1914. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Wilmshurst's name is familiar in the literary world, and we may expect anything from his pen to have interest and value. The collection of essays before us, most of them written

for the magazine of Christian Mysticism known as *The Seeker*, of which he has since become the editor, fulfil these expectations. The work of revivifying Christian teachings by mystic illumination is one that is gaining rapid ground and seems to be one of great importance, bringing back to that religion the light and inspiration which materialism had almost extinguished. Mr. Wilmshurst is not one who tries to fire his writings with his own Mysticism; he is a learned and careful student, and all his opinions are weighed and balanced. He is one of those who believe that although our Lord, an historical Jesus, stands behind the Gospel stories, His presence in the world being their inspiration and cause, yet with study "the records themselves gradually reveal less and less a historical narrative, and more and more a series of symbolical pictures imaging forth, under the guise of the biography of an individual, the drama of the soul's career, and providing for all who aimed at the knowledge of the supreme verities a prototypal and archetypal chart of man's inner life and destiny".

In many ways the essay on "The Raising of the Dead" is the most interesting of the collection. Mr. Wilmshurst takes the view which we as Theosophists hold, that of the fall of the Spirit into matter and the substitution of distorted vision for the direct perception of Reality, the raising from the dead being the reascent of the Soul towards spirituality. He also refers to the fall called by Mystics "the dark hour," and known by Occultists as the crucifixion or descent into the underworld, in both cases followed by a resurrection. He gives us many interesting interpretations and references to symbols in the Scriptures but, one might say, almost too many, so that one has often a sense of digression and a longing to unravel the particular question in hand a little more quickly. There is always that danger in dealing with mystic symbols, because they abound for reference when one begins to look below their surface meanings. None the less, taken separately, all are of value.

The most entertaining and engrossing chapter is that dealing with "S. Winefride's Well and Legend" (the Lourdes of Wales), which is reproduced from *The Occult Review*, whilst to Theosophists, the last essay on "The Superphysical World" will be of particular interest. The

author follows in theory Mr. A. J. Balfour, whom he quotes, as to the conclusions drawn by scientific thought during the last four centuries, namely, he holds that it has not been so much an epoch of discovery as of disillusionment. He traces this process of disillusionment from the first discovery of the earth's globular shape, down to the latter day discovery that the atom (that which is not further to be cut) is capable of being split, its very name being a misnomer, and there is no guarantee that we are not to be still further undeceived. But, he tells us:

> Notwithstanding the shadow-play of unrealities, despite the exposed trickeries of sense and the revelation of fresh, and possibly equally fallacious, aspects of the material world, the human consciousness may stand firm and unblenched.

Truly, but we as Theosophists would not recognise in this unchanging centre of consciousness the mind of man, nor would we use the mind and Spirit interchangeably as, for instance, in the following:

> Here, then, in the separation of the real from the unreal, of the infinite and eternal from the finite and temporal, is the starting-place for any exploration of the superphysical world. Mind, spirit, has vindicated its own reality: has established an independent empire of its own.

Mr. Wilmshurst recognises the existence of what he terms "the superphysical plane" where, he says, "realities themselves are present," but he makes no distinction between the psychic superphysical and the spiritual superphysical, and maybe should he be consciously removed from his physical body to the astral plane, he would find himself still undergoing "the process of disillusionment".

D. M. C.

The Spiritual Powers and the War, by A. P. Sinnett (Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 6d. net).

Mr. Sinnett has, in the volume before us, given us his views on what may be termed "the other side of the War"—the deeper side, the War viewed from a higher standpoint. It is, in his opinion, a conflict between the powers of good and evil, and the result is certain. Good must in the end win, however terrible the struggle, and in the present crisis the Allies stand for the right. The author draws a parallel between the conditions of the present time and those obtaining in the past ages of the Atlantean civilisation. Some of the "evil

germs brought over from the Atlantean period have given rise to a new harvest of evil power, to the growth of a dark host immeasurably more dangerous to humanity than their predecessors who were dealt with in the Atlantean catastrophe". The subject of National Karma and suffering is then discussed; and despite the terrible atrocities which have been committed by Germany, the Allies are urged not to retalliate in like manner. The future the author contemplates with hope. After the War is over, Right will triumph and "there will be a joyous termination to all these horrors".

Mr. Sinnett is always interesting, and this book should be widely read, dealing as it does with the most absorbing topic of the time, in a manner which must appeal to the thoughtful.

T. L. C.

The Religions of Antiquity: As Preparatory to Christianity, by Charles Newton Scott. (Smith, Elder & Co., London. 1914. Price 2s. net.)

Some forty years ago, Mr. Scott published a book entitled *The Foregleams of Christianity*, An Essay on the Religious History of Antiquity, which was revised in 1893, and as, quoting the Preface, "during the last twenty years much new light has been shed on the ancient religions of the world by important discoveries of many kinds," he has thought fit to re-formulate his opinions in the present volume, which is intended to be a recast of the former one. He is still the staunch champion of his own religion, for which he claims paramountcy, and though Theosophical students will not see eye to eye with him in this respect, the book is none the less interesting for a student of comparative religions. It is clearly thought out, and supplemented copiously with notes of much interest and value in themselves.

For the author the Catholic Creed of Christianity is the harmonising of the elements of truth scattered in anterior religions and philosophies. These elements are severally and gradually revealed in the successive phases of Fetishism, Pantheism, Polytheism, Anthropomorphism, Dualism, Monotheism, and Theism, Christianity being the synthesis and culmination of all these. We would point out, however,

that it is valueless as an argument in favour of a religion's paramountcy to urge that it raises man "above himself, above his grovelling life and his narrow horizons," that it leads him "through patience, resignation and hope, to serenity," that it carries him "beyond temperance, purity and kindness, as far as devotedness and self-sacrifice," for no religion would be worthy the name that could not do that much for its followers, and an unbiassed investigation of the history of other religions would show that nowhere and at no epoch have men not had the inspiration of some religion so to uplift them. If Christianity alone has done this, then where Christianity has not penetrated men must only be grovelling and narrow, knowing nothing of serenity, devotedness and self-sacrifice. Equally weak is the argument that "if the voice of the Church has not been proved to be infallible for scientific or political purposes, in no period, however dark, troubled or corrupt through oppression by the world, has it failed to form saints, or, for the sincerely intent on advance in spiritual life, to be the voice of God". In what is Christianity availed? Do not even the Publicans (the other religions) so? Buḍḍhism, Hinḍūism and Muhammadanism also have their saints, only Mr. Scott has not perhaps heard of them. His acquaintance with religions other than his own seems to be rather superficial, and his otherwise interesting work is detracted from by his religious bias. One does not read long before one is aware that the writer is a Roman Catholic, staunchly upholding the "True" Church and the authority of the clergy, and also affected by that gloomy teaching which has cast out loveliness and joy from many a life and home—the theory that the object of Christianity "must be rather to vanquish and gain on the world... than, for its purpose, to make it pleasanter or even better". On the whole, Mr. Scott might have made more out of those years of "important discoveries of many kinds," and he might, by putting his religious bias aside, have made the most important discovery of all—that the poor old world was not created to be a sacrifice to one particular religion, but that all religions were given it to make it "pleasanter or even better".

D. M. C.

The People's Books[1] (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price As. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Robert Louis Stevenson, by Rossaline Masson.

"Genius we are familiar with in Edinburgh, and with genius that compels personal admiration we are not unfamiliar. But with genius that inspires love?" The genius of Robert Louis Stevenson was of that rare quality which does inspire love. The author of this little *Life* feels it and her work is well calculated to infect her readers with the same feeling for R. L. S.

A. de L.

Thought Forces, by Prentice Mulford. (G. Bell & Sons, London. Price 1s.)

Among the numerous writers on "New Thought" Prentice Mulford stands out a giant among pygmies. Even through its most sentimental and flabby representatives this New Thought movement has helped many a half despairing soul out of materialism, hardness of heart, or uncertainty, into a life full of hope and aspiration; it is no wonder, then, that a man like Prentice Mulford was the salvation of thousands. Even now, when the ideas which were startlingly new to the ordinary person have spread so as to be more or less familiar to the majority, his vigorous presentation of them has lost none of its value. He is bracing, health-giving. The thirteen essays included in this volume are selected from the series known as the White Cross Library. A common theme runs through them all, as the title of the book suggests, but they are nevertheless very varied in contents. Many facts regarding the reality of thought and the enormous importance of its control and culture are brought home to the reader vigorously.

A. de L.

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[1] This admirable and cheap popular series is obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

Theosophy in Scotland. Volume V. (28, Great King Street, Edinburgh, Scotland.)

Among the features of greatest value and interest in this volume are some of the editorial notes, where we find many strong and deep thoughts among the comments on passing events; particularly we have in mind the remarks written for the September, 1914, issue at the outbreak of the War in Europe, which are original, telling and illuminating. Speaking of the causes of the War, the Editor says:

> But we, striving to be members of a *universal* brotherhood, cannot stand apart in comfortable self-righteousness and throw all responsibility on the agent through which these disturbing forces work. The cause of war is to be found in *us*—in the as yet imperfect humanity of which we form a part—in *our* ignorance, *our* suspicion, *our* distrust. . . .
>
> The cruelty and the gentleness, the meanness and the generosity in us, are part of the same qualities we recognise when magnified by the lens of national events. These are the same indivisible qualities—we share them inevitably. Ours the blame, ours the praise—we cannot stand apart.

Also on the subject of War, there is a good article written by one, Jacques L. Buttner, M.D., while on his way to answer the call of his country. "A Vision of Battle" (reprinted from *Lucifer*), by Hume Nisbet describes the after-death experiences of a soldier killed in the battle of Salamis, presumably a memory recalled from a previous life. "The Notes on the Presidential Address to the British Association," by Jessie H. Elder, gives a few of Professor Bateson's views on Mendel's theory of heredity—that the artistic qualities of man are due "not to something added to the make-up of an ordinary man, but to the absence of factors which in the normal person inhibit the development of these gifts". Other articles of interest are: "From a Student's Notebook—Atlantean Flora," by C. N. Stewart; "The Opening Doors—A Study of Maeterlinck," by A. L. Little; "The Miracle" (being an appreciation of Algernon Blackwood's book), by C. G.; "Scriabin," by Jessie Pinkham; "*Le Sacre du Printemps*," by Margaret N. P. Baily; and an interesting series entitled "Notes on Racial Rhythm," by Isabelle M. Pagan. On page 20 we also find a good portrait of Mrs. Annie Besant, the President of the Theosophical Society.

D. C.

BOOK NOTICES

The Political Outlook, by Annie Besant. (New India Political Pamphlets, No. 2.) (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras.) This pamphlet consists of a complete and masterly survey of the present political status of India. Mrs. Besant points out clearly the most important political changes which Indians should strive to bring about, chief among which is that India "shall, in a common Empire, have a footing of equality with the other Self-Governing Dominions". She draws up a scheme of constructive work, touching in turn on the religious, educational and social, aspects of reform. This is the only work of such a brief nature, which will give students, both Indian and European, a complete grasp of India's political situation.

The Story of Chatta. An Incident in the Life of Lord Buḍḍha. Translated from the Pāli, by C. Jinarājadāsa, M.A. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, Price 1 Anna or 1d. or 2c.) Those who read, and loved, the story of "Chatta" in Mr. Jinarājadāsa's first, and perhaps most popular, little work *Christ and Buḍḍha* will find additional charm and delight in this pamphlet, which gives a fuller account of Chatta's meeting with the Lord Gauṭama, and of his swift passing over into Ḍevachan by virtue of the Three Refuges and Five Precepts. The translated verses are of extraordinary beauty, and Chatta's "Story" is told with simplicity and grace of style.

An Epitome of Āryan Morals. Compiled by request of the President-Founder of the Theosophical Society, for the use of Āryan Youth. (Adyar Pamphlets No. 25.) (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price As. 2 or 2d. or 4c.) This pamphlet consists of a collection of Samskṛṭ texts, arranged in four sections—I. Principles; II. General Precepts; III. Special Precepts; IV. Conclusion. Specially interesting is the precept No. 36 from *Manu*—"Of all pure things, purity in acquiring wealth is pronounced the most important in this world. Hence the means used for gathering riches should always be pure; especially so, in the case of those public men upon whom the people have to wait for the redressal of their wrongs," etc. Going from the general to the particular,

the precepts are selected with a view first to laying a basis of philosophic principles in the mind of the student, then to guide him in his relations with life, and finally to give him practical hints for daily conduct. It will prove useful and inspiring to all English-speaking youth, whether Āryan or otherwise.

Seeing God. Personal Recognition of Divine Love, by the Venerable Basil Wilberforce, D.D. (Elliot Stock, London. Price 1s. 6d. net.) This is a little book of spiritual comfort, persuading us of the "allness" of Divine Love, of the Fatherhood and Motherhood of the God within us. "Cosmic beauty is the first 'seeing' God," and by continual mental progression and expansion, we may reach a level of intuitive perception, which the author calls "God-consciousness". The little book is marked by the deep, quiet, far-seeing qualities which are the well-known characteristics of its author.
